

THE  
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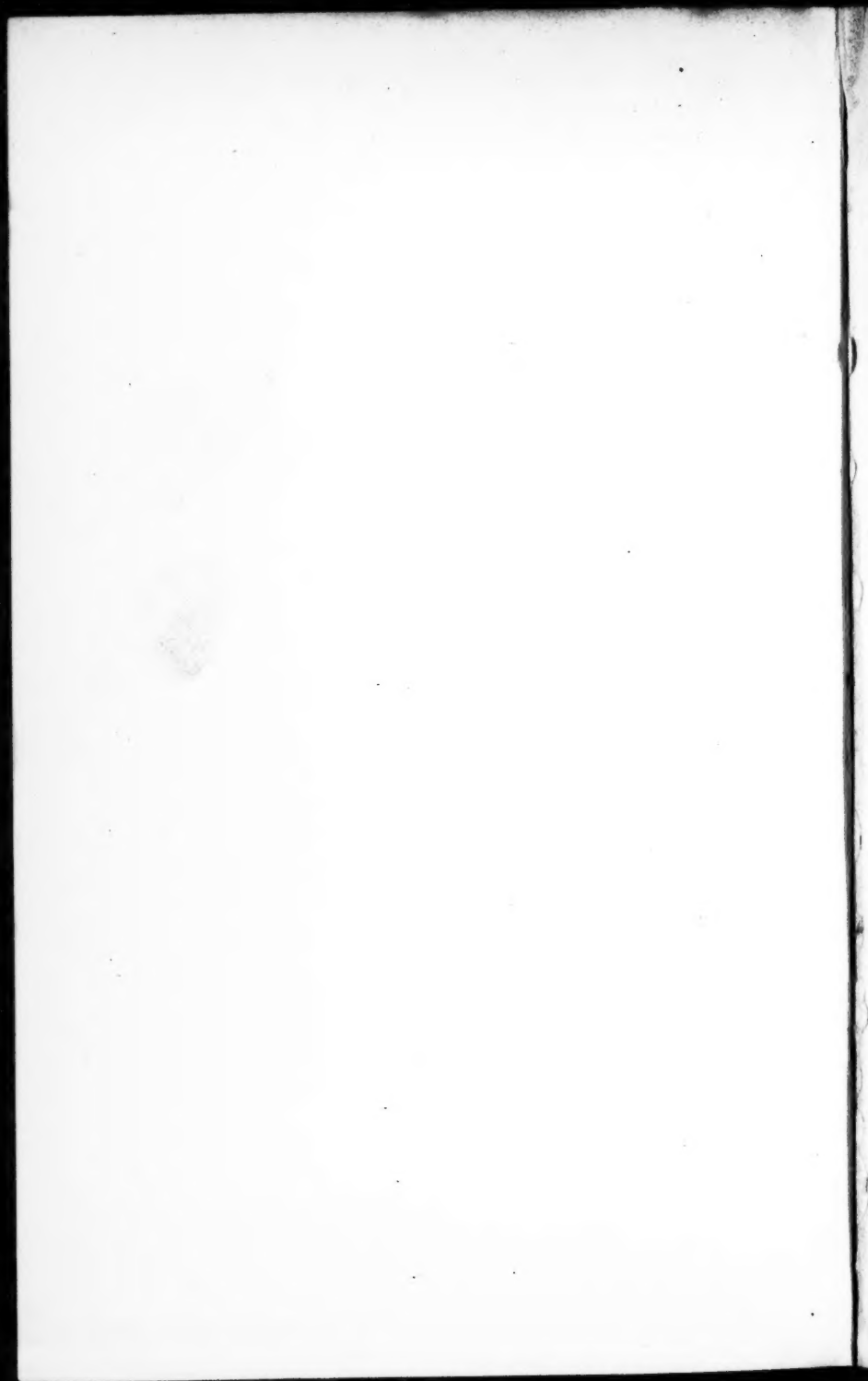
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OCTOBER 1860.

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## ART. I.—THE FRANKS AND THE GAULS.

*The Franks, from their first Appearance in History to the Death of King Pepin.* By Walter C. Perry. London, 1857.

*The History of France.* By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vols. I. and II. London, 1858-60.

*The History of France.* By Parke Godwin. Vol. I.: Ancient Gaul. London and New York, 1860.

WE think it right, at the beginning of this Article, to tell our readers exactly what we are going to talk about, and what we are not. Though we have transcribed the names of three books as the beginning of our task, we are not going minutely to criticise any one of the three. We are not going to plunge into any antiquarian minutiae about the settlement of the Franks in Gaul, or to perplex ourselves and our readers with any questions as to Leudes, Antrustions, and Scabini. Still less are we about to enter on the disputed ground of Gaulish or British ethnology,—to trace out the exact line of demarcation between the Gael and the Cymry, or to decide the exact relations of the Belgæ either to them or to their Teutonic neighbours. Both these subjects possess an interest and an importance which we should be the last to depreciate. And of the books which stand at the head of this Article, two at least might be well worthy of a formal review. The volumes both of Mr. Perry and Mr. Godwin have considerable merit; Mr. Godwin, especially, displays no small amount of the true historic power, though his book is throughout strangely disfigured by errors in detail. But neither the subjects nor the books form our imme-

diate business; our present object is to pass rapidly through the whole history of Gaul and France, from the earliest period down to our own day. We wish to take a general survey of Gaulish and Frankish history from a point of view which we think is not commonly understood, but which strikes us as well suited to throw a very important light alike upon the history of remote ages and upon the most recent events of our own day. The past and the present are for ever connected; but the mode of connection which exists between them differs widely in different cases. Past history and modern politics are always influencing one another; but the forms which their mutual influence takes are infinitely various. Sometimes the business of the historian is to point out real connections and real analogies which the world at large does not perceive. This is most conspicuously his duty in dealing with what is called the "ancient" history of Greece and Italy, and, to a large extent also, in dealing with the early and mediæval history of our own island. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is his duty to upset false connections and false analogies, which have not only misled historical students, but have often exercised a most baneful influence upon public affairs. This is his primary duty when dealing with the history of Gaul and France. It is something to show that the old history of Athens and of Rome is no assemblage of lifeless chronicles, but the truest text-book for the real statesman of every age. It is something to show that the England of our own times is in every important respect identical with the England of our earliest being. But it is something no less valuable to break down false assumptions which pervert the truth of history, and enable designing men to throw a false colour over unprincipled aggressions. If it is worth our while to show that Queen Victoria is in every sense the true successor of Cerdic and Alfred and Edward I., it is no less worth our while to show that Louis Napoléon Buonaparte is in no conceivable sense the successor of Clovis and of Charles the Great.

There is perhaps nothing which people in general find more difficult to master than the science of historical geography. Few men indeed there are who fully realise the way in which nations have changed their places, and countries have changed their boundaries. We say "fully realise" because the facts are continually known in a kind of way, when there is no sort of living realisation of them. People know things and, so to speak, do not act upon their knowledge. Almost every body has heard, for instance, of the succession of "the Britons" and "the Saxons" in this island. A man knows in a kind of way that "the Saxons" are his own forefathers, and that they drove "the Britons" into a corner; but he does

not fully take in the fact that these "Britons" and "Saxons" are simply Welshmen and Englishmen. When Dr. Guest, like a good and accurate scholar, talks of "the English" in the fifth and sixth centuries, to most ears it sounds like a paradox. In the mean while, the most unmistakable Teutons will talk glibly about "our British ancestors," and see no absurdity in the title of Haydon's picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury." Similarly men have a sort of notion that Gaul is the "ancient name" of France, and France the "modern name" of Gaul. A man sees "Charlemagne" called "King of France," and he thinks that the France of Charlemagne is the same as the France of Lewis XIV. or of Louis Napoléon. One cause of the evil is, of course, the want of proper historical maps. Every household, nay every university, does not boast a copy of Spruner's Hand-Atlas. People are set to read the history of the world with two sets of maps. One is to serve from Adam to Theodoric or to Charles V.—we are not quite sure which; the other, from Theodoric or Charles V. to the year 1860. They sit down to read about John and Philip Augustus either with a map of Roman Gaul, or with a map of Napoleonic France. Now, if you want to find the homes of the Twelve Peers of France, it is no light matter to do so when you have to choose between a map showing you only Lugdunensis and Germania Prima, and a map showing you only the departments of Gironde and of Ille and Vilaine. People read of the return of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the East,—how he falls into the hands of the Duke of Austria, and is presently passed over into those of the "Emperor of Germany." This duke and this emperor are persons not a little mysterious to those whose only idea of "Austria" is something which takes in Venetia at the one end and Transylvania at the other. If a man in this state of mind came across a copy of Eginhard, and found Mainz, Köln, and Trier spoken of as cities of "Francia," he would think that he had hit upon an irrefragable argument in favour of the claims of Paris to the frontier of the Rhine. A "King of France" once reigned upon the Elbe, the Danube, the Tiber, and the Ebro! A patriotic Frenchman will trumpet the discovery abroad as the greatest of triumphs; a patriotic Englishman might perhaps be inclined to hide so dangerous a light under the first bushel. Our business just now is to show that the fact tells quite the other way, so far as it tells any way at all. If any inference in modern politics is to be drawn from the phenomena of mediæval geography, they would certainly rather prove the right of Maximilian of Bavaria to the frontier of the Atlantic, than the right of Napoleon of Paris to the frontier of the Rhine.

We will begin by admitting, if it is needful for any body either to assert or to deny the fact, that modern France is, beyond all doubt, connected with ancient Gaul in a way that modern England is not connected with ancient Britain. There can be no question that the predominant blood in modern France is that, not of the conquering Franks, but of the conquered Gallo-Romans; while in England the predominant blood is that, not of the conquered Britons, but of the invading Angles and Saxons. The truth is, that the Frankish conquest of Gaul must, of the two, have been more analogous to the Norman than to the English conquest of our own country. The Frank in Gaul, and the Norman in England, were predominant for a season; but in the end the smaller and foreign element died out, and left Gaul once more Gaul, and England once more England. In fact, England still retains more traces of the Norman than France does of the Frank. The Romance infusion into our Teutonic speech is far more extensive than the Teutonic infusion into the Romance speech of Gaul. The main difference is, that Gaul has changed its name to France, while England has not changed its name to Normandy. This was doubtless, among other causes, owing to the more settled condition of states and nations in the eleventh century as compared with the sixth, and to the fact that William of Normandy claimed to be, not the unprovoked invader of England, but the lawful inheritor of her crown. But, on the other hand, Gaul has, even in name, never so thoroughly become France as Britain has become England. This may sound strange at first hearing, because "Britain" and "British" are now such household words to express ourselves; but their use in that sense is extremely modern; it has simply come in from the necessity, constant in political language and frequent elsewhere, of having some name to take in alike England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. So lately as James II.'s time, a Briton still meant a Welshman;\* and we believe that, exactly a century back, the famous declaration of George III., that he "gloried in the name," not of Englishman, but "of Briton," was looked upon by many of his subjects as a wicked machination of the Scotchman Bute. To this day, "England" and "Englishmen" are the words which always first occur to us in the language either of every-day discourse or of the rhetoric of the heart. The word "Britain," in the mouth of an Englishman,

\* Compare the ballad quoted by Lord Macaulay :

"Both our Britons are fooled,  
Who the laws overruled,  
And next Parliament both shall be plagiarily schooled."

The "Britons" are the Welshmen Jeffreys and Williams.



is reserved either for artificial poetry, for the dialect of foreign politics, or for the conciliation of Scottish hearers. Before England and Scotland were united, the name "Briton," as including Englishmen, was altogether unheard of; but the name "Gaul" has never fully died out as the designation of France. How does the case stand in what was so long the common language of Europe? The most pedantic Ciceronian never scrupled to talk familiarly about *Anglus* and *Anglia*; but *Francus* and *Francia* are hardly known except in language more or less formal. "*Gallus*," "*Gallia*," "*Galliarum Rex*," are constantly used by writers who would never think of an analogous use of "*Britannus*" and "*Britannia*." In ecclesiastical matters, Gaul has always remained even the formal designation. The Gallican Church answers to the Anglican, the Primate of the Gauls to the Primate of all England. And if it be said that the reason is, that England is not coextensive with Britain, neither, we are happy to say, is France even yet coextensive with Gaul. If Britain includes Scotland as well as England, Gaul includes Belgium and Switzerland as well as France. The difference of expression merely sets forth the truth of the case. France is still really Gaulish; England is in no sense British, except in a sense lately introduced for political convenience.

If we turn to a map of the Roman Empire, we shall find in the west of Europe the great province of Gaul, whose extent, as we have hinted in the last paragraph, was considerably larger than that of the modern empire of France. Its boundaries are the ocean, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. It includes the modern states of France, Switzerland, and Belgium, the lately plundered duchy of Savoy, and portions of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and of the German states of Prussia, Bavaria, and Hesse. And then, as now, the division was geographical, and not national. As France now forms the greatest part, but far from the whole, of the ancient province, so in those days the Celtic blood occupied the greater part, but not the whole, of geographical Gaul. The German was then, as now, on both sides of the Rhine. The Basque was then, as now, in Aquitaine, though his tongue has now shrunk up into a much narrower corner of the land than it then occupied. Now the only claim of modern France to the Rhine frontier must be, that it was the frontier of ancient Gaul. But why should one of the states into which ancient Gaul is divided thus claim to be the representative of the whole? There is no reason, save that of their relative strength, why France should, on geographical principles, annex Belgium or Switzerland, rather than Belgium or Switzerland annex France. If the Parisii claim to reach to the Rhine



as the eastern frontier of Gaul, the Helvetii may just as well claim to reach to the Atlantic, as no less undoubtedly its western frontier. And, on this sort of reasoning, why stop at the Alps? why be satisfied with Savoy and Nizza? What are Lombardy and Romagna but fragments feloniously cut off from the great Gallic whole? They came as much within the limits of the Gaul of Cæsar as Paris itself. Cæsar spent his winters at Lucca without leaving his province. He had got some way into the present Papal territory before he violated the sacred limits of Roman Italy. Geographical necessities and natural boundaries may, in the mouth of a despot, mean whatever he pleases; but we really do not see why every argument in favour of the French claim to the frontier of the Rhine would not tell equally strongly in favour of a French claim to the frontier of the Rubicon.

The truth is, that, though modern France does represent ancient Gaul, so far as that the old Gaulish blood is predominant in the veins of the modern Frenchman, still the connection is purely geographical and ethnological; modern France is in no political or historical sense the representative of ancient Gaul. France, in short, in the modern sense of the word, that is, the monarchy of Paris, has no continuous existence earlier than the tenth century, and no existence at all earlier than the ninth. Parisian France has been in Gaul what Castile has been in Spain, what Sweden has been in Scandinavia, what Prussia is in Protestant Germany, and Sardinia, more recently, in Italy; that is, it is one state among several, which has risen to greater importance than any of its fellows, and which has gradually swallowed up many of them into its own substance. The kings of Paris have gradually united to their domain nearly all the territories of their nominal vassals, and a vast territory besides which never owed them so much as a formal homage. So have the kings of Castile done in the Spanish peninsula; so is the Sardinian monarchy doing before our own eyes in Italy. There is of course one wide difference between the cases; Italy is being annexed to Sardinia by its own free will, while, in the Spanish peninsula, Portugal has not the least wish to be again incorporated with Castile and Aragon, and, in Gaul, the free states of Belgium and Switzerland have still less longing to be swallowed up by the despotism of Paris. Otherwise, for Sardinia to annex any Italian state by fraud, or conquest, or the mere award, of foreign powers, would be as much opposed to justice as the annexation of Portugal by Spain, or of Belgium by France. The thing which men have so much difficulty in realising is, that modern France is a power which really has risen in this way. The existence of France in its modern ex-

tent, or nearly so, is assumed as something almost existing in the eternal fitness of things. The name of France, a mere fluctuating political expression for a territory which has grown, and which may again diminish, is used as if it had a permanent physical meaning, like the names Spain or Italy. To speak of a time when Lyons and Marseilles were no parts of France, would seem to many as great a paradox as to speak of a time when Rome was no part of the Italian peninsula. People know in a way, but they do not fully take in, that Rouen, Poitiers, and Toulouse were once the seats of sovereigns whose allegiance to the Parisian king was at least as loose as that of Frederick of Prussia to the Austrian emperor; still less do they realise that Provence, Dauphiny, Franche Comté, Lorraine, and Alsace were all—some of them till very lately—as absolutely independent of the crown of France as they were of the crown of Russia. There was no reason in the nature of things why, not Paris, but Aquitaine, or Languedoc, or Burgundy might not have risen to the supremacy in Gaul, any more than why Saxony might not have risen to the place in Germany now held by Prussia.

This sort of geographical and historical confusion is very much aided by one or two peculiarities in modern diplomatic language. When Louis Napoléon Buonaparte first expressed his wish to become master of Savoy, the word selected for the occasion was the verb "*révendiquer*," and the actual process of annexation is expressed by the noun "*réunion*" and the verb "*réunir*." At first sight this seems very much as if a burglar who asked for your money or your life should be said to "*révendiquer*" the contents of your purse, and afterwards to effect a "*réunion*" between them and the contents of his own. According to all etymology, "*révendiquer*" must mean to claim back again something which you have lost, and "*réunion*" must mean the joining together of things which have been separated after being originally one. Now undoubtedly, in modern French usage, the particle "*re*" has lost its natural force, and "*réunion*" has come simply to mean "*union*." But, first of all, foreigners may, indeed, get to *know*, but they can hardly get to *realise* this; you may know the construing in the dictionary, but you cannot get rid of the instinctive impression that "*révendiquer*" and "*réunion*" imply the recovery of something lost, most probably of something unjustly lost. "*La réunion de Savoie*" will always seem to an Englishman to mean that Savoy was a natural part of France unjustly dissevered from it. If Savoy remains annexed to France for the next hundred years, people will begin to look on it as they have already learned to do upon the "*réunion*" of Lorraine in the last century, and upon the earlier "*réunions*" of Provence and Lyons. And one can hardly doubt

that the twofold meaning of the word, its etymological sense and its modern Parisian sense, has been purposely made use of as a blind by French diplomatists. They tell us that they use the word merely in its modern Parisian sense; but they know very well that many people now, and still more hereafter, will instinctively interpret it in its natural meaning. And secondly, it is a most speaking fact, that in any language "*réunion*" should have come to mean the same as "*union*." It could only have come to do so in the language of a country where a long series of fraudulent or violent "*unions*" had been ingeniously passed off as legitimate "*réunions*."

The truth is, that while all nations have a tendency to annexation, France stands alone in the art of veiling the ugly features of annexation by various ingenious devices. France is not more guilty in this matter than Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, or Spain; indeed, we cannot venture to profess that our own English hands are altogether clean. But France stands distinguished from them all by her power of putting a good name on a bad business. A Russian or Austrian aggression is simply an aggression of brute force, and is defended by the aggressor, if he condescends to defend it at all, simply on grounds of political expediency. Austria does not retain Venetia for the good of the Venetians, or because the hand of nature has marked out Venetia as a necessary portion of her dominions. She has simply got it, and means, if she can, to keep what she has got. But a French aggression is quite another business. There is always some elaborate reason for it. French ingenuity is never without a theory for every thing. A country is annexed in the interests of French versions of physical geography, of French notions of what has been, or French notions of what ought to be. France "*wars for an idea*;" an idea, it may be, either of past history or of anticipated futurity. Treaties are broken, legal rights are trampled under foot, natural justice is cast to the winds; but there is a good reason for every step. French cleverness is alike apt at proving the doctrine that the annexed people ought to desire annexation, and the fact that they actually do desire it. In short, while Austria acts as a mere vulgar and brutal highwayman, France prefers the character of an elegant, plausible, and ingenious swindler. The tendency is not new. Lewis XI. had much to say for himself when he appropriated Provence and the duchy of Burgundy, and Philip Augustus extemporised a jurisprudence and a tribunal to put himself into lawful possession of Normandy and Anjou.

Another means by which a false light is thrown upon the successive aggressions of France arises out of the familiar and

almost universal use of the French language. We are so much more familiar with French than with any other tongue, French has become to so great an extent our medium of communication with other nations, that we have got into a way of speaking of half the cities of Europe, not by their own names, but by French corruptions. The custom is quite recent; in the sixteenth century Englishmen spoke of a German, Flemish, or Italian town either by its real German, Flemish, or Italian name, or else by some corruption of their own making. Now our habit of calling all places by French names greatly softens the ugliness of French aggression. Alsace sounds as if it had been a French province from all eternity; the Teutonic Elsass suggests ideas altogether different. The "réunion" of Nice may a generation or two hence sound quite natural; but that of Nizza would retain its native ugliness to all time. Cologne, Mayence, and Trèves sound as if they positively invited annexation; so do Liège, Malines, and Louvain; and it is no wonder that people think that Charles the Great was a Frenchman when they find his tomb at such a French-sounding place as Aix-la-Chapelle. But Köln, Mainz, Trier, Lüttich, Mecheln, Löwen, and Aachen would, by their very names, stand up as so many bulwarks against Parisian aggression. For at least eight hundred years past Frenchmen have been incapable of spelling rightly any single name in any foreign language; but it is not at all unlikely that the incapacity may now and then not have been without a sound political motive.

We will now return to our geographical survey, which we have perhaps somewhat irregularly interrupted. Some time back we drew a map of ancient Gaul as a province of the Roman empire. In the days of the great Teutonic migration, when Ostrogoths poured into Italy, Visigoths into Spain, Vandals into Africa, Angles and Saxons into Britain, the kindred nation of the Franks appeared in Gaul. Every body knows that France is so called from the Franks; but people are apt to forget that France is not the only country which is called from them. France and Franconia are etymologically the same word; the difference in their modern form is simply owing to the necessity of avoiding confusion, which was avoided in early mediæval Latin by speaking of "*Francia occidentalis*" and "*Francia orientalis*," "*Francia Latina*" and "*Francia Teutonica*." The difference between the two is, that the Frank of France was a settler in a strange land, while the Frank of Franconia remained in the land of his fathers; that the Frank of France ere long degenerated into something half Roman, half Celtic, while the Frank of Franconia has ever remained an uncontaminated Teuton. In short, the Franks conquered Gaul, but without forsaking Germany; and they

conquered different parts of Gaul in widely different senses and degrees. In northern Gaul, to a certain extent, they settled. Orleans, Paris, Soissons, and Metz became the seats of Frankish kingdoms; but in the southern provinces of Aquitaine and Burgundy they hardly settled at all. There other Teutonic conquerors had been before them. The Visigoth reigned at Toulouse, and the Burgundian had given his name to the land between the Rhone and the Alps. Both were in a certain sense conquered. The orthodox zeal of the newly-converted Meroving formed a good pretext for expelling the Arian out of Gaul. The Gothic monarchy had to retire beyond the Pyrenees, and the Burgundian kingdom, for a while, "ceased to exist." But the conquest was at most a political one. Southern Gaul was brought into a subjection more or less complete to the Frankish kings, but it never really became part of the true Frankish territory. There certainly was no permanent Frankish population south of the Loire, and, as the Merovingian dynasty declined, Aquitaine again became to all intents and purposes an independent state. Under Pippin we find a Duke of Aquitaine who has to be conquered just as much as any prince of Lombardy or Saxony. In truth, to this day Aquitaine and France proper have absolutely nothing in common, except the old Roman element and the results of their political union during the last 400 years. The Teutonic element is different, and, in a large district at least, the aboriginal element is different also. The Frenchman is formed by the infusion of the Frank upon the Celt, the Gascon by the infusion of the Goth upon the Basque. Both speak tongues derived from that of Rome, but the difference passes the limits of mere dialectical diversity. The arrogance of modern Paris talks, indeed, of the "bad French" of Aquitaine and Provence. In its ignorant pride, it can see only a patois of itself in a tongue which is as distinct as that of Spain or Italy, and which was a finished and polished speech, the speech of the refined courts of Poitiers and Toulouse, while northern France had still only an unfinished and unwritten jargon.

"France," then, if we are to use the name to express the dominions of the Kings of the Franks of the house of Clovis, in no way answers either to ancient Gaul or to the modern French Empire. Merovingian France consisted of northern Gaul and central Germany. Southern Gaul was overrun rather than really conquered; and northern Italy was overrun also. For a short period, during the wars of the sixth century, Frankish conquerors appeared south of the Alps on an errand which, for aught we know, may afford a full precedent for the Italian campaigns of Francis I., or for those of either Napoleon. But the real

France of this period does not reach southward of the Loire. North of that river we find the Frank of Neustria, probably by this time pretty considerably Romanised, and to the east of him the true German Frank of Austrasia. How far the Franks of Gaul had yielded to Roman influences during the Merovingian period it is impossible to say; but every thing leads us to believe that before the time of Pippin they must have begun to differ widely from their uncorrupted Austrasian brethren. We shall see presently that, by the middle of the ninth century, a Romance speech, no longer Latin, but as yet hardly to be called French, had grown up in Frankish Gaul. Now the influences of the previous century and a half were altogether in a Teutonic direction; a Romance dialect could hardly have lived on through the domination of the Austrasian mayors and kings, unless it had been pretty firmly established before the close of the Merovingian rule.

The Carolingian dynasty of course dates its formal beginning from the election of Pippin as King of the Franks in 752. But practically it may be carried back to the beginning of the series of Austrasian mayors in 681. The first Pippin and the first Charles were as much really sovereigns of the Franks as the Pippin and the Charles who were invested with the royal title. And this transfer of power to the house of Pippin was practically nearly equivalent to a second Teutonic conquest. Whatever the Merwings and their Gaulish subjects may have been, there is no doubt as to the true Teutonic character of the whole dynasty of the Karlings. They were raised to power by the swords of the Teutonic Austrasians; the cradle of their race was the Teutonic Heerstall; their favourite seats of royalty were the Teutonic Ingelheim and Aachen; as Mayors of the Palace, as Kings of the Franks, as Roman Cæsars, nay even when they had shrunk up into the petty kings of the rock of Laon, they firmly adhered, down to their latest days, to the dress, the manners, and the tongue of their Teutonic fathers. Under the "kings of the second race," Aquitaine and even Neustria were little more than subject provinces of a German monarch.

The zenith of the Frankish power was attained in the reign of Charles the Great. One longs to call him, as Mr. Godwin ventures to do, by his real Teutonic name of Karl; but at least we may use a nomenclature which will distinguish the German Charles of history from the Gallic Charlemagne of romance. Charles, King of the Franks, King of the Lombards, Patrician of the Romans, was something far more than a king of France or of Gaul; he was the lord of Western Christendom. All Gaul, all that was then Germany, were his; Aquitaine, Saxony,



Bavaria, Lombardy, were gathered in as conquered provinces; the Slave, the Avar, the Northman, became subjects or tributaries; the Commander of the Faithful himself corresponded on equal and friendly terms with the mightiest of the followers of the Cross. At last a dignity fell to the lot of the triumphant Frank to which no barbarian of the West had as yet ventured to aspire. Goths and Herulans had long before made and unmade the Western Cæsars; Gothic chiefs had reigned in Italy with the royal title; but the diadem and the sceptre of Augustus had as yet been worn by no Teutonic brow and grasped by no Teutonic hand. The Old Rome had stooped to become a provincial dependency of the New; but it had never submitted to the permanent sway of a barbarian. Theodoric had reigned, a Gothic king, indeed, in fact, but an imperial lieutenant in theory; Alboin and Liudprand had appeared as open enemies, but they had never passed the gates of the Eternal City; Charles himself, his father, and his grandfather, had exercised under humbler names the full imperial power: but the Patrician was only the republican magistrate of the Roman commonwealth, or the vicegerent of the Eastern Cæsar. By that Cæsar's regnal years charters still were dated, and his image and superscription were still impressed on a coinage from which no tax or tribute ever reached him. At last the moment came when the Old Rome was again to assert her coequality with her younger sister, and to affirm that she had never forfeited her right to nominate one at least of the masters of the world. Rome once more chose her own Cæsar, but that Cæsar was not of Roman or Italian blood; the golden crown at last rested on the open brow of the lordly German, and the pontiff and people of Rome proclaimed the imperial style of "Charles Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans." Not that that Augustus gained thereby an inch or particle of territory or power which had not already belonged to the simple Frankish king. But in the eyes of a large portion of his subjects his rule was thereby at once changed from a dominion of force into a dominion of law; the elected and consecrated Emperor became, in the eyes of all southern Europe, a different being from the mere barbaric conqueror; we might almost say that the world recognised the Teuton as its chosen and natural ruler, when for the first time a man of Teutonic blood was raised to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness. It shows the true greatness of Charles's mind that his head was not in the least turned by a splendour which might have dazzled the imagination of any mortal. We, who see the imperial title employed at random to decorate alike every decaying tyranny and every successful usurpation, can hardly realise the magic which then, and for



centuries after, attached to the names of Cæsar and Augustus. We are familiar with the sham Cæsars of Vienna and St. Petersburg, with the mushroom potentates of France, Brazil, and Hayti, and we do not scruple to extend the imperial name to the barbaric princes of China and Morocco. But to the imagination of the early middle ages, the imperial name was something almost sacred and incommunicable; the Roman Emperor shone side by side with the Roman Pontiff as the sun and moon of the Christian firmament; he was the embodiment of permanent and written law, and of the whole civilisation of that elder world before whose relics the conquering Teuton still bent in homage. But Charles, though crowned in the Eternal City by the common father of Christendom, still remained, Imperator and Augustus as he was, the same simple hearty German as of old. Even Alexander, on the throne of the Great King, could not wholly endure the trial; he partly exchanged the spirit of the chosen king of Macedon and chief of Greece for the arbitrary rule of a Persian despot. But Charles was in no way spoiled or changed by the almost superhuman glory from which he seems himself to have shrunk. He still retained his German dress, his German speech, his German habits; nor did he ever transfer the pomp, the slavery, the almost idolatrous incense of the court of his Byzantine colleague into the free Teutonic air of Aachen and of Ingelheim.

Those were indeed days of glory for the ancient Frank; but it is a glory in which the modern Frenchman can claim no share. Celtic Parisian France had as yet no being. Its language was as yet the unformed patois of a conquered province. Paris was a provincial town which the lord of Rome and Aachen once visited in the course of a long progress amongst a string of its lowly fellows. Gaul, at least its Celtic portions, was but seldom honoured by the presence of its German master, and contributed but little to the strength of his German armies. The native speech of Charles was the old Teutonic; Latin, the literary tongue of the whole West, and still the native speech of many provinces, he spoke fluently as an acquired language; Greek, the other universal and imperial tongue, he understood when spoken, but could not speak it himself with ease. French he could neither speak nor understand; for, alas, as yet no French language could be said to exist; the King of the Franks was about as likely to express himself in the dialect of a Neustrian Celt as the Emperor of the French is now to indite his pamphlets in Basque, Walloon, or Bas-Breton. The valley of the Loire, the chosen home of the Valois, the valley of the Seine, the chosen home of the Bourbon, had little charms for the Austrasian Frank, whose heart, amid Roman pomps and Aquitanian

and Hunnish victories, seems ever to have yearned for the banks of his own Teutonic Rhine. Under Charles, that elder France which was the native land of the Frank was at the summit of its greatness; but there probably was no period, before or after, at which that younger France of which Paris is the centre occupied a position so utterly insignificant in the eyes of men.

Another of the many mistakes with which this period of history is overshadowed, is the common belief that the long reign of Charles, his wars, his treaties, his legislation, left hardly any permanent fruit behind them. We are too apt to suppose that his great works were almost immediately undone, amidst the dissensions of his grandsons. This, again, arises from looking at him and his empire from a French instead of a German point of view. Looked at from Aquitaine or Neustria, the work of Charles the Great was altogether ephemeral; but it bears quite another character if we once step on the other side the Rhine. Charles found a large part of Germany a mere wilderness of heathendom; the Christian Frank found the bitterest and most stubborn enemy of his creed and empire in the kindred Saxon. Charles converted Saxony by the sword; but, however the work was done, it was done effectually. He welded Saxony and Teutonic France together into that great German kingdom which so long held the first rank in Europe, and which, strange as it seems to us, was really, when we compare it with Gaul, Italy, or Spain, the most united of Western realms. He opened a path in which a long line of illustrious German kings and emperors, from Arnulf to Frederick II., worked with no small success after him. That he bequeathed to them a claim to his imperial style, and a vague pretension to his imperial power, was an inheritance of but doubtful advantage. The Kingdom of Germany was in truth crushed and broken to pieces beneath the weight of the Holy Roman Empire; but of the united and glorious Germany of Henry the Fowler and Otto the Great, of Henry the Frank and of Frederick the Swabian, Charles the Great was the father and the founder. If Gaul and Italy fell away, the *Regnum Teutonicum* survived for four hundred years, and still survives in the hearts of a people longing to be one as they were beneath his sceptre. Only remember what the "Francia" and the "Franci" of Charles really were, and the dismemberment of the Carolingian empire really amounts to little more than the lopping off of some outlying foreign provinces from the body of the great Teutonic realm.

We have now reached the ninth century. Charles was crowned at Rome in the last year of the eighth century, and fourteen years later he descended to his imperial tomb at Aachen. He had founded the German kingdom, and won the Roman

diadem for its kings. But before the century had passed, another nation, another language, was beginning to appear. During the century which followed the death of Charles, we get our first glimpses of the existence of modern, Celtic, Parisian France. Before the close of the second century from his coronation, modern, Celtic, Parisian France, the kingdom of the Neustrian Capets, is fully established, high in rank, but still small in power, among the recognised divisions of Western Christendom.

The Western or Frankish empire, as it stood under Charles the Great, was undoubtedly far too vast, and included nations far too incongruous, to remain permanently united under a single head. Charles himself, it is evident, perceived this. The division of a kingdom among the sons of a deceased king was, indeed, nothing new; it was a device which had been constantly resorted to in Merovingian Gaul. But one cannot believe that Charles would have given such a plan the sanction of his master genius, had it not been one really adapted to the circumstances of the time. His schemes were very elaborate. The mode of succession chalked out by him included a mixture of popular election and hereditary right, and all the minor kings were to be united in a sort of federal bond by the recognition of a common superior in the emperor. Whether such a system could have worked may be doubted. It had worked under himself; he had made his sons kings in Italy and Aquitaine with no prejudice to his own rights as supreme emperor. But submission to a father, and that father Charles the Great, was quite another thing from submission to a brother, an uncle, or, as it might soon be, a distant cousin. Charles's own scheme of division came to nothing, because of the death of two of his three sons. Lewis the Pious succeeded him in the possession of the whole empire, with only a single subordinate king in the person of the unfortunate Bernard of Italy. But it is well worth while to mark the geographical limits of the several kingdoms as traced out by the hand of Charles himself. Probably he had no intention of forming national kingdoms at all.\* It was still to be the one kingdom of the Franks, though divided among several kings; just as in the early days of the division of the Roman empire, the empire was still held to be one, though its administration was portioned out between two or more imperial colleagues. Certainly the three kingdoms traced out for Charles, Pippin, and Lewis coincide with no national divisions either of earlier or later times. Roughly speaking, his notion seems to have been to keep the old Frankish kingdom to his eldest son

\* This seems to be shown by the titles which Eginhard gives to the subordinate kings. Lewis, for instance, is not "*Rex Aquitanie*," or "*Rex Aquitanorum*," but merely "*Rex super Aquitaniam*."

Charles, and to divide his conquests between Pippin and Lewis. But, besides that the frontier is not very accurately followed, one most important exception is to be made. The wholly new acquisitions of Italy and the Spanish march, together with Aquitaine and Bavaria, which had been reduced from nominal vassalage to real obedience, formed the kingdoms of the two younger sons. Charles took the old "Francia;" but he also, by the necessity of the case, took the great conquest of Saxony. Of the three, Aquitaine, the kingdom of Lewis, came nearest to a national kingdom. Southern Gaul and the Spanish march answer pretty nearly to what were afterwards the countries of the *Lingua d'Oc*. But the Italian kingdom, cut short at one end by the Byzantine province, was lengthened at the other by the addition of all Germany south of the Danube. Did the theory of "natural boundaries" flash across the mind of the great Charles when he made that great river a political limit? Certainly no such idea presented itself to him with regard to the Rhine. Certain it is that not the slightest regard was paid either to the past boundaries of Roman Gaul or to the future boundaries of imperial France. Aquitaine was to have something like a national sovereign; but no such boon was conferred on Neustria. The German king was to reign, as of old, on both sides of the German river. The kingdom of the younger Charles, in short, was to consist of what is now northern France and northern Germany; while what is now southern France formed the great bulk of the kingdom of Lewis. Most certainly, then, modern Parisian France was so far from answering to the France of Charles the Great, that it did not even occur to him as a convenient division while portioning out the vast monarchy of which it formed a part.

The division made by Charles took, as we said, no permanent effect. It is only valuable as showing what were the ideas of a convenient partition entertained in the year 806 by the greatest of living men. Charles was succeeded by Lewis. His reign was a mere series of ever-fluctuating partitions of the empire between his sons. Sir Francis Palgrave\* has taken the trouble to enumerate no less than ten successive schemes of division. In the last of these we begin to discern, for the first time, something like the modern kingdom of France. Then, in 839, northern and southern Gaul, Neustria and Aquitaine, were for the first time united as the kingdom of Charles the

\* In the first volume of his *History of England and Normandy*. The two published volumes of this work contain nothing about England, and not more about Normandy than about other parts of Gaul; but they contain the most minute and, to those who can tolerate Sir Francis' great and increasing oddities of manner, the most valuable history of Carolingian Gaul in the English language.

Bald. The kingdom thus formed was far smaller than modern France, but it was almost wholly included within it. It took in, indeed, Flanders on the one hand, and the Spanish March on the other; but both of these remained French, in a vague sense, far down into the middle ages. The suzerainty over the county of Barcelona was only surrendered by St. Lewis, and that over the county of Flanders survived to be one of the principal subjects of dispute between Francis I. and Charles V. The kingdom of Charles the Bald was undoubtedly the first germ of modern France. It was, if we except a few Flemings, a few Bretons, and a few Basques, at its several corners, a kingdom wholly of the Roman speech. This fact comes prominently forth in the famous oath of Strassburg, preserved by Nithard.\* This precious document has been commented upon over and over again as a matter of philology; it is no less valuable as a matter of history. It shows that, in 841, the distinctions of race and language were beginning to make themselves felt. The Austrasian soldiers of King Lewis swear in the Old-German tongue, of which the oath is one of the earliest monuments; but of the language in which the oath is taken by the Neustrian soldiers of King Charles, the oath itself is, as far as our knowledge goes, absolutely the oldest monument. In the "*lingua Romana*," as Nithard calls it, we see for the first time a tongue essentially of Roman original, and yet which has departed too far from the Roman model to be any longer called Latin. It has ceased to be Latin, but we cannot yet call it French, even Old-French. How far it is the mother of French, and how far rather of Provençal, we must leave to those to decide whose special business is with the history of language. For our purpose, it is enough that it reveals to us the existence of a Gaul speaking neither Celtic, nor Teutonic, nor Latin, but Romance; that is, it shows that one most important step had been taken towards the creation of modern France. As yet it was known only as "*lingua Romana*;" in the course of the next century it had become nationalised as "*lingua Gallica*."† One would be curious to know how far men had begun to recognise that a new language had been formed; whether it was in any case the tongue of men of rank, or of men who could read and write; whether there were any to whom the "*lingua Romana*" was already their mother-tongue, but who still committed their thoughts to writing in the more classical "*lingua Latina*." Of all this we can tell nothing, except what we may infer from the fact that Count Nithard, a man of high rank and high ability, and, by an illegitimate female descent,

\* Nithard, iii. 6, ap. Pertz, ii. 666.

† See Richer, i. 20, iii. 85, iv. 100, ap. Pertz, vol. v.

the actual grandson of the great Charles, was struck by the phenomenon of the diversity of speech, and thought the formula worth preserving in the very words of the vulgar tongue. This is in itself sufficiently remarkable, and at all events proves the observant and inquiring spirit of Nithard himself. We wish he had had more followers. There is nothing we more commonly lack in the Latin chroniclers of the middle age than notices of the language of the people, and even of that of the actors in the story.

The wars between the sons of the Emperor Lewis, and the final settlement at Verdun in 843, did but confirm the existence of the new kingdom. The connection between the two parts of ancient Francia was now severed for ever; Neustria and Austrasia were never, except during the ephemeral empire of Charles the Fat, to be again united under a single ruler. On the other hand, a connection was formed between Neustria and Aquitaine, of but little moment for the present, but which was destined to bear ample fruit in future ages. By the treaty of Verdun the empire was divided into three parts. Charles took, as we have seen, the purely Romance lands of Neustria and Aquitaine; Lewis took the purely German lands far to the east. Lothar, their elder brother, the Roman Cæsar, took of course Frankish Italy; but he took also that long strip of debatable land from the Mediterranean to the ocean, which received his name, and part of which still retains it. Lotharingia, Lothringen, Lorraine, lay between the Germanic realm of Lewis and the Romance realm of Charles, including doubtless then, as now, peoples both of Romance and Germanic speech. But it was a kingdom which had no principle of unity of any kind; no sort of tie of language, of history, or of "natural boundaries," united Provence and Holland and the intermediate countries. It therefore failed to retain any permanent existence. Sometimes we find it cut up into several separate kingdoms, sometimes, as in our own times, divided between the two more compact realms on each side of it. Those two realms remained, grew, and flourished, while Lotharingia fell to pieces. They need names from the beginning, and it is almost impossible to avoid giving them, though by a little anticipation, the familiar names of Germany and France.

Thus we get our first glimpse of France in the modern sense, a creation of the ninth century, not of the fifth. As Sir Francis Palgrave says,\* "this division created territorial France. With the exceptions of Provence and some few portions of Lotharingia, there is not any where the value of fifty miles difference in frontier between the kingdom of France in

\* History of England and Normandy, i. 345.



the reign of Louis Quatorze, and the kingdom given to Charles-le-Chauve by the treaty of Verdun." Modern France was thus created, but it was created purely by accident. Charles was king over Neustria; and the Emperor Lewis, wishing to increase the appanage of his favourite son, added the kingdom of Aquitaine, which fell vacant by the death of his brother Pippin. Neustria and Aquitaine together made France, such a France as lasted till the fourteenth century; a France without Alpine slopes or frontiers of the Rhine; a France which, instead of the Rhine, barely reached the Rhone, and which still had to "reunite," not only Savoy and Nizza, but Provence, Dauphiny, the county of Burgundy, Alsace, and Lorraine. And even, within its own limits, the position of Aquitaine shows how utterly accidental and artificial was the creation. Aquitaine, the kingdom of Pippin, had no love for the sway of Charles of Neustria; it was constantly revolting on behalf of Pippin's heirs, who were, of course, the mere representatives of its national independence. Aquitaine was joined to Neustria by the command of Lewis the Pious, but no effectual union took place for ages; all that the command of the pious emperor effected was, to invest the Neustrian king with vague and nearly nominal rights, which did not fully become realities for six hundred years. Aquitaine was to the kings of France pretty much what Romagna was to the popes; Constantine, or Pippin, or Charles, or Matilda, or Rodolf, gave Romagna to the Holy See; but the sovereignty of the Holy See was of the most unpractical kind till its rights were at last enforced by the sword of Cæsar Borgia. So with Aquitaine; nominally part of the kingdom of Charles the Bald, it soon resolved itself into two great principalities, differing in nothing but name from sovereign kingdoms. The Duke of Aquitaine and the Count of Toulouse came to rank among the princes of Europe. They might be vassals of the King of France, but their vassalage went no farther than placing the royal name in the dates of their charters. During the busy French and Norman history of the tenth century, the French chroniclers tell us much about Germany and something about England, but about southern Gaul we only hear just enough to assure us that it had not vanished from the face of creation. The Loire seems in those days to have been most truly a natural boundary; between northern and southern Gaul we find no relations either of peace or war, but something very like utter mutual oblivion. As time rolled on, the Aquitanian duchy was, in the twelfth century, united to the crown of England; while the western portion of old Aquitaine, Languedoc, or the county of Toulouse, became, in the next age, one of the first and greatest acquisitions of the kings of Paris. Few portions of history are less

understood than that of the noble duchy which so long formed one of the fairest possessions of our ancient kings. Few Englishmen understand the difference between the English tenure of Bourdeaux and the English tenure of Calais. When the Black Prince kept his court at Bourdeaux as Prince of Aquitaine, most readers look upon him as an English conqueror, just like Henry V. at Paris. Bourdeaux is marked in the modern map as part of France; consequently people do not realise that, till its loss in the fifteenth century, the kings of France had never possessed it at all, except during the momentary and fraudulent occupation of Aquitaine by Philip the Fair. When Talbot fell before Chastillon, he fell in the cause, not of the bondage, but of the independence of the Pyrenean duchy, in the same cause which Hunholt and Lupus supported against Charles the Great, and Pippin and Sancho against Charles the Bald. In short, Lewis the Pious might grant Aquitaine in the ninth century to Charles the Bald, but it was only Charles VII., in the fifteenth, who first really obtained possession of the gift.

The Frankish empire, as we have seen, was by the treaty of Verdun divided into three kingdoms: the eastern and western, which grew into modern Germany and France; and the central realm of Italy and Lotharingia, which soon fell asunder. The next forty years form little but a history of unions and partitions. Each father tried to divide his dominions among his sons; each brother or uncle did his best to seize to himself the inheritance of his brothers and nephews. Of all the Carolingian princes, the Emperor Lewis II., reigning in Italy as a real Roman Cæsar, and fighting in the cause of Christendom against the Saracen, is the only one who can claim any portion of our esteem. Even he was not altogether free from the general vice; but he has at least merits to set against it which we do not find in the case of his fellows. The whole period is one of utter confusion and division. At last, in 885, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the Carolingian empire was reunited in the person of Charles the Fat. He had gradually gathered on his brow the imperial crown of Rome and the royal crowns of Germany, Italy, and France. Still to this reunion one important exception must be made. One state, part of the Lotharingia of forty years earlier, had set the example of entire revolt from the very blood of the great Charles. In 879 Count Boso was elected and crowned king over a kingdom which, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, has almost vanished from history, but whose memory it is just now highly desirable to recall. Boso founded the short-lived kingdom of Burgundy or Arles, a kingdom lying between France and Italy, and which may be roughly described as the country between the Rhone and the Alps. In modern geogra-

phical language, it includes Provence, Orange, the Venaissin, Dauphiny, Lyons, Bresse, Bugey, the county of Burgundy (or Franche Comté), with Savoy, Nizza, and a large part of Switzerland. On the theory of natural boundaries, the kingdom of Boso seems quite as well marked out as the kingdom of Charles the Bald. The Rhone and the Saone to the west, the Alps to the east, the Mediterranean to the south, make as good lines of demarcation as one commonly meets with in the political map. Nearly all its inhabitants were of the Romance speech—all except a small German territory in what long afterwards became Switzerland. As far as we can understand, Burgundy might much more justly ask to extend itself to the ocean by swallowing up the kindred province of Aquitaine, than Parisian France ask to extend itself to the Alps by swallowing up the far more foreign kingdom of Burgundy.

In 888 Charles the Fat was deposed by common consent of his various realms, which were from henceforth separated with a far more complete and permanent separation than before. The Carolingian empire vanishes, even the rank of Emperor sinks into a kind of abeyance. Emperors, indeed, were crowned during the first half of the ninth century; but there was no dynasty which permanently united imperial power to imperial pretensions till, in 963, Otto the Great finally annexed the Roman empire and the Italian kingdom to his own Teutonic crown. The division of 888 was really the beginning of the modern state and the modern divisions of Europe. The Carolingian empire was broken up into four separate kingdoms: France, Germany, Italy, and Burgundy. Of these, the three first remain as the greatest nations of the Continent: Burgundy,\* by that name, has vanished; but its place as a European power is occupied, far more worthily than by any king or Cæsar, by the noble federation of Switzerland.

Of the four kingdoms thus formed, three at once cast away their allegiance to the Carolingian blood. Germany elected Arnulf, a bastard of the imperial house; but after the death of his son Lewis, the Teutonic sceptre passed altogether away from the race of Pippin and Charles. Boso of Burgundy was connected with that race only by marriage. Italy chose shifting kings and emperors of her own. France chose the patriarch of that long line which was, with two periods of intermission, to

\* The name of Burgundy is used in history in so many different senses, that it may be as well to say that this early kingdom of Burgundy has nothing to do with the Burgundian power so famous in the later middle age. Franche Comté, or the county of Burgundy, is the only province which the two held in common. The nucleus of the Burgundy of Philip the Good and Charles the Bold was the duchy of Burgundy, that of which Dijon is the capital. This was not part of the kingdom of Arles or Burgundy, but was always a fief of France.

rule her down to our own day, which still reigns over Castile and Aragon, and which, while we write, we have seen happily expelled from the minor thrones of Parma and of both the Sicilies.

The division of 843 first introduced us to a Romance—that is, really a Celtic—France, as distinguished from the elder Teutonic France of the old Frankish kings. The division of 888 first introduces us to a Capetian and a Parisian France. Since the death of the great Charles, the city on the Seine, the old home of Julian, had been gradually rising in consequence. It plays an important part during the reign of his son Lewis the Pious. Characteristically enough, Paris first appears in our history as the scene of a conspiracy against her Teutonic master. There it was that, in 830, the rebels gathered who seized and imprisoned, and at last deposed, the pious emperor. In the words of Sir F. Palgrave,\* “the City of Revolutions begins her real history by the first French Revolution.” Later in the ninth century Paris acquires a more honourable renown; she became the bulwark of Gaul against the inroads of the Northmen. The pirates soon found out the importance of the position of the city in any attack or defence of Gaul from her northern side. Till the Danish invasions of that century began, the northern coast had been altogether secure. The West-Saxon and South-Saxon kings never dreamed of adventures beyond the sea, and Charles the Great was ever on friendly terms with his English neighbours. But now the Seine, and Paris upon the Seine, became the great object of Scandinavian attack. Thrice in the reign of Charles the Bald did the invaders enter the city. At last, in 861, a new power was formed, chiefly with the object of defending Gaul from their attack. Paris with a large district was granted in fief by Charles the Bald to Robert the Strong, as a Mark or marquisate, a border territory, to be defended against the invading Northman and the revolted Breton. This “Mark” was fated to a destiny which seems not unusual for such frontier districts. In Germany, the “Mark of Brandenburg,” her outlying defence against the Slave, and the “Eastern Mark,” her outlying defence against the Magyar, have, under the names of Prussia and Austria, eclipsed the older names of Saxony, Swabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, and now rank as the great powers of Germany, and among the great powers of Europe. So it was with this outlying Mark granted to Count Robert by Charles the Bald. Paris now became a centre, a capital; if not a royal, at least a ducal city. The fief of Robert grew into the Duchy of France, and that into the Kingdom of France. Robert himself became the forefather of the Valois and the Bourbons. The great siege of Paris in 885 and 886, and its gallant defence by

\* i. 282.

Count Eudes or Odo, the son of Robert, greatly raised the position alike of the city and of its lord. On the deposition of Charles the Fat, Count Odo was, after ineffectual attempts on behalf of other candidates, elected and consecrated to what we can no longer conveniently call any thing but the kingdom of France.

This name of "France," specially to denote the western kingdom, is forced upon us from the time of the division of 843, if we would avoid circumlocutions of the most awkward kind; but we must remember that it is not strictly accurate. The notion of a great Frankish realm, held in a sort of co-parcenary, long survived the day when the descendants of Charles ceased to be its masters. Germany, the old Frankish land, long stuck to the Frankish name. One of her greatest imperial dynasties was of Frankish blood. Nor did their Saxon predecessors and their Swabian successors reject the title. As late as the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, the name of Frank was still used, and used too with an air of triumph, as equivalent to that of German.\* The kings and kingdoms of this age had, indeed, no fixed titles, because all were still regarded as mere portions of the great Frankish realm. "Rex," with no further addition, is as common a style as any; so is "Rex Francorum," sometimes qualified as "Francorum orientalem." Germany has no definite name; for a long time it is "Francia Orientalis," "Francia Teutonica;" then it becomes "Regnum Teutonicum," "Regnum Teutonicorum."† These expressions surely mean "the Teutonic portion of the Frankish realm," as distinguished from that "Francia" which, with German writers, always required the addition of "Latina" or "Occidentalis."‡ But it is equally clear that, within the limits of that western or Latin France, "Francia" and "Francus" were rapidly getting their modern meanings of "France" and "Frenchman," as distinguished from Frank or German; they were, in fact, names of honour to which each of the several nations clung as specially its own. Even so early as the reign of Lewis the Pious, one writer distinguished "Franci" and "Germani,"§ meaning by the former the people of the western kingdom. Gradually the name became, in the usage of Gaul and of Europe, thoroughly fixed in this sense. The Merwings, the Karlings, the Capets, all alike called themselves

\* Otto of Frisengen, *passim*. See especially the speech of Ferdinand, ii. 22 (Muratori, vi. 722).

† In the bull of deposition of Henry IV. Hildebrand uses the curious form "totius regni Theutonicorum et Italie gubernacula contradico" (Bruno de Bell. Sax. cap. 70, ap. Pertz, vii. 354). Italy had a local name, Germany had none. So Henry just before talks of "regnum Italie," but we do not remember "regnum Germanie" or "Alemannie" in that age.

‡ Bruno, in 1074, can find no better name for Philip of France than "Latine Francie rectorem" (De Bell. Sax. cap. 36, ap. Pertz, vii. 342).

§ Vita Hludowici Imp. cap. 45, ap. Pertz, ii. 633.

"Reges Francorum;" "Francus" having of course totally changed its meaning in the mean while. In the eastern kingdom, on the other hand, the German sovereign, when he had grown into a Roman Emperor, gradually dropped his style as Frankish King. It is this continuity of name and title which gives to modern, "Western," "Latin," France a false appearance of being a continuation or representative of the old Frankish kingdom. But no one who really understands the history of the time can doubt for a moment that, among the four kingdoms which arose out of the ruins of the Carolingian empire, it was "Eastern France," the "Teutonic kingdom," which might most truly claim, in extent of territory, in retention of language, in possession of the old seats of royalty, to be by far the truest representative of the "Francia" of Charles the Great.

Odo of Paris then, in 888, became "Rex Francorum" in a sense which, modern as the words sound, cannot be so well translated as by the familiar title of "King of the French." We have at last France before us, with Paris for her capital, and one whom we may by anticipation call the "Capetian" lord of Paris for her king. But this state of things was not as yet fully established. Neither the Carolingian race nor the Carolingian interest was as yet extinct in western France. The next century is, in short, a history of a continued struggle in various forms between the German and what we may now call the French blood, between the Carolingian and the Capetian house, between the lord of Paris and the lord of Laon.\* Odo was elected as the hero of the siege of Paris, the true champion of Gaul and of Christendom. But he soon found a rival in the incapable Charles the Simple, whose only claim was the doubtful belief that the blood of his great namesake flowed in his veins. Charles was again overthrown by Duke Robert, the brother of King Odo, who himself reigned as the second of the Parisian kings. Charles in his turn overthrew Robert, who died in battle at Soissons in 923. The heir of the Capetian house was Hugh, surnamed the Great. His career was a strange one: he refused the offered crown, and preferred the character of a king-maker to that of a king. One can hardly help thinking that he had some superstitious dread of a title which had brought little but sorrow to his father and uncle; for he certainly carried himself as a king in every thing but name. He bore what to us sounds the strange title of "Duke of the French" (*Dux Francorum*); and as Duke of the French he was a far more powerful potentate than the King of the French, who was his

\* On this period of transition see Sir F. Palgrave's second volume, and the review of it in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1859. We have drawn some hints from both the book and the article.



nominal sovereign. On the death of Robert, he declined the royal dignity for himself, and passed it on to his brother-in-law, Rodolph, or Raoul, Duke of French Burgundy. He next, like our own king-maker of a later day, passed it on to Lewis the son of Charles. The Carolingian king once more reigned on the rock of Laon, but he found any thing but a tranquil subject in the mighty Duke of Paris. The Duke of the French allowed himself full power of revolt, of disobeying, attacking, expelling, imprisoning the King of the French,—any thing, in short, but avowedly reigning in his stead. King Charles was succeeded by his son King Lothar, and Duke Hugh the Great by his son Hugh Capet. The reign of Lothar was somewhat less disturbed than the reign of Lewis; but on the whole Lothar and Hugh Capet stand in nearly the same relation as Lewis and Hugh the Great. The younger Hugh, however, though in no imprudent hurry to obtain a crown, had not his father's rooted objection to receive one. He remained Duke of the French during the long reign of Lothar and the short reign of his son Lewis; at last, in 987, on the death of Louis, Hugh procured his own election. The struggle continued for a while in the person of Charles of Lorraine, the Carolingian pretender; but Hugh retained his crown and transmitted it to his descendants. He founded, in short, the most permanent of all dynasties. No other royal patriarch has been succeeded by more than eight centuries of direct male descendants, by three centuries and a half of unbroken succession from father to son. Since 987 no king of France of any other line has felt the touch of the consecrating oil of Rheims. Hugh's own city has, indeed, beheld the coronation of one English king and of one Corsican emperor. Both yielded alike to the claims of the returning Capetian. Who can tell whether a race endowed with such an unparalleled gift of permanency may not again return to the city which their forefathers first raised to greatness?

The immediate results of Hugh's elevation were not very marked. The duke of the French became the king of the French, and the same prince reigned at Paris and at Laon. King Hugh was undoubtedly considerably more powerful than King Lewis or King Lothar; but in the greater part of Gaul the change from the Carolingian to the Capetian line was hardly felt. To Hugh's own subjects it made little practical difference whether their prince were called duke or king. Beyond the Loire, men were utterly heedless who might reign either at Paris or at Laon. But slight as may have been the immediate change, the event of 987 was a real revolution: it was the completion of a change which had been preparing for a century and a half, and it was the true beginning of a new period. The

modern kingdom of France dates its definite existence from the election of Hugh; the partitions of 843 and 888 showed in what way the stream of events was running, but the change of 987 was the full establishment of the thing itself. France at last had, what till quite lately she has had ever since, a French king reigning at Paris. When we remember all that Paris has been since, how completely it has become, not merely the centre of France, but France itself, it is clear that the mere change of the royal city was alone an event of the highest importance. It is hardly possible that the rock of Laon could ever have won the same position as the island-city of the Seine. It might have remained a royal fortress; it could hardly have become a national capital. And again, one cannot doubt that the change was essentially a national one; Gallo-Roman France now finally shook off the last relics of that Teutonic domination under which she had been more or less completely held since the days of Clovis. The Karlings remained German to the last; the kings of Laon were Franks in the old sense, the kings of Paris were Frenchmen in the new. The native tongue of King Lewis was Teutonic; that of King Hugh was Romance—we may now perhaps begin to say Old-French. France now breaks off all traces of her old connection with Germany. Hitherto the “king beyond the Rhine” has been, in friendship or in enmity, an important personage in the politics of Latin France; even in the middle of the tenth century we find Otto of Saxony and Lewis of Laon still acting as a kind of colleagues in the administration of one Frankish realm. We find nothing of this sort after the final establishment of the Capets; the German Cæsar is as foreign to Capetian France as his brother at Byzantium. Lorraine, the border-land of France and Germany, was the seat of loyalty to the Carolingian house. As long as kings of that house still reigned in western France, the position of Lorraine was ambiguous between the two kingdoms. Charles the Simple was willingly received there as king: the descendant of Charles the Great was doubtless preferred to the descendant of the conquered Saxon. But after the Capetian revolution Lorraine definitively becomes a fief of the Teutonic kingdom. Its Carolingian loyalty remained untouched; it still might boast of having a descendant of Charles and Pippin for its ruler; but that ruler was no longer a king of western France or a pretender to its crown, but a duke holding his states in fee of the Saxon emperor.

Thus the change of dynasty in 987 marks the final establishment of the kingdom of France in the modern sense. The Carolingian period is one which is for the most part so utterly misunderstood, that we have thought it necessary to dwell upon

it at some length; the latter portion of our subject we may go through more hurriedly. The boundaries of the French kingdom, as they stood under the early Parisian kings, differed hardly at all from its boundaries as settled in 843. But we should bear carefully in mind how utterly nominal was the royal authority over the greater part of the territory comprised within those limits. It should be thoroughly understood, first, that the France of this period was very much smaller than modern France; secondly, that, even within what was then acknowledged to be France, the king was merely the head of a body of sovereign princes, some of whom were at least as powerful as himself. The subsequent history of France is the history of two processes: first, the conversion of a nominal feudal superiority into a direct sovereignty over the whole kingdom; secondly, the annexation of divers states which formed no part of the kingdom at all. The two are not accurately distinguished in popular imagination, and of course the Parisian phrase of "réunion" greatly tends to confound them. To talk of the "réunion" of Normandy or French Burgundy is not absolute nonsense, because Normandy and French Burgundy were, at all events by a fiction of feudal law, grants proceeding from the crown of France, which were afterwards reincorporated with the royal domain from which they had been severed. But a "réunion" of Provence, Lorraine, or Savoy, is absolute nonsense, because those provinces never formed any part of the Capetian monarchy. These two processes, of internal consolidation and of external aggression, have now been going on side by side for six hundred years. It will best suit our purpose to give a brief sketch of the results of each separately.

The kingdom of France, as it stood in 987, contained six great principalities besides the royal domain, namely, those afterwards called the six Lay Peerages—Flanders, Normandy, Aquitaine, Toulouse, Burgundy, and Champagne. The titles of Toulouse and Champagne may be a little later, but the states themselves already existed. Besides these, there were a crowd of smaller potentates, holding either of the crown or of these great vassals. With the exception of part of Flanders and of the Spanish March, all these states have long been fully incorporated with the French monarchy. But we must remember that, under the earlier French kings, the connection of most of these provinces with their nominal suzerain was even looser than the connection of the German princes since the peace of Westphalia with the Viennese emperors. A great French duke was as independent within his own dominions as an elector of Saxony or Bavaria, and there were no common institutions, no diet or assembly of any kind, which brought him into contact

either with his liege lord or with his fellow vassals. Aquitaine and Toulouse, as we have already said, seem absolutely to have forgotten that there was any King of the French at all, or at all events that they had any thing to do with him. They did not even pay him the compliment of waging war upon him, a mode of recognition of his existence which was constantly indulged in by their brethren of Normandy and Flanders. Normandy was the possession of Scandinavian invaders, whom a residence in Gaul was fast transforming into Frenchmen of a grander type. Charles the Simple granted the province to Hrolf Ganger, the Rou or Rollo of French and Latin writers, and along with it he granted a feudal superiority over the turbulent Celts of Brittany. The Norman dukes speedily changed into French princes, and played a most important part in French history. At last one of their number won the crown of England, and nearly a century later a Count of Anjou inherited England and Normandy from his mother, and obtained Aquitaine and Poitou as the dowry of his wife. Thus was formed a perfectly novel power in France. We must not transfer to the twelfth century the ideas of two or three centuries later, and look upon Henry II. as an English king reigning in France. Henry was, as we observed in a former article,\* a Frenchman; a French feudatory, who had contrived to unite in his own hands an accumulation of French fiefs, which rendered him, even on French ground, far stronger than his nominal suzerain. The possession of England gave him a higher title than that of Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine; its valiant inhabitants of both races added to his military strength; but England was not his home; it was not the Englishman who reigned over Anjou, but the Angevin who reigned over England. Henry and Richard held greater territories in France than those of the king and the other feudatories put together. They held the mouths of all the great rivers, and possessed the great cities of Rouen, Tours, Poitiers, and Bourdeaux. The king meanwhile, the lord of Paris and Orleans, was cooped up in the centre of his nominal dominions. Thus stood matters at the beginning of the thirteenth century; but they were not a little altered before its close. When Philip Augustus came to the throne, the King of the French did not own a single seaport; but Philip the Fair could boast of a seaboard on the English Channel, the ocean, and the Mediterranean. The crimes of John lost him all the northern part of his French possessions. Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine were incorporated with the royal domain. Brittany, the *arrière-fief* of Normandy, became an immediate fief of the crown till the time of its union with France by the marriage

\* April 1860, p. 337.

of Lewis XII. and Anne of Brittany. This had the twofold effect of making the king of the French and the king of the English alike what their titles imported. When the crown of France had entered by forfeiture on Normandy, Anjou, and Touraine, it had become far stronger than any single feudatory. Again, the Plantagenet kings, cut off from their old home, began to be really English rulers. Hitherto England had been a dependency of Normandy or Anjou; now Aquitaine became a dependency of England. The wars of Henry II. and Richard I. were French wars, the struggles of a French feudatory striving to get the better of his suzerain. The wars of Edward III., and still more those of Henry V., were English wars. They began, indeed, in French dynastic claims, but it soon appeared that their real object was the subjection of France to England. As such, they do not immediately concern our subject. The aspect in which they do bear upon it is this. By the peace of Bretigny Edward III. resigned his claims on the crown of France; but he was recognised in return as independent Prince of Aquitaine, without any homage or superiority being reserved to the French monarch. When Aquitaine, then, was conquered by France, partly in the fourteenth, fully in the fifteenth century, it was not the "réunion" of a forfeited fief, but the absorption of a distinct and sovereign state. The sentiments of Aquitaine itself seem to have been divided. The nobles to a great extent, though far from universally, preferred the French connection. It may very well have fallen in better with their notions of chivalry, feudal dependency, and the like; the privileges, too, which French law conferred on noble birth would make their real interests lie that way. But the great cities, and, we have reason to believe, the mass of the people also, clave faithfully to their ancient dukes; and they had good reason to do so. The English kings, both by habit and by interest, naturally protected the municipal liberties of Bourdeaux and Bayonne, and exposed no part of their subjects to the horrors of French taxation and general oppression. When, in 1451, the first conquest was achieved, and the Bourdelese for the first time felt what the hand of a French master really was, they speedily revolted in favour of the more distant and more indulgent lord. The French conquest of Aquitaine was very much like what a French conquest of the Channel Islands would be now. The theory of natural boundaries claims them equally, and the theory of identity of language claims them with better right. But in the teeth of all theories, the people of Bourdeaux knew then, and the people of Jersey know now, that practical liberty and good government does not lie on the side of the power to which abstract theories would assign them.

We have anticipated somewhat in order to complete the history of the English dominion in France. We now return to the thirteenth century. Besides Normandy and Anjou, the forfeited goods of the felon John, the crown of France, during that century, obtained the county of Champagne by marriage, and that of Toulouse as the ultimate result of the Albigensian wars. Of the six lay peerages, Flanders and Burgundy alone remain. French Burgundy was granted out by Hugh Capet to a younger branch of his own family, and, when that race of dukes became extinct, the same policy was carried on by Charles V. in 1363, when he invested his son Philip with the duchy. Philip obtained by marriage the remaining peerage, the county of Flanders. We need not go at length through the career of the Burgundian dukes, told with such eloquence by M. de Barante. Under Charles the Bold there seemed every prospect of Burgundy, in its later sense, becoming a greater kingdom than ever Burgundy had been in the old. The fiefs of the empire and of the crown of France held by the Valois dukes of Burgundy raised them to a place among the most important powers of Europe. At last the might and the hopes of Charles were shivered beneath the halbert of the free Switzer. Ducal Burgundy itself fell into the grasp of Lewis XI., and a fifth great fief was "re-united" to the Parisian crown. But Flanders remained, together with those imperial fiefs which nature seems to have connected with it, to become not the least valuable possession of the universal monarchy of Charles V. For Flanders and for Artois Charles V. was the nominal liegeman of his rival Francis. The treaty of Madrid abolished this antiquated claim of suzerainty; and in vain did the Parliament of Paris, some years later, strive to secure the right, and to carry out against Charles the same process which, three hundred years sooner, had been so successfully carried out against John Lackland. The Count of Flanders and Artois was summoned to the court of his liege lord, and, not appearing, was deprived of his lands for contumacy. But the sentence was more easily pronounced than executed against a Count of Flanders and Artois, who was also Emperor of the Romans and King of Spain and the Indies. Flanders and Artois remained to the house of Austria till the wars of Lewis XIV. incorporated all Artois and part of Flanders with the French monarchy. The rest of Flanders was reserved, by a happier lot, to form part of the free monarchy of Belgium.\*

Thus, at various periods spread over more than four hundred years, were all the great feudal states of France gradually incorporated with the crown. On the other hand, the nominal

\* The extreme northern part of the old county belongs to the kingdom of the Netherlands, but much the greater part is Belgian.



boundaries of Capetian France have receded in three places. The feudal superiority of the French crown extended over three districts which now form part of other states. As we have implied in our last paragraph, King Leopold owes no homage to the Parisian despot for the county of Flanders; nor is any paid by her Catholic Majesty for the county of Barcelona, the royal rights over which, even more nominal than elsewhere, were, as we have already mentioned, finally surrendered by St. Lewis. Our own sovereign also retains, with the most perfect good will of the inhabitants, those insular portions of the duchy of Normandy against which Philip's sentence of forfeiture was pronounced in vain. With these three exceptions, the France of 1860 includes the whole of the France of 987; it also includes a great deal besides.

We have thus traced the steps by which the kings of Paris gradually gathered under their immediate dominion the whole, or nearly so, of those states which were at least nominally dependent upon them. We have now to follow the course of annexation in those countries which had never, even nominally, formed part of the Capetian monarchy. In so doing we mean to pass lightly over mere temporary conquests, and to confine ourselves to those annexations which have really become part and parcel of the French monarchy. Thus the Valois Kings were always conquering and always losing Naples and Milan, as well as Piedmont and Savoy; but Piedmont, Naples, and Milan have never permanently become parts of France. Thus again, under Napoleon I., the French empire threatened to become the empire of all Europe; but this extended dominion has happily not descended to Napoleon III. But we suspect that people in general are not aware how much territory, originally French in no sense, has been gradually and permanently swallowed up by the Parisian monarchy since the reign of Philip the Fair.

France, as it stood under the early Capets, was bounded to the south by the various kingdoms of Spain, to the east by the states holding of the Holy Roman Empire. With Spain France has had comparatively little to do. The existence of a real "natural boundary" may have had something to do with this; but the line of the Pyrenees has not always been held perfectly sacred on either side. More than one of the French kings ruled also as kings of Navarre by a personal hereditary right. The Bourbon dynasty permanently bore the title; but their Navarre consisted only of that small portion of the kingdom which lies north of the Pyrenees. At the eastern end of the mountain range the frontier was long unsettled, and Roussillon did not finally become French till the peace of 1659. In the space between Navarre and Roussillon, the sovereigns of

France, in the character, however, not of kings but of Counts of Foix, have appeared in the more honourable aspect of Protectors of the Republic of Andorra. But the relations of France towards Spain are of far less importance than her relations towards the Empire. We left the German kingdom at the moment of its definitive separation from that of Western France in 888. In the next century Otto the Great permanently united to it the crown of Italy, or the Lombard kingdom, and also the imperial crown of Rome. In the next century the kingdom of Burgundy was acquired by virtue of the bequest of its last separate sovereign. Thus were the kingdoms of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy united under a single ruler. The King of the Eastern Franks both inherited the imperial style of Charles the Great and possessed three out of the four divisions of his empire. He held alike the Teutonic and the Italian capital of the great Emperor. Western France might look like a single province torn away from the main body of the Frankish realm. During the three first centuries of the Capetian dynasty, France was weak and Germany strong. The great Saxon, Frankish, and Swabian emperors possessed a far more practical authority over the whole of their vast dominions than the king of Paris enjoyed over his nominal realm of Latin France. But while the Capets were gradually consolidating their power over France, the Emperors began to lose theirs over Germany and Italy. After Frederick II. and the great interregnum, the empire gradually became a mere name, especially in its Burgundian provinces. Frederick Barbarossa was crowned at Arles as King of Burgundy; but a century afterwards the allegiance of Provence to King Rodolf of Hapsburg was very precarious indeed. As France grew stronger and more united, she found her whole eastern frontier, from Hainault to Provence, formed by a succession of petty states, duchies, counties, bishoprics, and free cities, disunited among themselves, and owning a very nominal subjection to their imperial suzerain. The King of the French was to most of them at once a nearer and a more powerful neighbour than the Emperor of the Romans: he was a more dangerous foe and a more desirable friend. Many provinces had a greater resemblance in language and manners to France than to Germany. To the nobles, and even to the princes themselves, the splendours of the French court offered a constant attraction. To take a familiar instance, the great house of Guise, in the sixteenth century, deserted their position as princes of the sovereign blood of Lorraine to assume that of French nobles and French party-leaders. The whole of these small states lay admirably open alike to French intrigue and to French violence; by one means or the other nearly all have been acquired. The

five centuries and a half since Philip the Fair are one long record of French aggrandisement at the expense of the territories of the Empire.

Of the three kingdoms attached to the Empire, Italy has been constantly overrun by French armies, and portions, like Milan, Piedmont, and Genoa, have been held by France, by conquest or by some pretended hereditary right, for considerable periods. But no portion of the Italian mainland has been permanently retained by France. But in the last century, by one of the most disreputable of juggles, France obtained the Italian island of Corsica without a shadow of right, and has been repaid by obtaining from thence the line of its own tyrants.

The kingdom of Germany has suffered considerable dismemberments. In the sixteenth century the three Lotharingian bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun were seized upon; but it was only late in the last century that the duchy in which those bishoprics were *enclaves* was finally incorporated with France. Lewis XIV. literally stole Strassburg and all Elsass; a province still essentially German, though the fact is disguised, as in so many other cases, by giving a French spelling to its name. The same monarch, at the time when he recovered a portion of the old French fief of Flanders, seized also a portion of the imperial fief of Hennegau,—*Gallicè* Hainault.

But it has been against the old kingdom of Burgundy that the aggressions of the Parisian monarchy have been most constant and most successful. For that very reason they are much less familiarly known: more people know that Lorraine has not always been French than that the same is true of Provence. It is therefore specially desirable to trace them in order. We have seen that the old frontier, the "natural boundary," of France to the east was the Rhone, the line above Lyons being continued along the Saone. From the Rhone to the Alps was the kingdom of Boso, afterwards, as we have seen, united to the imperial crown. At the expense of that kingdom France has, in the space of five centuries, gained twelve departments, besides as many more as she may think good to make out of her last stealings of Savoy and Nizza. The Burgundian kingdom, more remote from the imperial power than either Germany or Italy, fell away earlier and more completely than either, and split up into a host of small principalities and commonwealths. All of these, except those which still retain their independence as portions of the Swiss League, have been gradually swallowed up by the vultures of Paris. The Rhone frontier was first permanently violated by Philip the Fair in 1310. In the free imperial city of Lyons, as in so many others, violent disputes raged between the citizens and the prince-archbishops. Philip seized the favourable

opportunity treacherously to occupy the city, and to reduce prince and people alike to bondage. Later in the century, the Dauphiny, or county of Vienne, was bequeathed by its last prince to the eldest son for the time being of the king of France, to be held as a separate sovereignty with the title of Dauphin. This of course soon sunk into actual annexation. Lewis XI., in the next century, seized upon the county of Provence by a pretended hereditary right. The way to this acquisition was doubtless considerably smoothed by the fact that the sovereign counts had for some generations been princes of the blood-royal of France. Bresse and Bugey, part of the dominions of Savoy, were acquired by Henry IV. in exchange for the French claims on the marquisate of Saluzzo. The little state of Orange was obtained in 1732 by exchange with Prussia. The county of Burgundy was first acquired in the fourteenth century, like Navarre, by a hereditary claim; but, like Navarre, or like Hanover in the case of our own kings, it was separated again before it had been really incorporated with the French monarchy. It was not till the days of Lewis XIV. that, after many vicissitudes, the once sovereign county-palatine of Burgundy, and the once free imperial city of Besançon, were finally engulfed in the Charybdis of French domination. At the breaking out of the French Revolution all that had escaped of the Burgundian kingdom was the duchy of Savoy, the western cantons of Switzerland, the bishopric of Basel, the republic of Geneva, and the papal possessions of Avignon and Venaissin, long surrounded by earlier annexations. All these were swallowed up by the revolutionary torrent; but all save the Papal territory recovered their independence by the settlement of 1814-15. The last act as yet of the drama, one surpassed in perfidious baseness by none which have gone before it, has been just performed beneath our own eyes.

It is, we think, not only curious as a piece of past history, but really important as a matter of present politics, to trace the gradual stages of French aggression in this quarter. A steady course of aggrandisement has been carried out for five hundred years, and the policy of the Capet has been continued by the Buonaparte. The first step was taken by Philip the Fair, the father of the old royal tyranny; the last step as yet has fallen to the lot of the kindred genius of Louis Napoléon;—we say the last step as yet, because it is impossible to believe that a voluntary check will be put on a settled scheme which is now all but accomplished. There is no difference in principle between the absorption of Savoy and Nizza and the absorption of Vaud and Neuchâtel. Whatever arguments justify the one would with an equally "irresistible logic" justify the other. We are told that Nizza and Savoy are provinces "essentially French;" they

can be so only in a sense in which Geneva and Lausanne, we might add Brussels and St. Helier's, are essentially French also. Those obligations of treaties which guarantee the independence and neutrality of Switzerland are not more sacred than those which guarantee that neutrality of northern Savoy, without which the independence of Switzerland is a name. That this scheme of aggrandisement, that all schemes of aggrandisement, are solemnly denied, proves about as much as was proved some months ago by the no less solemn denial of all designs upon Savoy. We have long learned how to trust the man whose lips uttered the words "*Je le jure*," and who kept the oath by a December massacre.

In short, among a crowd of ancient and independent states which have been gradually swallowed up, one alone remains. Switzerland, the very home and cradle of freedom, is the last remnant of the many centres of political life which once existed between the Rhone and the Alps. Marseilles, Lyons, Besançon, were once as free as Bern and Geneva. The imperial Rabsshakeh may stand before the still unattacked citadel of freedom, and point to the lands which he has destroyed utterly, and ask in his pride if the remnant which is left shall venture to hope for deliverance. French cannon bristling on the shores of the Lake of Geneva can be pointed in one direction only,—that direction which French aggression has been constantly taking since the banner of the *fleur-de-lys* first showed itself east of the Rhone. It remains for Europe to determine whether it will sit by and see the perpetration of a wrong before which the annexations of Provence and Lorraine, and of Savoy itself, would sink into insignificance.

We have thus traced out the long history of Parisian aggression; but, in common justice, we must make one remark on the other side. We said at the outset that, except for the monstrous deceptions by which it is always defended, the aggressions of France are in no way more guilty than the aggressions of other powers; in one important respect France has much less to answer for than other conquering states. To be conquered by France has been at all times a less immediate evil than to be conquered by Spain, Austria, or Turkey. A province conquered by France has always been really incorporated with France: no French conquests have ever been kept in the condition of subject dependencies; their inhabitants have at once been admitted to the rights and the wrongs, the good and the evil fortune of Frenchmen, and have had every career offered by the French monarchy at once opened to them. No French acquisition has ever been kept in the state in which Spain kept the Netherlands, in which Austria has kept Hungary and Lom-

bardy, in which the whole Ottoman empire is kept to this day. Savoy will lose much by its transfer from the rule of constitutional Sardinia to that of despotic France, but there is no fear of its being reduced to the condition of Venetia. The geographical position of all the French conquests, except Corsica, has of course tended to this complete incorporation, as well as that inherent spirit of French centralisation which tends to obliterate all local distinctions. One must allow that, if conquests are to be made, this is a generous and liberal as well as a prudent way of conquering. But it has its bad side also. The inhabitants of a French conquest become Frenchmen, and swell the ranks of the aggressors. The subtle process of denationalisation cuts off that hope of undoing the evil work which always exists when a country is kept down under an avowed foreign tyranny. One cannot doubt that, when a portion of the Spanish Netherlands was seized by Lewis XIV., the inhabitants found an immediate gain in becoming an integral part of France, instead of a distant dependency of Spain. But the immediate gain has been an ultimate loss; had those provinces then remained to the house of Austria, they would now swell the strength of independent Belgium. So Elsass has not suffered at the hands of France as Hungary has suffered at the hands of Austria; but the hope of seeing an independent Hungary is a hope far less wild than that of seeing Elsass once more a member of a German confederation or empire. The very best side of French aggression makes us feel the more sadly that there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

We have thus done our best to show that Parisian France in no way represents ancient Gaul or Carolingian Francia. France and the French are a modern power and a modern nation, of which we see the first glimmerings in the ninth century, and which attain something like a definite and lasting position in the tenth. France is essentially an artificial, advancing state, just like Sardinia and Prussia in more recent times. When mayors and bishops hail Louis Napoléon as the "successor of Pepin and Charlemagne," they are asserting a palpable untruth. Modern Europe contains no real successor of either; but least of all is the successor of the elected King of Aachen, the crowned Cæsar of Rome, to be looked for in the upstart usurper of Paris. The work of Charles was to make Italy and Gaul alike subject to a German monarch. No work could less call forth our sympathies at the present moment; but no work could be more alien to the process of extending the frontiers of the Celt of Paris over Italian, Burgundian, and Teutonic lands. Italy, in the eighth century and in the tenth, invoked a German king as her deliverer from her intestine troubles. No such



remedy now is needed. She can now work her deliverance for herself, and she no more heeds the hypocritical friendship of the Gaul than the open enmity of the Austrian. Before our eyes is growing up an Italian kingdom truer and freer than that of Charles and Otto, than that of Berenger and Hugh of Provence; and, with a slight change of name and style, we may apply to its first and chosen sovereign the words of the papal benediction to Charles himself. Not altogether for his own sake, not forgetting the tortuous and faithless policy which bartered away the old cradle of his house, still, as to the representative of Italian unity, we may say with heart and voice, "Victori Emmanueli, a Deo coronato, magno et pacifico Italarum Regi, Romanorum Imperatori futuro, vita et victoria!"

#### ART. II.—THE ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF HOMER.

*The Iliad of Homer*, faithfully translated into unrhymed English metre. By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly, 1856.

*The Iliad of Homer*, translated into blank verse. By Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A., translator of Dante, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Books I.-VI. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

WE have been told, on no less authority than that of Lemuel Gulliver, that, when the Laputan necromancer gratified him by summoning from the shades Homer, at the head of all his commentators, "it was soon discovered that he was a perfect stranger to all that numerous company, and had never seen or heard of them before;" and it was whispered, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented their authors' meaning to posterity."\*

Had the great satirist been gifted with prophetic vision to reach to our own time, he might have seen much to make him modify this judgment, much on the other hand to steep his pen in yet deeper gall. Buttmann, Passow, and Nitsch need not perhaps have shrunk from looking their author in the face, as did Eustathius and Didymus; but the whole lower world would be scarce wide enough to find a lurking-place for those German critics who denied his individuality altogether, and deemed him the mere name for an imaginary compiler of a patchwork poem.

What would Swift have said of the translators, especially

\* Voyage to Laputa, ch. viii.

those of his own language? Little enough, we fear, and that little the reverse of complimentary; yet there existed then English versions which even now hold their own, and may probably never be wholly superseded; though no translator, either then or since, seems to have forced upon his successors the belief that it was either a hopeless or a needless task to attempt to tread again over the same well-worn ground. Even Chapman had his predecessor; but he improved him off the face of the earth: his own archaic quaintness and Elizabethan conceits shocked the ears of the age of Dryden and Pope; their conceits, in turn, so far more false and frigid, their *purpurei panni* of laboured antithetical rhetoric, offended the simpler taste of Cowper; and Cowper in our own day has found his rivals, urged by the consciousness of a sounder scholarship or a more vigorous spirit, to strive to reproduce in stronger or more faithful colours the picture which seemed, despite all its merits, to be so feeble a copy of its great original. How far the last competitors in this field of fame have succeeded, it will be the object of the present article to show; but it may be well to preface the inquiry by a short historical sketch of the labours of past generations.

It would seem, as we have already said, that the honour of having been the first introducer of Homer to the English reader is not claimed by Chapman, as a translation of ten books of the *Iliad* from the French of M. Salel, by A. H. (Arthur Hall, Esq.), of Grantham, appeared in 1581. The author compliments the distinguished translators of the day,—Golding, Phaier, and others,—and states that he began the work about 1563, under the advice of Roger Ascham. We have never seen the book, which is exceedingly rare; and we are indebted for these facts to the introduction to the last new edition of Chapman, whence we also learn that Chapman himself published parts of the *Iliad* in 1598, and the complete version probably in 1611; the first twelve books of the *Odyssey* in 1614, and the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* collected into one volume in 1616. His work, once also rare, is now again within reach of all, having been twice lately republished,—the *Iliad* by Dr. Taylor, in 1843, and the whole by Mr. Hooper in 1858. We intend to bring before our readers several specimens, which will give the reader a far better idea of his merits than any cut-and-dried criticism that we could offer. Indeed, it would be hard to improve on the well-known judgment of Charles Lamb: "He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he had not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of

these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old Law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. But passion (the all in all of poetry) is every where present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd."\*

Soon after the Restoration appeared the version of John Ogilby, adorned with elaborate engravings to hide the poverty of its diction. It is said to have taken the fancy of the young Pope, and first inspired him with a relish for poetry, and perhaps for the poetry of Homer in particular. Pope's taste was, however, too correct to allow him to regard such a scribbler with other feelings than those of contempt; yet if Ogilby were ambitious of posthumous fame, he might well have thanked his stars that he had fallen under Pope's eye of scorn, and thus escaped the still harder fate which Johnson had unjustly feared for Boswell, "that he had lost his only chance of immortality by not being alive when the *Dunciad* was written."

Impartial time has consigned to the same oblivion the work of a far greater man; for probably the majority of our readers are unaware that the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have been translated by Thomas Hobbes. We may feel an interest in it as the perhaps unrivalled labour of fourscore years and seven; but it was not for the philosopher of Malmesbury to feel the touching beauty of those exquisite pictures of early Greek life, conceived in a spirit so opposite to the freezing selfishness of his narrow creed. We shall not easily recognise the lament of sad Andromache thus travestied:

"My dear, you'll by your courage be undone,  
And this your son a wretched orphan be;  
The Greeks at once on you alone shall fall;  
And then a woful widow shall be I;  
And have no comfort in the world at all,  
But live in misery and wish to die.  
Father and mother have they left me none—

Now, Hector, you my father are and brother;  
Husband and mother, in thee I confide;  
For pitie's sake, then, on this turret stay,  
Lest fatherless your son, I widow be."

\* Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, i. p. 91.

And we have only to carry our search further to find all around us fresh grounds to support an indictment for murder. Yet it is but fair to quote the close of his preface, which startles us by speaking of this great labour as if it had been merely designed as a lure to call off the falcons from a more important quarry: "But howsoever I defend Homer, I aim not thereby at any reflection upon the following translation. Why, then, did I write it? Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom."

Next among our translators stands the great name of John Dryden, from whose pen we have the first *Iliad* and the parting of Hector and Andromache, published about 1698. Pope has accorded to it the praise of a generous rival: "Had he translated the whole, I should no more have thought of attempting Homer after him than Virgil; his version of whom, notwithstanding some human errors, is the most noble and spirited I know in any language." Posterity will hardly, perhaps, deplore that the unfinished work of Dryden left room for Pope. Both versions, indeed, are of the same character, both equally wide of the simple grandeur of the original; but of the two, Dryden is decidedly, on the whole, inferior. It would seem, indeed, that Pope did not always thus distrust his power to rival Dryden as a translator, inasmuch as he had at one time intended to print together, for comparison, four translations of the first *Iliad*—his own, and those of Dryden, Maynwaring, and Tickell. This last appeared in 1715, at the same time with the earlier part of Pope's version, and was pronounced by Addison to have more of Homer in it than Pope's had,—as, indeed, it easily might. However this may be, its appearance caused some alienation of friendship; for though Addison had been one of those who had encouraged Pope to the task, Pope believed,—and, we fear, not without reason,—that he traced under the name of Tickell the hand of Addison.

Pope's *Iliad* was completed by 1720, and was followed in 1725 by the *Odyssey*, in which he was assisted by Fenton and Broome. In an age when musical flow of rhythm was more valued than true poetic fire and rugged energy, we need not wonder that Chapman and all his successors were dethroned, and that Pope reigned supreme in the world of letters. Few perhaps were sufficiently competent Grecians to care to compare him closely with the original; indeed, the only really great scholar then living was Bentley, whose opinion is well known: "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but do not call it Homer."

Pope reigned without a rival for more than sixty years, till

Cowper appeared in the field to contest his claim. Far as Cowper has excelled Pope in fidelity, in real correctness of taste and appreciation of the Homeric simplicity, the brilliancy of the elder poet has still held its own in popular estimation against the ponderous and often disjointed rhythm of his really far greater successor. Cowper has shown the strength and weakness of the Miltonic blank verse, as Pope had shown those of the decasyllable couplet; and we believe a preference has grown up for a freer metre, such as Chapman's (in the *Iliad*), which Charles Lamb pronounced "capable of all sweetness and grandeur. Cowper's ponderous blank verse detains you every step with some heavy Miltonism; Chapman gallops off with you at his own free pace."\* We have the same freedom of metre in Dr. Maginn's very spirited ballads from the *Odyssey*, and a still greater freedom has been claimed by Mr. F. W. Newman; while the other metres have yet found their advocates, the decasyllable couplet having been chosen by Mr. Sotheby (1831), and the Miltonic blank verse by Mr. Wright, who closes our list.

This catalogue, though it may be far from exhaustive, contains the names of no less than fifteen authors, most of them otherwise known to fame, and some among the greatest names in the history of our literature, who have endeavoured to supply the English reader with a metrical version of all or part of the Homeric poems. It may seem strange that so many should have attempted the same task, and stranger still that, after all their labours, a satisfactory translation should still be thought an impossibility. At any rate, this lengthened review of the labours of the past will not have been thrown away on our readers, if it has suggested the propriety of criticising a new translation, not by an arbitrary standard of ideal perfection, but by comparison with its actual competitors. Yet we feel that one only of the two whom we have chosen as our special subject can be thus relatively estimated. Mr. Newman is a revolutionist in the principles on which his translation is constructed, and has scarcely any thing in common with any predecessor except Chapman, and differs too much even from him to be fairly commensurable; while to place him side by side with Pope, Cowper, or Sotheby, would be to subject him to a comparison which must necessarily do him an injustice. With their elegant flowing lines neither his verse nor his diction has any pretensions to compare; but he has departed from their standard deliberately, feeling that it is not by following in their footsteps that he can hope to avoid their failures. We propose, therefore, after a short statement of the principles on which he has proceeded, to select

\* Letters, by Talfourd, i. p. 236.

a few passages which our readers may place side by side with the Greek alone, and determine whether the object at which he aims is of sufficient importance, and has been sufficiently realised, to be worthy of the sacrifices which have been made to reach it.

The preface explains the grounds for the adoption of that peculiar metre which forms one of his distinguishing characteristics. Firstly, he was led (by reasons with which we cordially agree) to prefer a ballad metre of some kind to that of either Pope or Cowper.

"The style of Homer is garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmatory interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place, and argument. In all these respects it is similar to the old English ballad, and in sharp contrast to the polished style of Pope, Sotheby, and Cowper. Indeed, the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on 'ditty' or sing-song, like our own ballad. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, Sotheby use, is adapted only to the terse, polished, oratorical or philosophical poetry of a later age. In such a metre (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style; even with tender sentiments, simplicity in it is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thoughts, while to be homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Shakespeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose than put common thought into five-foot metre. Indeed, with this metre the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half lines, and whole lines, which so characterise the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life as well as external badges."

Secondly, a ballad metre might be composed of systems of either four or three beats, or a combination of both; or, to illustrate by an example familiar to most readers, it might resemble either the long, short, or common measure of our ordinary hymn-books: and of these three alternatives, after repeated trials, the last was chosen. Thirdly, the exigencies of rhyme, as had been shown even in the case of Chapman, positively forbid faithfulness, enforcing often the adoption of inappropriate words, and making it necessary to spin out or unduly condense the ideas to bring the lines into couplets. Rhyme, then, must at all hazards be abandoned, and thus the metre assumed a completely new character, and failed to satisfy the ear, till the expedient of adding an unaccented syllable to the second line in each couplet was devised, and thus at last a result produced which Mr. Newman considered satisfactory, and which coincides



exactly with the modern Greek epic. In the choice of words and expressions he has studied to attain "a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity, while remaining easily intelligible;" to prefer Saxon to Latinised words; to be quaint without being grotesque. Generally he dissents strongly from the dogma that the reader, if possible, should be lulled into the illusion that he is reading, not a translation, but an original poem. Mr. Newman's aim is the opposite to this,—to give his work as much as possible the character of a translation, as little as possible the character of an original poem; "to retain every peculiarity of the original, so far as he is able, with the greater care the more foreign it may happen to be, whether it be matter of taste, intellect, or morals."

Let us now instance in some selected passages the result of all these principles. As our space compels us to select but few, they shall be such as in their original are among the best known and most celebrated in the whole compass of the *Iliad*, requesting the reader to compare the translations closely with the Greek version, which we will not insult him by supposing that he does not possess.

<p>" Thus saying, gallant Hector stretch'd But back into the bosom of The child recoil'd with wailing, scar'd In terror dazzled to behold Which from the helmet's topmost ridge Then did his tender father laugh, And gallant Hector instantly Unfasten'd; so upon the ground Then pois'd his little son aloft, And rais'd a prayer to Jupiter 'O Jupiter, and other gods, Soon may become his father's like, Mighty to reign in Ilium, And when from battle he returns, 'Far greater than his sire is he;' The gory trophies of a foe, Thus saying, in the mother's arms And she her own dear child receiv'd Laughing amid her tears; the which And soothing her with hand and voice,</p>	<p>his arms toward his infant. the nurse with dapper girdle by his dear father's aspect, the brass and crest of horsehair, terrific oer him nodded. and laughed his queenly mother, beneath his chin the helmet he laid it all resplendent. and dandled him, and kiss'd him, and other gods immortal: grant ye that this my infant among the Trojans signal, and terrible in prowess. may some one say hereafter,— and may he with him carry his mother's heart to gladden.' he plac'd the tender infant; within her fragrant bosom, her husband saw, and pitied; he spake, her name pronouncing. (vi. 466.)</p>
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<p>Hither he hied him, pitying Sore worsted, and with Jupiter Then from the mountain's craggy highth With foot outstriding rapidly. Shiver'd beneath the immortal tread Three steps he made; and with the fourth Ægæ within whose lake profound Golden abodes illustrious, Hither arriv'd, beneath the yoke Brazen of foot and swift to fly,</p>	<p>the Argives, by the Trojans was mightily indignant: incontinent descended, The forest and long ridges of Neptune onward hasting. he reach'd his goal at Ægæ; are builded to his honour that sparkle undecaying. he shot his heavenly coursers, with golden manes long streaming.</p>
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He on his own immortal skin  
The golden lash's canny weight  
And oer the billows 'gan him drive.  
The ocean monsters well beknew  
The sea with gladness op'd its lap,  
Skimm'd oer it; nor was underneath,  
So him the lightly-bounding steeds

with gold was clad; and grasping  
on his own seat he mounted;  
From all their caverns rising  
their lord, and frisk'd around him,  
as those immortal coursers  
the brazen axle wetted.  
bare to the Achaian galleys.

(xiii. 15.)

On it he plac'd a cornfield deep,  
Reaping, and wielded each in hand  
The bundles,—some behind the row  
Others, the binders of the sheaves  
Three were the binders of the sheaves,  
Children the bundles gathering,  
With heart of effort, dealt supply;  
The king in silence near the row  
Heralds, apart, beneath an oak  
And oer a mighty bull, new-slain,  
White flour in plenty oer it shed,

On it an orchard next he plac'd,  
Laden with luscious crop of grapes;  
Across the vineyard every row  
On either side, a dark blue ditch;  
Of tin; a single narrow path  
By which the pickers came and went  
And tender maids, and striplings slim,  
Did in well-woven baskets bear  
And in the midst of them a boy  
Delightful, and with tiny voice  
The others to the tune beat time,

where hireling workmen labour'd  
a newly-sharpen'd sickle.  
to earth did fall successive;  
were knotting into trusses.  
right urgent; but behind them  
and in their arms encircling,  
but, resting on his sceptre,  
stood forth, in soul delighted.  
a banquet were preparing,  
were busied, and women  
as dinner for the hirelings.  
all beautiful and golden,  
dark were the clusters on it.  
was propt on poles of silver.  
around, a fence he carried  
led thro' the field to reach it,  
when they would crop the vineyard.  
with gentle heart of childhood,  
the fruit as honey pleasant.  
on shrilly lute was harping  
replied in dainty ditty.  
and humm'd and skirl'd and bounded.

(xviii. 550.)

Achilles, image of the gods!  
Who on the deadly steps of Eld,  
And haply him the dwellers-round  
Nor standeth any by his side  
Yet doth he verily, I wis,  
Joy in his soul, and every day  
His loved offspring to behold,  
Mine is a direr fate; for I  
Of all in wide-spread Troy; of whom  
Fifty I had, when first arriv'd  
Of these a score complete, save one,  
My proper queen: the rest were born  
Beneath fierce Ares most of them  
But him who was my only guard  
Him, fighting for his native land  
Hector. And therefore now I seek  
From thee his body to redeem,  
But, Achilles! revere the gods,  
Thy proper sire remembering:  
Who have endur'd, what none beside  
Unto my lips to raise the hand

thy proper sire remember,  
far on, like me, is carried.  
with many an outrage harry,  
to ward annoy and ruin.  
while thee alive he learneth  
the hope within him cherish,  
return'd from land of Troas.  
the noblest sons had gotten  
not one, I say, remaineth.  
the children of Achaia,  
came from a single mother,  
of women in my chambers.  
with knees unstrung are fallen;  
to kin and folk and city,  
thyself hadst lately vanquish'd,—  
the galleys of Achaia,  
and brilliant ransom bear thee.  
and for my years have pity,  
but sadder far my portion,  
of men on earth would venture,  
which hath my children slaughter'd."

(xxiv. 486.)

The reader who has not the book itself, but only these passages, to judge from, will undoubtedly have to draw his conclu-

sions from very scanty data. We would gladly have quoted many more passages had our space permitted it; still, few though they be, we believe that they are fairly chosen, and give as good an idea of the work as extracts ever can give, and that their number might be doubled or trebled without adding much to the reader's materials for judgment; and as the book itself may be procured at a very moderate price, those who wish to see more of it than we have laid before them hold the remedy in their own hands. In either case, whether the object of study be the book itself or our extracts, it will doubtless be read with that respectful attention which Mr. Newman's name and literary labours must command; we fear too, in either case, that the reader who passes from the promise held out in the preface to the actual performance, will feel some such a disappointment as the student of Haydon's writings ever feels when brought for the first time face to face with one of Haydon's pictures, and convinced painfully that he whose conceptions had seemed so true and just has fallen far short of his own ideal. It would be unjust and ungenerous to deny that Mr. Newman's translation has many and peculiar merits. For instance, it is by far the most literal that has ever been written in English; all the constant epithets, almost all the particles, find their place, and the Greek is rendered line for line, and almost word for word. Still we seem to feel that, notwithstanding all this literal exactness, we have but the bare skeleton of the Greek without its poetry; and we much fear that an English reader, ignorant of the original, would scarcely gather from such a version that Homer was a poet of exquisite tenderness and feeling. Among the causes of our discontent, first and foremost must rank the metre, which we fear has only too well shown that capacity for degenerating into doggerel which Mr. Newman seems to rank among its characteristic excellencies. It is no doubt well adapted for introducing connecting words and particles, or for translating the Greek line by line, for it seems as if it would be fit for introducing any thing or translating any thing; as if it was a metre that nothing could elevate, or degrade, or improve, or spoil, and in which all subjects would sound alike; a theorem of Euclid, a leading article from the *Times*, or a dialogue from the last new novel, could all be reduced to it with the slightest possible verbal alteration. To such a mill all would be grist that came near it, and in no grain that had once passed through it would human ingenuity ever detect again a characteristic quality. Seriously speaking, even after reading thousands of lines, we cannot find that our ears are the least attuned to it, or that we can feel any more harmony or taste in it than we did at first. We believe that Mr. Newman has himself pointed out the best metre for translating Homer;

and it is to be regretted that he shrank in diffidence from an attempt in that direction.\* With the example of Dr. Maginn before us, we cannot but think that, in the wide variety of our ballad measures, Mr. Newman might have found something at once free and melodious without having recourse to invention. New metres must doubtless be from time to time introduced into a language, but it seems that only in poetry of a very high order may such attempt be safely made. In a translation it is almost sure to fail, for translations even at best must seem stiff and ponderous, without the additional defect of an unfamiliar metre.

Again, though a style in some sort archaic is no doubt desirable, and even necessary, to represent such a poet as Homer, we cannot but consider that Mr. Newman's diction is needlessly antiquated and uncouth; and that, though he has not admitted any expressions which are unintelligible from their antiquity, he has omitted to observe the further caution, that archaism should not appear plainly to be constrained or assumed, lest a laboured and highly-artificial style of English should suggest the idea of a laboured, artificial style of Greek, than which nothing can be more opposite to Homer. The archaism of Chapman, quaint as it is, is natural, not assumed; and it would be wiser not to imitate it now, but to aim at giving a character to the style by the use of such old words as are still familiar to us, rather than by rehabilitating those which have long since become obsolete, or perhaps never yet south of the Tweed found a home to rest in. But surely even Chapman's hair would have stood on end at some of Mr. Newman's expressions. He hopes that he is quaint without being grotesque, yet feels that he "must retain many words which one or other will avow that he hates; and against hate it is useless to argue." But we must appeal from Mr. Newman the translator to Mr. Newman the critic, and ask, Is it intelligible, or is it not, to speak of a "horse-twisted helmet" (xiii. 614), "bluff overthrow" (*αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος*), "curling-eyed Achæans"? do such expressions convey any meaning whatever, except so far as they suggest their Greek originals? Is it quaint, or is it grotesque, to call the Achæans "dapper-greaved," and their wives "dainty-cheeked" and "dapper-girdled"?—to translate *φρένας ἐξέλετο* "the wit of Glaucus crippled," or *ἀποπτύει δ' ἄλδς ἄχνην* "sputtering the briny spray"?† or to speak of Pallas descending "plumping amid them,"‡ like the crinolined hoyden of

\* "I am not so rash as to say, that if freedom be given to rhyme, as in Walter Scott's poetry,—where the echo comes back sometimes in one, sometimes in two, or even three, four lines,—a genius may not arise who will translate Homer into the melodies of *Marmion*, and produce a faithful and far more delightful poem than can ever come forth out of the principles on which I proceed." (*Preface*, p. viii.)

† iv. 426.

‡ iv. 79.

a boarding-school? Doubtless Homer meant to convey by *Διὸς θυγάτηρ κυδίστη* a simple and respectful title; but who can say the same of "glorious imp of Jove,"\* or "maiden imp,"† or of "heavenly imps," as a title for the Oread nymphs who spread their shade over the grave of Eëtion?‡ Again, is it at all likely that "elf-possessed" expresses the idea represented to a Greek writer of that age by the word *δαιμόνιος*, epithet of people though it be, and not of things?

We do not mean to say that such phrases are fair or average specimens of Mr. Newman's diction. On the contrary, many of his expressions are not only unexceptionable, but even remarkable for their force and propriety. Still we cannot too strongly regret that such blots should occur at all; and that a want of poetic taste and feeling, a strained archaic quaintness, and an unhappy metre, should so mar the effect of a diction often forcible and vigorous, and a conscientious faithfulness of rendering perhaps unrivalled in our translations from the classics.

Mr. Wright has little or none of the individuality so conspicuous in Mr. Newman, but follows with less boldness, and less risk of failure, in the beaten track; and endeavours rather to show what may be done on the principles already practised than to make an attempt in a new direction. He thus challenges close comparison with his predecessors, especially Cowper, and may best be estimated, as we propose to estimate him, by a comparative standard. Indeed, in so doing we should only be meting to him the same justice which has been already measured to others; the comparative merits of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper having been thus tested at length in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. iii. 1834), and the comparison of various other versions with that of Sotheby having been the subject of some highly-interesting essays by Professor Wilson, reprinted in vol. viii. of his collected writings. Both works abound with excellent criticisms, and we may generally refer to them for many remarks and quotations which we have not here space to introduce; entering somewhat of protest as we pass, that the former writer seems to underrate Cowper, the latter to overrate Sotheby.

In our selection of passages, we naturally turn first to the fierce debate of the first Iliad as a test of the powers of a translator. The whole is far too long to quote entire, but we may perhaps select as a specimen the second reply of Agamemnon (vv. 173-187), especially the three wonderful lines with which it opens, these lines which have ever seemed the ideal expression of that hatred which veils itself under the guise of scorn. We have not space for many versions, and therefore must omit Chapman, though very good and spirited.

\* iv. 515.

† v. 783.

‡ vi. 420.

"To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,  
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right,  
 Of all the kings, the gods' distinguished care,  
 To power superior none such hatred bear.  
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.  
 If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength bestowed,  
 For know, vain man, thy valour is from God.  
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,  
 Rule thine own realms with arbitrary sway;  
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
 Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate.  
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here  
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.  
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
 But then prepare, imperious prince, prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;  
 E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,  
 Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes;  
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour  
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;  
 And hence to all our host it shall be known  
 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

*Pope.*

"Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel  
 Such ardour of desire to go,—begone!  
 I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour  
 On my behalf, for I have others here  
 Who will respect me more, and above all  
 All-judging Jove. There is not in the host  
 King or commander whom I hate as thee,  
 For in dissension ever, and in blood  
 Is thy delight; yet valour is no ground  
 Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heav'n.  
 Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!  
 There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,  
 Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,  
 Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize  
 Chryseis, and I shall return her home  
 In mine own bark, and with my proper crew;  
 So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.  
 I will demand her even at thy tent.  
 So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power  
 I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare  
 Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me."

*Cowper.*

"Fly, if thy mind so prompt thee; fly at once,  
 Stay not for me, I ask, thee not to stay.  
 Others will honour me, and more than all,  
 Great Jove the counsellor. Of heaven-born kings  
 Thee I detest the most. Battle and blood  
 Are ever thy delight. If thou be strong,  
 Some god that strength bestowed. Fly with thy ships,  
 And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons at home;



I heed thee not, and disregard thy wrath.  
 Yet hear this threat—Since Phoebus claims from me  
 Chryses' fair daughter, ships and friends of mine  
 Shall lead the damsel back. But to thy tent  
 Hence will I speed myself, and tear away  
 Thy prize, Briseis of the beauteous cheeks.  
 So shalt thou learn by proof how far my power  
 Surpasseth thine; and all shall be deterred  
 From boasting an equality with me."

Wright.

To compare these: Pope may seem great till we compare him with the original, and see him wandering far from its simple dignity. Sixteen lines have been spun out into twenty-six, yet leave point after point untouched and unrendered. The second line is turgid and not Homeric, and we search in vain for the scornful *εἰ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσεται*; while the third and fourth, even combined, fail to convey the subtle *εἰρωνεία* of Homer's third. He misses entirely the intense personal feeling of the *ἔχθιστος δέ μοι ἔσσι*; and though his ninth line is good, he seems to have been forced by the exigencies of rhyme to spoil it by saying the same thing over again in the tenth. The elaborate antithesis between short-lived friendship and groundless hate is neither Homer nor Homeric; and the "But here 'tis mine to threaten" we believe to be founded upon a mistranslation of *ὦδε*.\* The nineteenth and twentieth lines are pure insertion; and a closer analysis might detect many other defects of detail too numerous to mention, besides and beyond the cardinal defect of all, the spirit of grandiloquent bombast in which the whole is conceived. Cowper's is, on the whole, an excellent translation; the three opening Greek lines are rendered faithfully and spiritedly, though without the terseness or strength of the original, and we scarcely miss any point of detail, except some of the constant epithets. Mr. Wright is even still more closely literal, as any reader will see who takes the trouble to compare him with the Greek; but for taste and power his translation will not equal Cowper's. It is faithful in word and phrase, faithful too in preserving the abrupt, spasmodic, disjointed structure of the sentences in which the rage too fierce for fluency finds its utterance. Yet we feel somehow that the life and fire of the original have evaporated in the translation. How or where they have evaporated, or what alterations might restore them, is perhaps as hard to show as it is to point out to a copyist the microscopic touches and strokes which have baffled his skill, as he strives to reproduce the magic creations of Raffaele or Titian. He may copy minutely and scrupulously, till his work seems in

\* It is at least open to question whether *ὦδε* is ever used of place in Homer: cf. Nitzsch on Od. i. 182, and L. and S. s.v. At any rate, we do not believe that it can be so used in this passage.

detail indistinguishable from the original, yet some almost invisible line has been missed which gave that original all its character. Such is ever the fate of him who attempts to translate one of the world's great poets.

Let us next examine the versions of the oath of Achilles (vv. 234-44); and as we would not willingly overtax the reader's patience, we will not quote Pope, simply expressing our opinion (in which we believe that all who take the trouble to consult the passage will agree with us) that he is sonorous and rhetorical, but pompous and bombastic to the last degree, and therefore eminently the reverse of Homeric. In support of this, we need but quote a single specimen, the turgid rendering of the simple lines:

εὖτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφάνοιο  
θυήσκοντες πίπτωσι·

“When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead.”

In place of Pope, let us hear Sotheby, with Mr. Wright and Cowper, as before:

“By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,  
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left  
Its parent on the mountain-top, what time  
The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,  
And stripped its bark, shall never grow again;  
Which now the judges of Achaia bear,  
Who under Jove stand guardians of the laws;  
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath),  
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be miss'd;  
When all shall want him, and thyself the power  
To help the Achaians, whatso'er thy will;  
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down,  
The hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,  
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,  
That thou hast scorned, as he were nothing worth,  
A chief, the soul and bulwark of thy cause.”

*Cowper.*

“Yet by this sceptre, which untimely reft  
From its bare trunk upon the mountains left,  
Barked by the steel, and of his foliage shorn,  
Nor bark nor foliage shall again adorn;  
But borne by powerful chiefs of high command,  
Guardians of law, and judges of the land:  
Be witness thou, with this tremendous test  
I ratify my word and steel my breast;  
The day shall come, when Greece in dire alarm  
Shall lean for succour on Pelides' arm;  
Then when beneath fierce Hector's murdering blade  
Thy warriors bleed, and claim in vain thy aid;  
Rage shall consume thy heart, that maddening pride  
Dishonouring me, thy bravest chief defied.”

*Sotheby.*

"By this my sceptre, which hath never borne  
Or leaf or branch, since in the mountains first  
It left its trunk ; and ne'er will bud again,—  
Stript by the unsparing axe of leaves and bark ;—  
And such is held an emblem in the hands  
Of judges who uphold the laws of Jove :—  
Yea, by this sceptre,—oath inviolate,—  
A day is coming, when the Greeks shall all  
Long for Achilles, and thine arm prove weak  
To save thy people, falling fast beneath  
The slaughtering Hector. Then shall keen remorse  
Dart through thine inmost soul a bitter pang,  
For honouring not the bravest of the Greeks."

Wright.

As before, Mr. Wright is the most literal ; as before, he is the least poetical. It is only by close comparison with the Greek that his exactness will be fully evident, so that he must be content to forego the admiration of the general reader, to whom his fidelity will be less palpable than his poverty. Sotheby's seventh and eighth lines are a great blot upon a version otherwise good ; for it is absurd to call the sceptre a "tremendous test," and the expression "steel my breast" is a feeble insertion out of harmony with the rest of the passage. The *πρὸς Διὸς* also is much too significant to be altogether omitted, as it is. Cowper is on the whole good, and Homeric in spirit if not in letter, but is wanting in energy.

We will take one more passage, and only one, from the first book ; the three far-famed lines (528-530) which are said to have given Phidias his glorious conception of Olympian Zeus. We cannot give the reader less than six versions :

"He said, and his black eyebrows bent ; above his deathless head  
Th' ambrosian curls flow'd ; great heaven shook." *Chapman.*

"The stamp of heaven and seal of fate—he said,  
And shook the sacred honours of his head.  
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill ;  
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil." *Dryden.*

"He spoke, and awful bend his sable brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god ;  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to its centre shook." *Pope.*

"He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod  
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around  
The sovereign's everlasting head his curls  
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled." *Cowper.*

"He spake, and fully to confirm his vow,  
The sanction gave, and bowed his awful brow,  
From his immortal head profusely flowed  
Th' ambrosial locks that waved around the god,  
While all Olympus trembled at his nod." *Sotheby.*

"He spoke ; and bending low his sable brows,  
 Jove bowed assent. Around the immortal head  
 Of heaven's high king flowed down the ambrosial locks,  
 And vast Olympus trembled."

*Wright.*

We have not space to examine closely all these translations of the untranslatable; those who wish to be saved the trouble of examining them for themselves must be referred to Professor Wilson's critique, already mentioned, which contains an elaborate examination of all these, except Mr. Wright, with others which we have not quoted. It is enough for us to point out briefly Mr. Wright's place among them. It will be seen at a glance that he has taken the safer course in confining himself rigidly to the Greek, without expansion or addition. This scrupulous fidelity has not, indeed, placed him on a level with the daring of Chapman, whose version strikes us as by far the finest of all; but he has at least avoided the feeble diffuseness of Sotheby, and the glaring false imagery of Dryden; and though Pope's version be finer in some respects, it is marred by the third line, which was certainly not worth stealing from Dryden, though it must be granted that Pope mended it in the stealing. We believe, then, that Mr. Wright may be bracketed with Cowper for the second place.

From the second Iliad let us select the description, so stirring with life and motion, of the gathering of the Argive host in assembly (84-100). That we may not be always quoting from the same sources, we will confine ourselves to Chapman and Mr. Wright.

"The earth was overlaid  
 With flockers to them that came forth, as when of frequent bees  
 Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees  
 Of their egression endlessly, with ever-rising new  
 From forth their sweet nest ; as their store, still as it faded, grew,  
 And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,  
 They still crowd out so ; this flock here, that there, belabouring  
 The loaded flowers ; so from the ships and tents the army's store  
 Trooped to these princes, and the court along th' unmeasured shore.  
 Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress, Fame, in her virtue shined,  
 Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble, thus inclin'd,  
 Hurried together ; uproar seized the high court ; earth did groan  
 Beneath the settling multitude ; tumult was there alone.  
 Thrice three vociferous heralds rose to check the rout, and get  
 Ear to their Jove-kept governors, and instantly was set  
 The huge confusion ; every man set fast, the clamour ceased."

*Chapman.*

"From every quarter flocked the people round ;  
 And as the bees, in closely-thronging swarms  
 Ever fresh-issuing from some hollow rock,  
 Fly forth in spring-time, clustering on the flowers,  
 Some here, some there ; so to the assembly swarmed  
 From tent and ship along the wide-spread shore

The banded tribes of that unnumbered host ;  
While Rumour, busy messenger of Jove,  
Among them blazed, exciting all with speed  
To flock to the assembly. When they met  
Great was the din ; and, as the people sat,  
Earth groaned beneath. The tumult to assuage,  
And win a hearing for the heaven-born kings,  
Nine heralds strove. At last the clamour ceased,  
And all were seated."

Wright.

We hope to carry the reader along with us in saying, that for strength and spirit and general effect, Chapman, notwithstanding all his quaintness, must again bear away the victory. If we examine line by line in detail, Mr. Wright will be found to have acquitted himself excellently ; but his people and his bees do not move in such living masses as those of Homer and Chapman. We cannot find room for Cowper, who, indeed, is scarcely as good as usual, and, amongst other defects, should not have translated *ἡτόνος βαθελῆς* "the green level."

Mr. Wright is on the whole inclined to err on the side of terseness ; but we have before us an example of the opposite error. Homer allots to Nireus but five lines ;\* three, each beginning with his name, tell his force, his parentage, his beauty ; the fourth adds, that even in his one point Achilles surpassed him ; the fifth disposes of him for ever in one curt strong line, which seems to wither the whole passage into sarcasm, and to point scorn at that beauty too delicate to be joined with manliness. Mr. Wright has translated the first four very faithfully, but has expanded this line into two, and in the expansion has evaporated all its strength :

" Nireus from Syma led three well-poised ships,  
Nireus, the son of Charops and Aglaia,  
Nireus, most beautiful of all the Greeks  
Who came to Troy, save Peleus' blameless son.  
But he was weak and delicate of frame ;  
Nor many were the followers that he brought."

There are passages in which a single line makes all the difference, and this is one of them.

All will recollect the beautiful passage in the third book, where Helen names to Priam and his senators, as they sat on the tower, the leading Achæan chiefs drawn up in the plain below them. We may select from this episode the description given by Antenor of the eloquence of Odysseus and Menelaus,† as one of the severest tests possible of a translator's power. The passage would require to be closely followed, not diluted into paraphrase ; and we may therefore confine our attention to

\* Book ii. 671-675.

† Book iii. 204-224.

Cowper and Mr. Wright, the two who have most closely followed the original, and therefore most deserved success.

“ Princess ! thou hast described him ; hither once  
 The noble Ithacan on thy behalf,  
 Ambassador with Menelaus, came,  
 And at my board I entertained them both.  
 The person and the intellect of each  
 I noted ; and remark’d that when they stood  
 Surrounded by the senators of Troy,  
 Atrides by the shoulders overtopped  
 The prince of Ithaca, but when they sat,  
 Ulysses had the more majestic air.  
 In his address to our assembled chiefs,  
 Sweet to the ear, but brief was the harangue  
 Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague  
 Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.  
 But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eye  
 He riveted so fast, his sceptre held  
 So still, as if a stranger to its use,  
 That, hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,  
 Some chaf’d and angry idiot, passion-fixed.  
 Yet when again the clear and mellow bass  
 Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall  
 His chosen words like flakes of feathered snow,  
 None then might match Ulysses, leisure then  
 Found none to wonder at his noble form.”

*Cowper.*

“ Then spoke the sage Antenor : ‘ I avouch  
 Thy words, O lady ; for on thy behalf  
 Divine Ulysses came erewhile to Troy  
 With warlike Menelaus. In my halls  
 I entertained them both as guests, and learnt  
 The bias and the genius of their minds.  
 When, mingled with the senators of Troy,  
 They stood erect, then Menelaus, broad  
 Of shoulder, towered the loftiest ; when they sat  
 Ulysses greater majesty displayed.  
 When in debate their counsels they declared,  
 Rapid and brief was Menelaus’ speech,  
 Concisely uttered in a clear sweet tone ;  
 For he was not a man of many words,  
 Nor wandered from the point, though young in years.  
 But when Ulysses, deep of counsel, rose—  
 With downcast eyes he stood—his sceptre still  
 And motionless,—as though unused to speak ;  
 And one who closely his deportment marked,  
 Had deemed him sullen, or bereft of sense.  
 Yet from his breast, when flowed that mighty voice,  
 And words came forth like flakes of wintry snow,  
 No mortal with Ulysses might compare :  
 No more in wonder on his form we gazed.”

*Wright.*

Cowper’s is certainly a good translation, probably as good as we are likely to get till our ideal translator shall arise. He omits the constant epithets ἀρηίφιλος and πολύμητις, which



gives him an unfair advantage over Mr. Wright, who has faced them boldly, notwithstanding their chilling effect in an English version; still we believe that he has brought out the main features of the portrait that Homer intended to draw, and has at the same time not neglected careful finish of detail. In Mr. Wright, we have first to object to "bias and genius of their minds." The line, as it reads, is very obscure, not to say unintelligible, and sets us racking our brains, as Homer never meant them to be racked, to distinguish clearly between the bias of a mind and its genius. We do not know whether it be 'bias' or 'genius' that is intended to translate *φύη*, and we do not much care; for that word in Homer never means either one or other of them, nor any mental or internal quality whatever, but is always used to describe the form or personal appearance.\* Cowper's "person and intellect" are far nearer the mark, though far short of perfection. *Ἐπιτροχάδην* might express either fluency or brevity (we should prefer the former interpretation); but it is perhaps cutting the Gordian knot to make it mean "rapid and brief." Nor do we quite see what "concisely uttered" has to express, as *ἐπιτροχάδην* is thus doubly provided for, and *λιγέως* has yet to come; nor does the phrase seem either Homeric or poetical. The nineteenth line is mainly an insertion, both feeble in style and false in fact; for surely those who looked *closely* would be not more but less likely to mistake his deportment. The passage seems altogether below Cowper in poetry and taste, and not sufficiently accurate to atone for its baldness. Both he and Cowper are content to translate *ἀντήξειεν* "he rose," and thus miss the point of that expressive word, no doubt intended to be as characteristic of Odysseus as *ἀντήξας* and *ποιπνύοντα* in the first book are characteristic of Hephaestus. So does Chapman miss it, but he did not aim at verbal exactness; so does Pope, but we were prepared to find him miss it; while from Cowper and Mr. Wright we had expected better things. We need not quote Chapman's version; it is marred by his misconception of the character of Menelaus, whom he describes in a note as "simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small and shrill voice, not sweet or eloquent (as some against the hair would have him), short-spoken after his country the Laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast,—his utterance noiseful, small, or squeaking, an excellent pipe for a fool." We leave the appreciation of this criticism to the reader's taste.

The two exquisite lines (b. iii. vv. 243, 244) that tell why

\* Cf. i. 115, ii. 58, and several other passages quoted by L. and S. s. v. Thus Homer goes on in the next three lines to describe the *φύη*, and afterwards the *μήδεα* from v. 212.

Helen in vain strained her gaze to see her twin brothers in the Argive war-host, must almost necessarily evaporate in the hand of a translator from their perfect simplicity. Mr. Wright and Cowper have both kept close to the Greek, though they might have kept closer.

"She said, but they already slept inhumed  
In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil." *Cowper.*

"Vain thought ! to earth consigned, the heroes slept  
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land." *Wright.*

Why should both have omitted the beautiful epithet *φυσίζοος*? Even were it only a constant epithet, it should have been rendered; but we believe it to have a beautiful and significant force in close antithesis to *κάτεχεν*, "earth the life-giving held entombed in death." Such meaning, if it be intended, has escaped all the translators, but has not escaped the keen eye of Mr. Ruskin, who quotes the passage as "an instance to show the peculiar dignity possessed by all passages which thus limit their expression to the pure fact, and leave the hearer to gather what he can from it. Note here the high poetical truth carried to the extreme. The poet has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving."\*

For spirited description, few, if any, passages in the *Iliad* can compare with the noble lines in b. v., vv. 734-751, describing Athene arming herself to battle in the panoply of heaven,—lines long since noted with an asterisk by the ancient critics for their surpassing beauty. Let us see how the translators have dealt with them.

"Minerva wrapt her in the robe that curiously she wove,  
With glorious colours, as she sat on th' azure floor of Jove,  
And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful field.  
About her broad spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,  
Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes, through it was drawn to life  
The miseries and deaths of fight, in it frowned bloody strife,  
In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell Pursuit flew,  
In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view  
Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she plac'd  
His four-plum'd glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast,  
It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend;  
Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;  
And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,  
With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,

\* Cf. Professor Conington's note on a somewhat parallel, though more undoubted, antithesis in *Æsch. Choeph.* 66:

δι' αἵματ' ἐκποθένθ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς τροφῶν.

And overturns whole fields of men, to show she was the seed  
Of him that thunders. Then heaven's Queen, to urge her horses' speed,  
Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly. The ample gates of heaven  
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given  
With all Olympus and the sky, to the distinguished Hours,  
That clear or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down in showers."

*Chapman.*

"Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,  
With flowers adorned, with art diversified;  
The laboured veil her heavenly fingers wove  
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.  
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;  
Decked in sad triumph for the mournful field,  
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin rolled  
A fringe of serpents, hissing, guards the gold.  
Here all the terrors of grim war appear;  
Here rages Force, there trembles Flight and Fear,  
Here stormed Contention, and here Fury frowned,  
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crowned.  
The massive golden helm she next assumes,  
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes.  
So vast, the broad circumference contains  
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.  
The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends,  
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,  
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,  
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.  
Swift at the scourge th' imperial coursers fly,  
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.  
Heaven's gates, spontaneous, open to the powers,  
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,  
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,  
The sun's bright portals, and the skies command,  
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,  
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away."

*Pope.*

"Meantime Minerva, progeny of Jove,  
On the adamantine floor of his abode  
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,  
Labour of her own hands. Then put she on  
The corslet of the Thunderer her sire,  
And armed her for the field of woe complete.  
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield—  
The shaggy ægis, bordered thick around  
With Terror: there was Discord, Prowess there,  
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim  
Of Gorgon, dire deformity, a sign  
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.  
Her golden helm, whose concave had suffic'd  
The legions of a hundred cities, rough  
With warlike ornament superb, she fixed  
On her immortal head. Thus armed she rose  
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear  
Huge, pond'rous, irresistible, received,

With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks  
 Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.  
 Juno with lifted lash urg'd quick the steeds ;  
 At her approach, spontaneous roared the wide  
 Unfolding gates of heaven ; the heavenly gates  
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge  
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,  
 And of the boundless æther, back to roll,  
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense."

*Cowper.*

"Minerva, child of ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Showered down on her celestial father's floor  
 The variegated robe her hands had wrought,  
 And buckling on the corslet of her sire,  
 Made preparation for the mournful war.  
 She decked her shoulders with the dreaded ægis  
 With fringes girt, and garlanded with Fear :  
 In it were pictured Discord, Force, and Rout ;  
 In it the Gorgon monster's dreadful head,  
 Portent of ægis-bearing Jove. Her brow  
 She crowned with golden helm, mounted with studs,  
 And fourfold crest,—in which might be contained  
 The marshalled armies of an hundred towns.  
 Her flaming car she mounted, seized her spear,  
 Huge, ponderous, strong, with which she overthrows  
 The ranks of heroes, doomed to feel her wrath—  
 Child of a mighty father. With the lash  
 Juno the coursers urged. At her approach  
 Spontaneous opened wide the gates of heaven,  
 Kept by the Hours, to whom is given in charge  
 The vast Olympus, or to block the approach  
 With heavy cloud, or roll it darkling back."

*Wright.*

All the translators seem to be at their best in attempting this noble passage. Chapman is very Homeric and even unusually close and faithful, though by some strange obliquity he has taken *κατέχευεν* to mean the very opposite to that which it does mean. Pope too is very vigorous ; but he has expanded nineteen lines of Greek into thirty lines of English, and the expansion has not proved a gain. In the seventh line, though the "mournful field" is in Homer, the "sad triumph" is not ; nor is it in any way a Homeric idea. The ninth and tenth are almost pure insertion, so is the "Fury frowned ;" while in all this expansion room cannot be found for the

*δεινὴ τε, σμερδνὴ τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγίοχοιο,*

except so far as it is expressed by speaking of a "dire orb" and a "portentous Gorgon." The "hundred plains" is an unnecessary exaggeration of an idea already in all conscience hyperbolic enough ; it is hard to put up with "imperial" in place of *φλόγεα* ; in all the diffuseness of the following lines the expressive epithet *ὀβριμοπάτρη* is unprovided for, and the line

"While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky"

is, again, pure insertion, and a very feeble insertion too. Yet, for all this, the passage is quite in Pope's best manner. Cowper also is very good, though his opening lines hang heavily. We should demur to the expression "dire deformity;" and we doubt whether Διὸς τέρας even joined with αἰγιόχοιο has the definiteness of meaning which he gives to it. Mr. Wright's version is more spirited than usual, and very carefully finished in detail. He is the only one who has correctly apprehended the nature of the ægis, and not made it a shield.\* Also he has seen, as no one else has seen, the difficulty in the juxtaposition of ἀμφίφαλος and τετραφάλῃρος, and is probably right in making the latter, not a mere lengthened form of τετράφαλος, but a word from a different root, appearing also in φαληρίων, and either the name for the plume or an epithet of it.† His translation of ἀμφίφαλος is perhaps open to question, but he has a right to hold his own opinion upon the subject. We may remark that he has lost the force of μύκον in translating it simply "opened."

We have already trespassed far too much on the reader's attention with our quotations, but we could not expect to be pardoned if after all we did not give a passage from the episode of Hector and Andromache. Let us take the reply of Hector (b. vi. vv. 440-465), and first give attention to Chapman:

"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.  
But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn  
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn,) That I shall cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe  
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death  
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,  
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass  
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;  
Here must his country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine.  
And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)  
When sacred Troy shall shed her tow'rs for tears of overthrow,  
When Priam, all his birth and pow'r shall in those tears be drown'd.  
But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,  
Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brother's woes  
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes)  
As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,  
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence  
Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,  
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be  
To Argos, from Messeides or clear Hyperia's spring;  
Which, howsoever thou abhor'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing  
She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries  
From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies),  
Thus they will nourish thy extremes; 'This dame was Hector's wife,  
A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life  
Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,  
To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.

\* Cf. Smith, Diet. of Antiqu., s. v.

† Cf. Buttm. Lexil. s. v. φάλος, sect. 9.

But that day shall not wound mine eyes ; the solid heap of night  
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."

This exhibits well old Chapman's strength and weakness. On the one hand, it is full of truth and force and life, deeply tinged with the Homeric spirit, and fairly faithful to the Homeric letter. Yet we have, as of old, to balance against these his unconquerable quaintness and Elizabethan conceits. How much of Chapman, how little of Homer, is there in the "shed her towers for tears of overthrow" and "in those tears be drowned ;" and again, in the "night of captive violence," and the whole following line. "Nourish thy extremes," "to thy bands give narrow bounds," "solid heap of night," are all far too quaint even for ears tuned to Chapman's diction.

Dryden here reappears as a translator, but with scanty success, as will be seen :

"That and the rest are in my daily care.  
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,  
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,  
And their proud ladies with the sweeping trains ;  
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear,  
But loss of honour is my only fear.  
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,  
Belle his courage, and forsake the field ?  
Early in rugged arms I took delight,  
And still have been the foremost in the fight.  
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,  
And am the champion of my father's crown.  
And yet my mind forbodes, with sure presage,  
That Troy should perish by the Grecian rage.  
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,  
And universal ruin cover all.  
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,  
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,  
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,  
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town—  
Not these, nor all the fates which I foresee  
Are half of that concern I have for thee.  
I see, I see thee, in that fated hour,  
Subjected to the victor's cruel power ;  
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,  
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord.  
A spectacle in Argos at the loom,  
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room.  
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,  
And on thy weary shoulders bear it back.  
While, groaning under this laborious life,  
They insolently call thee Hector's wife ;  
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name,  
And from thy glory propagate thy shame.  
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase,  
With anxious thoughts of former happiness,  
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress. }



But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,  
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more."

We have not time, nor space, nor patience to criticise all this in detail. It is of course vigorous sounding English, for Dryden could write none other if he tried; but we believe that scarcely a line from beginning to end is Homeric, scarcely an idea undistorted, and the whole touching unconscious simplicity of the passage is turned into theatrical declamation. We have not space to quote Pope; but the reader will find that in his version, though the gross errors of Dryden's taste are avoided, in many undesirable points they have been followed, and that Pope has errors of his own as well. A detailed examination of both has been given by Professor Wilson. We may add, that both Dryden and Pope make Andromache embroider on her loom for her Argive task-mistress the sad tale of fallen Troy. The idea may be poetical, but it is not in Homer; Homer, we think, would rather have made such a work a labour of joy than of sorrow; and has more appropriately given it to her who alone owned in her heart a divided allegiance in Troy's death-struggle, the half-contrite, half-complacent Traviata, whose character seems even yet to be an unfathomed mystery.\* Pope has also such expressions as "weight of waters," "load of monumental clay," and others very contrary to the Homeric spirit. Still, his version will not be read without pleasure, and he has far excelled his great master Dryden.

Cowper has again reached, if not surpassed, his usual excellence, and has several very beautiful touches:

"Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread  
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,  
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.  
No! my Andromache, my fearless heart  
Me rather urges into foremost fight,  
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.  
For my prophetic soul foresees a day  
When Ilium, Ilium's people, and, himself,  
Her warlike king, shall perish. But no grief  
For Ilium; for her people; for the king  
My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;  
Nor for the numerous and the valiant band  
My brothers, destined all to bite the ground,  
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,  
Doomed then to follow some imperious Greek,  
A weeping captive, to the distant shores  
Of Argos; there to labour at the loom  
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,  
But heaved in vain, to bear the ponderous urn  
From Hyperia's or Messei's fount.  
Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes

\* Cf. b. iii. 125.

That silent shower, some passing Greek shall say,  
 'This was the wife of Hector, who excelled  
 All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged.'  
 While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,  
 The guardian of thy freedom while he lived  
 For ever lost ; but be my bones inhumed,  
 A senseless store, or ere thy parting cries  
 Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragged away."

We might object to an expression here and there, such as "senseless store," but the version must leave Pope and Dryden far behind, and as a whole it is more uniformly good than Chapman. It is true to Homer, and true to good taste and feeling, and will be the more valued as the reader dwells more and more on it.

We wish to bring forward one specimen more of Sotheby, though we fear the present will hardly raise him in the opinion of scholars :

"Hector replied, these all, O wife beloved,  
 All that moves thee, my heart have deeply moved.  
 Yet more I dread each son of Trojan birth,  
 More Ilion's dames whose raiment sweeps the earth,  
 If like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage,  
 The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.  
 Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather, far,  
 First of Troy's sons I led the van of war.  
 Firm fixed, not Priam's dignity alone  
 And glory to uphold, but guard my own.  
 I know the day draws near when Troy shall fall,  
 And Priam and his nation perish all.  
 Yet, less, forebodings of the fate of Troy,  
 Her king, and Hecuba, my peace destroy,  
 Less—that my brethren, all the heroic band  
 Must with their blood imbrue their native land,  
 Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a prey,  
 Dragged by the grasp of war in chains away.  
 Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,  
 Labouring reluctant the allotted woof.  
 Or doomed to draw from Hypereia's cave  
 Or from Messei's fount, the measured wave.  
 A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,  
 'Seest thou yon captive pouring tear on tear ?  
 Lo ! Hector's wife, the hero bravest far,  
 When Troy and Greece round Ilion clashed in war.'  
 Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore  
 Him whose cold arm can save his wife no more ;  
 But first, may earth o'er me her mound uprear,  
 Ere I behold thee slaved, or see thy tear !"

This version must be pronounced, we fear, the most complete failure of all those which we have been comparing. The first three lines are feebly spun out into six. The line

"When Priam and his nation perish all"

is very bad indeed. Such expressions as "my peace destroy,"

"thee to Greece a prey," "grasp of war," and many others, seem very contrary to the spirit of Homer. Still worse is "measured wave," as a weak conceit for water; and the last line, as Professor Wilson has already observed, is "a poor impostor detected in the vain attempt to pass itself off for

*πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἐκκηθμοῖο πνέσθαι."*

Last, not least, let us hear Mr. Wright:

"All these thy anxious cares are also mine,  
Partner beloved; but how could I endure  
The scorn of Trojans and their long-robed wives,  
Should they behold their Hector shrink from war,  
And act the coward's part? Nor doth my soul  
Prompt the base thought. Ever have I been trained  
To fight amid the foremost, and to guard  
My father's deathless glory, and my own.  
For well doth my presaging mind foresee  
A coming day, when sacred Troy shall fall,  
Priam, and battle-loving Priam's race.  
Yet all these threatened evils—all that Troy  
Shall suffer, and e'en Hecuba herself,  
And Priam, and my kinsmen many and brave,  
Destined to fall beneath their foeman's steel,  
Rack not my heart so deeply as the thought  
Of thee a captive,—thee amid thy tears  
Carried to Argos by some mail-clad Greek,  
And there in labour of the loom employed,  
Or bearing water at a stranger's beck  
From Hyperæia, or Messæ's fount,—  
Yielding reluctant to imperious fate.  
And some one who beholds thy tears shall say,  
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned  
Of all the Trojans, tamers of the steed,  
What time the battle raged round Ilium's walls.'  
Thus some one will exclaim; and fresh will flow  
Thy grief for such a husband, whose strong arm  
Has shielded thee from slavery's evil day.  
But o'er my mouldering corse may earth be piled,  
Ere thy lament and captive cry I hear."

Here again, as before, our translator has taken the only safe course, and followed the Greek almost word for word. We cannot too much praise the scrupulous fidelity with which the passage has been rendered. Even the constant epithets *ἑλκεσιπέπλους, εὐμμελίω, χαλκοχιτώνων, ἵπποδάμων*, all find their place, though of the other translators all have omitted some of them, and some perhaps all. No version can be completely faithful which omits a feature so characteristic of the author's manner. Let our readers but do Mr. Wright justice by comparing him closely with the Greek; they will find him more literal even than Cowper, and nearly, though not perhaps quite, equal to him in taste and feeling.

We have to apologise to our readers for the long array of quotations which we have brought before them, and which, we fear, must have sorely taxed their patience, and made them think that we are no more sitting in judgment on Mr. Wright than on Chapman, Pope, or Cowper, whose merits have been long since well weighed, and who have scarce a right to be again and again reconsidered. We can only meet the objection by repeating our former statement, that Mr. Wright had a fair claim to be judged, not by an ideal standard of what we might have supposed possible in a translation, but by comparison with those who have actually preceded him in the same path. Tried by this test, he will be seen to be worthy to win a good place among that imposing list of great names. In one point, namely in faithfulness to his author's text, he excels all except Mr. Newman, and this in itself is no mean praise. We are well aware, indeed, that such faithfulness is apt to be lightly esteemed. We may be told that a literal translation can never be a perfect translation; that, by the very care taken to reproduce the letter of his author, the servile copyist runs the greater risk of failing to reproduce the spirit; that we may turn Homer, passage by passage, line by line, word by word, into neat scholarlike English, every epithet and every particle may find its place,—yet we may have for our result a mere picture without life or movement, too clearly showing that it is not for the learning of the library or cloister to grasp the spirit of the “poet of the broad highway and market-place;” that the higher and bolder attempt takes the original as a basis on which to rear a poem that shall affect our countrymen as the original may be conceived to have affected its natural hearers; in a word, it is by imitation, not by translation, that we may best represent to an English mind an ancient poet.\* It must be owned that the supporters of this theory are not without facts to back them. Dryden's magnificent imitation of Horace† may well make translators shrink from competition. The satiric vein of Horace is better appreciated from the imitations of Pope than the translations of Francis; even Gifford's excellent translation of Juvenal may fail to bring his author as vividly before us as the *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes* of Johnson.

But we have no belief in the possibility of such a representation of Homer, and it is perhaps well that none have provoked failure by trying to realise it. He who translates faithfully runs the lesser risk, and (to quote a well-known image applied by Lord Macaulay in a similar case) if he aims at a modest mark, he at least hits the white, and is so far better than he who

\* Cf. Retrospective Review, iii. 169.

† Od. iii. 29 (latter part).

shoots at the stars. Better is it to have laboured as Cowper has laboured, than to aim at conveying by a free translation the author's true sense and spirit, yet to succeed only in palming off on us the frigid conceits of the translator's own imagination, sure sooner or later to be detected as impostures, and rob their author even of such praise as he had justly won. Mr. Wright will scarcely succeed, where Cowper has failed, in dislodging Pope's version from its hold on the general reader, who looks less to fidelity than brilliancy; but he will be appreciated by the scholar accustomed to test a translation rigidly by comparison with the original, to look perhaps with excessive care to finish in detail rather than boldness and general effect, and find pardon even for a version that seems bare and bald so it be scholarlike and faithful. In exactness Mr. Wright, as we have seen, even exceeds Cowper, though he does not equal him in poetic taste. Sotheby bears much the same relation to Pope, though Cowper, far better than Pope, holds his own against his younger rival.

We may perhaps wish that in his choice of a metre Mr. Wright had not followed Cowper's example. We fully admit that "to invade the peculiar province of Pope would be the height of temerity,"\* and we as fully accept the opinion quoted from Longfellow, that "the hexameter is inexorable, and the motions of the English muse in that measure are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains." Yet though the couplet and the hexameter be abandoned, the Miltonic verse is not our only refuge; for we have yet the metres in which are embodied the most really and truly Homeric of all the creations of the English muse, the ballad-poetry of ancient times;† and the association between metre and subject is one that it would be true wisdom to preserve. Cowper has complained in his preface of the difficulty of preserving dignity in a literal version: "It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a wagon, particularising every article of their furniture, rings, staples, straps, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together." The difficulty is indeed great; but we believe it to be less evident in the comparative freedom of the ballad than in the somewhat stilted gravity

\* Preface, p. viii.

† Mr. Newman (Preface, p. x.) considers that "our real old ballad-writers are too poor and mean to represent Homer, and are too remote in diction from our times to be popularly intelligible." No doubt a translation would have to be based upon our ballad-poetry rather than a reproduction of it. Indeed, the English ballad-poetry was itself modified from time to time as its diction became obsolete. The difference between the more ancient and the more modern version of "Chevy Chase" is considerably greater than that between the latter and the language of our own times.

of blank verse, a metre which may be Homeric in Milton, but scarce seems to obey a weaker hand.

As regards the *verata questio* of Greek or Latin names for the deities, Mr. Wright is probably correct in saying that it is almost hopeless to escape incurring the charge of pedantry on the one hand, or barbarism on the other. We confess, however, to being sorry that he preferred the latter charge to the former, as we believe that the retention of Greek names is fast ceasing to appear pedantic, and that any work which could look forward to living into the next generation could look forward to a time when a scholar's teeth would be set on edge at hearing of Jupiter and Juno in a translation from Greek. Long before that time many a schoolmaster will have enforced on the youthful mind, by arguments more convincing than ever issued from the lips of the eloquent, such a lesson as Sir E. B. Lytton has put into the mouth of the German pedagogue of Pisistratus Caxton:

“Vat do you mean by dranslating Zeus, Jupiter? Is dat amatory, irascible, cloud-compelling god of Olympus, vid his eagle and his aegis, in de slightest degree resembling de grave, formal, moral Jupiter Optimus Maximus of de Roman Capitol? a god, Master Simpkins, who would have been shocked at the idea of running after innocent Frailein dressed up as a swan or a bull. I put dat question to you vonce for all, Master Simpkins.’ Master Simpkins took care to agree with the doctor. ‘And how could you,’ resumed Dr. Herman majestically, turning to another criminal alumnus,—‘how could you presume to dranslate de Ares of Homer, sir, by de audacious vulgarism Mars? Ares, Master Jones, who roared as loud as ten thousand men when he was hurt, or as you vill roar, if I catch you calling him Mars again! Ares, who covered seven plethra of ground; Ares the manslayer,—with the Mars or Mavors whom de Romans stole from de Sabines! Mars, de solemn and calm protector of Rome! Master Jones, Master Jones, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Und du! and dou, Aphroditè, dou whose bert de seasons velcomed! dou, who didst put Atonis into a coffer, and den tid durn him into an anemone; dou to be called Venus by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus, who presided over Baumgartens and funerals, and nasty tinkling sewers! Venus Cloacina,—O mein Gott! come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, liddle boy!’”\*

Those who have believed a perfect translation of Homer to be an impossibility will hardly, we fear, the less believe it upon examination of such specimens as we have submitted to their judgment; they will be conscious that all, in spite of their many merits, are more or less wanting; yet that the cause of failure lies, not in the incapacity or carelessness of the translators, but mainly in the unconscious strength and majestic simplicity of the

\* The Caxtons, b. i. c. 7.



author who thus seems to defy translation. They will see too that all the progress of modern scholarship, great as it has been, greater still though it may be destined to become, gives but slender hope of the attainment of their wishes. We have indeed opened up a flood of questions, most interesting and instructive, respecting the origin and structure of the Homeric poems. Their historical value as a picture of early Greek life, their philological value as a storehouse of early Greek language, have been again and again discussed; here and there a Buttmann or Passow may have altered the interpretation of a word. Still we admit that even Chapman had sufficient knowledge of the language to be in the main a correct interpreter; that none but a very literal modern version would show a material difference from him in point of accuracy; that even the most correct would not differ nearly as much from him as we might at first sight be inclined to imagine. On the other hand, the years that have given us scholarship have robbed us of far too much of that spirit which alone could make Homer a living book to us. An age when chivalry and warlike enterprise had not yet given way to commerce and industry, with all their changes of sentiment; an age which had not long since had Sidney for its Achilles and Drake for its Odysseus,—might well excel us in this vigorous freshness; a spirit which was yet more hearty in an age to which Chapman was modern, when minstrels tuned their harp in knightly halls to the deeds of the Bruce, the Percy, or the Douglas;—the age that lived and breathed in the spirit of Homer, though it knew him not. All this we have lost and much more, and the great poets of modern times have been less and less inclined to peril their poetic fame by attempting a translation of the untranslatable. Few have drunk more deeply of the spirit of ancient legendary lore than the Laureate, yet he is scarcely likely to follow in the steps of Chapman or Cowper; and his best friends, perhaps, would least wish to see him do so. To a perfect translation, it seems, we must ever remain strangers, till some rare combination of circumstances has united in the same person the full learning and scholarship of the nineteenth century with that magic gift for describing stirring scenes, and living in the history of the past,—that command of all the language of fiery valour and knightly duty,—which has been granted to none of all the writers of later days save Sir Walter Scott.

For the present, our translators are but mortal men, and must be satisfied with such scanty measure of success as they can win. It would seem as if all the students of Homer,—editors, commentators, translators, yes, and infallible critics and reviewers too,—all were but as the suitors who strove in vain to bend the mighty bow of Odysseus. There it lies before us to

string, if string it we can; and at first sight it may seem as if a child could achieve the task; and it is only when we address ourselves to it that we mark its unyielding stubbornness. One may scarce move it an inch, another may almost seem to draw it to the nock; yet the strained muscle betrays their weakness, the wondrous bow still mocks their puny strivings. The suitors discerned not the hero in his disguise, nor can we point out the genius, though he may be even now amongst us, calm in the consciousness of his strength, who shall without strain or effort string the bow which none but he can wield, and from that string, in his hands alone alike tuneful and warlike, awake the long-forgotten echoes of its magic music.

—μεγα τόξον ἐβάστασε, καὶ ἶδε πάντα,  
 'Ὡς ὅτ' ἀνὴρ φόρμιγγος ἐπιστάμενος καὶ αἰοιδῆς  
 'Ρηϊδίως ἐτάνυσσε νέφ' περὶ κόλλοπι χορδὴν  
 'Ὡς ἄρ' ἄτερ σπουδῆς τάνυσεν μέγα τόξον Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 Δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρα χειρὶ λαβὼν πειρήσατο νευρῆς,  
 'Ἢ δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν αἶεσε, χελιδόνι εἰκέλη αὐδήν.

### ART. III.—BUILDERS' COMBINATIONS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

*Report on the Builders' Strike.* By T. R. Bennett and G. S. Lefevre, Esqrs. Printed for the Trade Societies' Committee of the Association for the promotion of Social Science. 1860.

*Die gewerblichen und wirthschaftlichen Genossenschaften der arbeitenden Classen in England, Frankreich und Deutschland.* Von V. A. Huber, Professor in Wernigerode. Tubingen, 1860.

*Association d'Ouvriers pour l'Entreprise en général du Bâtiment, rue St. Victor, 155 (Maison Bouyer et Cie.).* Documents divers.

FEW events in that sphere of social action which may be said immediately to outlie the political one,—that of the relations between class and class,—have fixed attention more of late years than the strike and lock-out of the London building trades in the latter part of 1859 and the early part of 1860. From the closing of their shops on August 6, 1859, by 225 of the largest firms of this city (employing, it is said, 24,000 out of the 40,000 artisans engaged in the building trades, and comprising every builder employing more than fifty men, and some of the smaller firms), to the 27th Feb. 1860, when the last dividend was paid to the “lock-outs,” nearly seven months passed over this huge metropolis of a social war,—for it can be called by no other name,—involving directly the comforts, the fortunes, and, within cer-

tain limits, the lives of probably full 125,000 of its inhabitants, indirectly those of many thousands more; and the result of the struggle was seemingly *nil*. What the men demanded they could not get; what the masters exacted of their men in turn they were forced to give up. The men could not obtain a reduction of the hours of labour to nine; the masters could not tie the men down to a declaration meant to break up their trade societies.

We wish to consider the history of this remarkable interruption in the peaceable working of our commercial machinery simply as an exhibition of the power of the English working classes, viewed in one particular trade or group of trades. We will then contrast this history with that of a movement of an entirely different character, amongst working men belonging to corresponding trades in Paris, considered equally in the light of a development of power in the class from which it springs.

From a valuable Report on the London Builders' Strike, drawn up for the Trade Societies' Committee of the Social Science Association by Messrs. T. R. Bennett and G. S. Le-fevre, we learn that "under the term 'building trades' are generally included the four principal trades, viz. bricklayers, masons, plasterers, carpenters and joiners; and the five subordinate trades, smiths, slaters, painters, plumbers, and glaziers," which, however, are "only considered as part of the building trades" when "carried on in connection with one of the former." The 38,000 or 40,000 men employed in these trades are divided into skilled and unskilled, or labourers; the last numbering about 12,000, and earning from 18s. to 21s. per week, generally members of registered friendly societies, but not combined in distinct trade societies. Of the skilled workmen, on the other hand, more than half appear to belong to trade societies; thus

Of 800 to 1000 masons, about 500 are in society.

Of about 5000 bricklayers, about 3000 are in society.

Of about 13,000 carpenters and joiners, about 7000 are in society.

Of about 4000 plasterers, about 2000 are in society.

In all these trades the skilled workman's day is ten hours, except on Saturday, when the hours are shorter. The question of the reduction of time has been in agitation since the spring of 1853, when it was first demanded by the masons, to whom the carpenters and joiners united themselves. On this occasion the agitation was bought off for an extra 6d. per day, making 5s. 6d. instead of 5s., the previous rate. In 1858 the carpenters and joiners again brought forward the question, held an aggregate meeting in Exeter Hall on June 3, 1858, and memorialised the Master Builders' Society, whom they

met on deputation on the 26th August. Their memorial was courteously rejected; so had been a request from the masons (1st June) for the Saturday half-holiday. The masons now joined the carpenters and joiners in the nine-hours movement. The bricklayers were invited to join, and did so. A Conference of seven members from each of the three trades now met (September), and, thus united, presented a second memorial to the master builders (18th November); re-soliciting, this time in somewhat firmer terms, the one hour per day, "and the present rate of wages to continue." The master builders, in reply, simply referred the memorialists to their former resolutions of the 26th August.

A month more passes by, and the painters and plasterers join the Conference; each still with seven delegates, forming now what are termed the five united building trades. The masters are applied to to receive another deputation. They reply by letter that they adhere to their former resolutions, that no new facts have been brought forward, and decline to receive the deputation.

Another meeting of the building trades is held in Exeter Hall (26th January 1859); a resolution passed to ask a definite reply from the masters; a letter forwarded (19th March) requesting an answer, "whether you will consider the nine hours as a day's work, yes or no." A meeting of the metropolitan builders, members or not of the masters' association, is convened (20th April). It resolves, that it is "not expedient to accede to the request of the workmen;" that "the request for nine hours to be paid for as ten hours ought not to be acceded to."

The labourers of the various building trades join the Conference, which now numbers forty-two members. The men meet again in Exeter Hall (11th May); and, in consequence of the resolutions passed, an "ultimatum," sharp in tone as in name, is sent forth (26th May), still requesting a decisive answer, "whether you will concede the nine hours as a day's work." The Master Builders' Society replies that the request has been already "very distinctly" answered (June 10).

On the eve of engaging in open warfare, the leaders of the agitation seem to have hesitated, so far at least as to require a fuller assurance of support from their constituents. The Conference delegates put the question to their respective trades, whether the nine-hours question should be postponed or mooted that autumn. The reply of the trades—their *plebiscitum* as it might be called—was in favour of immediate action.

The plan followed in such cases now seldom varies. The workmen endeavour to take the masters in detail; the masters meet them by a collective lock-out. It was determined that

five firms, afterwards reduced to four, whose names were selected by chance out of a hat, and of which three only were members of the masters' association, should be memorialised for the reduction. The memorial, which requested a reply by the 23d of July, was presented to the four firms separately by four of the working men. To Messrs. Trollope, one of the four, it was presented by a mason in their employ named Joseph Pacey, on the 16th July. On the 20th Joseph Pacey was discharged,—his employers say, for neglect of work. But it is absurd to suppose that the men could take the act otherwise than as the flinging in their faces of the glove of war.

Anyhow the spark fired the train, and prematurely for the men. The masons in Messrs. Trollope's employ struck work on the 21st. The Conference on the 22d approved the act, and determined upon calling out all the men in the shop. By the 23d, when Messrs. Trollope were to give their reply, it was no longer needed. Nothing, of course, could suit the employers better. Pacey's dismissal may not have been intentional; but if it had been, it could not have worked better to put the men outwardly in the wrong.

The strike, then, now began. The Conference called upon the building operatives in general to support it. The metropolitan builders met, 200 in number nearly, at the Freemasons' Tavern (27th July), and resolved to close their establishments on the 6th August, appointing a committee at the same time to consider the best means of opening the doors to non-society men. At an adjourned meeting on the 1st August, the committee reported in favour of the formation of a "Central Association of Master Builders," with subscriptions, contributions for extraordinary expenditure, an executive committee, and all the usual appliances of an ordinary trades union, but formed upon the basis of excluding from employment all members of trades unions among working men, and requiring from all operatives, before taking them into employ, their "distinct agreement and formal assent to the conditions embraced in the following terms of engagement, which shall be read over to every such workman, and a copy whereof shall be handed to him before entering upon his work :

'I declare that I am not now, nor will I during the continuance of my engagement with you become, a member of or support any society which directly or indirectly interferes with the arrangements of this or any other establishment, or the hours or terms of labour; and that I recognise the rights of employers and employed individually to make any trade engagements on which they may choose to agree.'

The form of a notification to be addressed to the working men,

stating that the works would be opened, on Messrs. Trollope's resuming work, to all such as should agree to the declaration, was further contained in the report. A "cheque or file engagement-book, with duplicate successive numbers," was to be kept; every workman was to be "distinctly required to pledge his word to the observance" of the conditions in the declaration; "and on his name being entered on the file of the engagement-book, and the duplicate agreement detached and handed to him, he may resume his employment." Lastly, the formation of a "new, sound, and legitimate benefit society" for the men was recommended.

A vast deal of controversy has been wasted on the point, whether this declaration was to be signed or not. The terms "distinct agreement and formal assent" seem to have been skillfully contrived so as to leave it an open question, to be solved by each employer according to his own views, whether signature was or was not to be required. The words "on his name being entered on the file" might easily be interpreted to imply "by himself." But the controversy is a contemptible one on both sides, and only serves to gauge the depths of debasement in trade morality amongst us. What honest man who really gives his "distinct agreement and formal assent" to an engagement can be bound the more by a few strokes of a pen? What court of justice would refuse to give effect to an unwritten engagement entered into with such formalities as the report prescribes? The making parade of not requiring a signature looks, we must say, far too like an attempt to delude the workman into a belief that he would not be bound when he actually was.

On the 6th of August, then, the lock-out took place, all efforts to mediate by a reference to arbitration having failed, through the masters' refusal to withdraw the declaration. More than 20,000 men were thrown out of employ, exclusively of those on strike at Messrs. Trollope's. Of these, somewhat under 10,000 were thrown on the support of the Conference, the remainder leaving for the country, or finding work at the smaller builders'; the numbers of those supported by the Conference gradually diminishing, moreover, to between 5000 and 6000. The sums paid to them were never more than 4s. 6d., and averaged only 3s. 6d. per week, but were increased in most cases to from 5s. to 8s. by the separate societies to which the men belonged. An "anti-strike committee" formed amongst the men, though subscribed to by the public and enrolling about 500 men willing to go to work under the declaration, but only as a shop-rule without signature, tried for a while to live, and died.

Meanwhile, however, Messrs. Trollope had been gradually obtaining workmen under the declaration. On the 6th September they announced to the Masters' Association that they



had 210 men at work (about 100 short of their complement at the time of the strike). The masters now re-opened their shops, always under the declaration.

This attempt proved at first an almost complete failure. At the admirable establishment of Messrs. Cubitt only 200 men went in, for 900 that had been locked out, not one skilled mason among the number. At Messrs. Piper's, out of 1100, only 25 sawyers and joiners went in. At another establishment, out of 1200, not more than half-a-dozen. "Most of the great works in the metropolis remained suspended." Scarcely as many men took work under the declaration as had enrolled themselves with the anti-strike committee. Only those employers who chose to re-open without exacting the declaration reëngaged their men without difficulty.

Gradually, "by scouring the country in search of men," the workshops began to fill. Efforts to mediate from without still continued. The masons went so far as to offer a resumption of works if the declaration were withdrawn. The offer was rejected, and the lock-out, which till now had not been recognised as a "legal strike" within the terms of the rules of the mason's society, now became such, entitling the lock-out masons to 10s. a-week out of society funds.

On the 14th November, the Conference resolved to "withdraw the strike" at Messrs. Trollope's, so as to make the struggle rest entirely on resistance to the declaration. It was evidently a drawn battle. Very opportunely an ex-chancellor came to the rescue. In the beginning of December, Lord St. Leonards suggested that the document should be withdrawn, and that in lieu of it there should be hung up in every shop a statement of the law between masters and men, in terms set forth by him. On the 6th February 1860, the masters agreed to adopt the suggestion. The lock-out ceased. The last dividend of the Conference was paid on the 27th February. The nine-hours movement was postponed. We are now seeing an attempt to revive it.

On the whole, then, it would appear that, in the London building trades, masters and men are very fairly matched; that neither can quite coerce the other. Let us now consider a few figures belonging to the contest.

One of the appendices to Messrs. Bennett and Lefevre's report gives the "number of mechanics and labourers relieved by the Conference during the strike and lock-out, and the amounts paid away." The number of men relieved diminishes, with slight fluctuations, from 9812 in the week ending the 22d August 1859, to 1572 in that ending the 27th February 1860; the total amount paid, from 1402*l.* 12*s.* in the week ending 19th September 1859, to 207*l.* 4*s.* in that ending 2d January

1860; the dividend per head, from 6*s.* in the last week of the lock-out to 1*s.* 1*d.* in the first: the absence of correlation between these different figures flowing obviously from the different elements involved, and the separate fluctuations in each, — number of recipients of relief, state of the funds, character of the recipients. One constantly-recurring cause of weakness in all strikes, mainly of skilled artisans, is indicated in the last column of the table. During the seven first weeks of the lock-out “the mechanics and labourers were paid equal dividends.” Then for seven weeks more we find the labourers paid a shilling a head less than the mechanics. Then comes the note, “labourers suspended,” which governs the remainder of the column, the cause of such suspension having been, if we recollect aright, a fracas at the Pavilours’ Arms, in which Mr. Potter was threatened with personal violence by some labourers. The average of the whole gives nearly 4185 as the number of men relieved, and somewhat over 707*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* as the average relief per week; the total amount spent in relief during the 27 weeks having been no less than 19,103*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* In addition to these sums, we are told the bricklayers’ society distributed among their members 3110*l.*; the carpenters and joiners, 5000*l.*; and the plasterers, 2370*l.* These figures, which are evidently not complete, swell the relief expenditure already to 29,583*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*

The balance-sheet, which forms Appendix B to the Report, seems slightly in disagreement with the former table, giving 20,357*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* as the total figure of relief from the Conference. It is interesting as decomposing this sum by trades; and from it we may observe how the labourers, though only paid during a portion of the time, yet received a larger sum (6525*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*) than any “trade” properly so called, and, with the exception of the carpenters and joiners, who received 4451*l.* 2*s.*, than any two together who received most. This is, indeed, perhaps the greatest of all difficulties for the skilled artisan in these contests with the employer. The labourers cannot be safely neglected, or they become the natural allies of the employer; yet, if admitted to relief, in their present unorganised condition at all events, they are a ruinous burden.

The total figure of the payments is 22,747*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, giving over 2000*l.*, or roughly 10*l.* per cent, for working expenses. To meet this are 23,065*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* of receipts, of which 8190*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* are from the country, and 14,874*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* from London. Among the leading contributors we meet with the following trade societies: United Flint-glass makers, Coachmakers of the United Kingdom, Amalgamated Engineers, Bricklayers, Boiler-makers and Iron-ship builders, Bookbinders, Carpenters, Compositors, Cabinet-makers, Cigar-makers, Coachmakers, Coopers,

Farriers, Hatters, Iron-founders of the United Kingdom, General Union of Masons, Plasterers, Pianoforte-makers, Shipwrights of the Port of London, Tinplate-workers. The Amalgamated Engineers alone contribute 3100*l.*, or nearly one-seventh of the whole expenditure, and four other societies more than 600*l.* each. The contributions of such societies as the Bookbinders, Compositors, Cigar-makers, Farriers, Hatters, show clearly that the movement was thought to be one of common importance by trades quite unconnected with those actually involved in it.

We cannot be blind to the significance of these facts. An organisation, sprung altogether from among the working classes, which can raise and spend 20,000*l.* in 27 weeks, is not to be put down by newspaper or review articles. The question of an hour's work a day, for which 4000 to 5000 men, on an average, chose to accept its relief during those 27 weeks, cannot be one to be decided off-hand by an "able editor" in his arm-chair. We may look to the outward result and the money spent, and see nothing but a waste of time and capital; but the men, who, having spent the money hitherto thus apparently for nothing, think their object so little a bubble that they are recommencing to agitate for it, hardly seem to share that view. Or we may even, from our serene heights, look down upon these struggles of master builders and their workmen as upon the contests of an inferior race, with which we have no concern but as lookers-on. Shipwrights and farriers, hatters and pianoforte-makers, seem to be of a different mind; *they* look upon the contest as being their own.

And now let us turn our eyes toward a very different sphere of action.

Time was when with us even "all contracts, covenants, and agreements whatsoever . . . made or entered into by any journeyman manufacturers . . . for obtaining an advance of wages, . . . or for lessening or altering their or any of their usual hours or time of working, or for decreasing the quantity of work," were held illegal, and punishable with three months' imprisonment, or two with hard labour; when such contracts, &c. between masters or other persons "for reducing the wages of workmen, or for adding to or altering the usual hours or time of working, or for increasing the quantity of work," were also held illegal, and punishable with 20*l.* penalty (39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 106). That state of things with us has passed away for now thirty-five years, since the repeal of the Combination Laws Act (6 Geo. IV. c. 129). But the old spirit of European jurisprudence as respects trade combinations, it is well known, subsists in France. Art. 413 of the "*Code Pénal*" opens a series of enactments which, to an English eye, look very much like an unlocked cabinet of fossils. Any combina-

tion amongst employers tending "unjustly and abusively to compel a reduction of wages, followed by an attempt or beginning of execution," is to be punished with from six days' to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of from 200 to 3000 francs (8*l.* to 120*l.*). Any combination amongst workmen to "cause a simultaneous stoppage of work, to forbid work in a shop, to prevent men from going or remaining there before or after certain hours, and generally to suspend, prevent, or heighten the price of work," if there be an attempt or beginning of execution, is to be punished with imprisonment for one month at least, and three months at most; or in the case of ringleaders or agitators (*moteurs*), of from two to five years. The same penalties are to reach workmen who pronounce fines, prohibitions, interdictions, or proscriptions of any kind against employers and contractors, or against one another. Ringleaders or agitators may in any case, after the expiration of their sentence, be placed under police *surveillance* for from two to five years.

The monstrous unfairness of these provisions will strike at once every reader. The employers' combination, to be punishable, must be for the purpose of "unjustly and abusively" lowering wages; the workmen's combination to raise wages is punishable anyhow. The master can get off with a beggarly 8*l.* fine and six days' imprisonment; the workman's minimum of imprisonment is the master's maximum—one month. Fines imposed by workmen upon each other are penal; fines imposed by employers on their workmen are not even mentioned. The workman, if he sends a "black sheep" to Coventry, does so at his peril; the master may circulate a "black list" (such as that which, under the hands of Messrs. Medwin and Kissell, honorary secretaries to the Master Boot and Shoemakers' Society, dated June 7, 1860, is now running the round of London shoe-shops) and be perfectly scatheless. Add to this that, under Art. 1781 of the "Code Civil," the master is to be believed on affirmation only for the amount of wages, the payment of wages for the past year, and payments of account for the present one—in other words, that he is privileged to lie against his men without fear of the penalties against perjury,—and some idea will be obtained of the weight of those chains in which the French workman labours, and the galling of which not unnaturally produces February revolutions and such other convulsive attempts at relief.

The building trades of Paris (*ouvriers du bâtiment*) form a more restricted category than in England. They only comprise primarily the *maçons*, corresponding to our plasterers, and the *limousins*, who answer to our bricklayers. About the year

1839 these earned only, the former class from 3*fr.* 50*cs.* to 3*fr.* 75*cs.* (say 2*fr.* 10*cs.* to 3*fr.*), the latter from 3*fr.* to 3*fr.* 25*cs.* (say 2*fr.* 5*cs.* to 2*fr.* 7½*cs.*) a day. Trade was brisk; they sought a rise. Of course it could only be realised by combination; but combination was illegal; they were prosecuted, and every prosecution almost ended in an adverse sentence. At last, in 1840, the agitation took the form of insurrection; 30,000 masons on strike assembled in the plain of Bondy, and had to be dispersed by gendarmes and dragoons; whilst six or eight of the agitators (not all masons) were prosecuted and condemned. Still the mere fact of the demonstration was a lesson both to the masters and to the government. Wages rose; some 25*cs.*, or 2½*cs.*, a day for the *limousins*; more by far for the masons, of whom more than half began to earn, in 1842-3, 4*fr.* 25*cs.* (say 3*fr.* 5*cs.*), the best 4*fr.* 50*cs.* (say 3*fr.* 7½*cs.*). The government, on its side, established for the trade, towards 1842, a council of *prud'hommes* (arbitration court); but took care to exclude from it all workmen except those paying the license-duty (*patente*), *i.e.* who worked at home and might employ others; so that in all matters of dispute almost which came before it the workmen had the worst.

Meanwhile a new influence was springing up. Till now the Parisian builders were no readers. In 1841 *colporteurs* began to enter their workshops, selling cheap histories of the first Napoleon, and other semi-political works; whilst the socialist movement, hitherto confined rather to the lettered or leisuredly classes, was also, in the hands of Cabet, Buchez, Leroux, beginning to reach the working classes. Cabet in particular, by the uprightness of his character and his benevolence, as well as by the simplicity of his communist theories, came to exercise great influence over them. Slowly and almost secretly the idea of association made way, till the revolution of 1848 took place. The workmen deemed their time was come.

Ten working masons came together and formed an association. They had no capital; one only any credit. From September or October 1848, when the association was begun, little was done for a twelvemonth. A demand had, indeed, been made for a share of the 3,000,000*fr.* (120,000*l.*) granted for the support of the associations by the Provisional Government, and 100,000*fr.* (4000*l.*) had been voted to them, but only on condition of a change of manager. This was refused by the men, although the manager in question (then and now the pride of his fellow-workmen) threw up his office; they preferred to struggle on as best they might. The members of the association continued to work for masters, taking simply such jobs as fell in their way. For a long time they were not able to afford the expense of a

place of meeting or business. A hatters' association gave them some work to do; a benevolent medical man lent them money in 1850; a writer in the *Siecle* the same year gave them a house to build; a young architect, now one of the most successful of his class in Paris, took them under his patronage. Still there were many ups and downs. Now one finds them with 300 members, now with 60; in 1852 the association is reconstituted with 101 working members, and some non-workers; it is again reconstituted in 1857.

At the present day, under the name of "Bouyer et Cie," the masons' association (which comprises, besides the two trades before referred to, stone-cutters and sawyers) ranks among the greatest Parisian building firms. Too strong to be broken up, too careful to meddle with politics, they have reckoned amongst their customers a Fould, brother of the minister, an actual minister (M. Rouher), M. Emile de Girardin, and other well-known personages. For the last two and a half years or more they have regularly earned 5f. (4s.) a day (the highest wages paid), and have divided about 1300f. (52l.) each of profit among themselves, whilst those among them who are capitalists receive 13 per cent for their money. The day's work is ten hours, as elsewhere; but whilst the masters are endeavouring, and often successfully, to suppress one of the two meal-times in winter, and to reduce winter wages beyond the customary diminution of 50c. (5d.), the association continues to allow for two meals, and to reduce 50c. alone.

The men, we are told by an eye-witness, respect and are civil to each other. They are merry over their work, and yet stimulate each other; a foreman dare not slink away to the *cabaret*; it is his men who would find fault with him for doing so. Now and then there are dinners, which bring the families together. Most of the associates place their children in the association. Every boy is a candidate for three months; then, if elected, receives the highest boy's wages paid by masters, with a proportionate share of profit. The men are known for faithfulness to their engagements: they have an advantage over masters by the facilities which they have for throwing a number of men into a job. Disobedience to the foreman is reported to a council; a third report entails expulsion.

This condition has of course not been reached, as we intimated before, without many a struggle. There were hard times in 1855-6, when a number of houses had been built at Neuilly for a person who could not pay for them for two or three years. The monthly pay (such is the bad habit of the French building trade) was only from 30f. to 35f. each (1l. 4s. to 1l. 8s.). Many who had families were obliged to leave; but the money came



in at last, and now nothing is wanting, it is said, but education. To the obtainment of this there are great legal difficulties; for education in France is not free, but trammelled by formalities and examinations for the most part quite out of the reach of the working man. It is practically in the hands of the "Frères;" and between "Frères" and working men there is no love lost.

We have before us the two latest deeds of settlement, as we should call them (1852 and 1857), of this association, which has been several times dissolved and reconstituted in form, though always retaining the same place of business, the same firm, and in great measure the same rules. It is legally a society on the *commandite* principle, in which the managers, varying in number from two to three, are responsible without limit for liabilities, and all the other members only to the extent of their subscriptions. The shares of members are now fixed at 2000*f.* (80*l.*) each at least, 10,000*f.* (400*l.*) at most (unless by special permission), which are paid up by non-working members in monthly instalments, by working members through a deduction of 10*l.* per cent on wages and salaries, and in both cases by a total retention of profits till the whole subscription is paid up. Every working associate owes to the association "his labour, his industry, and his abilities;" he must absolutely disclaim entering upon, or taking an interest in, any similar labours to those of the association, without special authority. The managers have the complete financial and commercial control over the business, and are paid by salary, besides living at the place of business. In case of withdrawal, they may not under 50,000*f.* (2000*l.*) penalty undertake, or become interested in, any building operations for so long as the association chooses; the association, however, paying them an indemnity of 5*f.* (4*s.*) a day whilst the prohibition lasts.

Behind the management is the Council of Surveillance, elected in general meeting for nine months, and in which all the members of the association were formerly called successively to take part, though now retiring members are made réligible. It overlooks the operations of the managers; audits the accounts; proposes dividends, the admission or exclusion of members, the revocation of the managers &c.; supplies temporarily their place in case of death or withdrawal; fixes indemnities for illness and accident. The general meetings alone pronounce definitively on the admission or exclusion of members, and have power to alter the rules. Accounts are balanced yearly; 60*l.* per cent of the net profits go to labour, in proportion to the number of days' work done for the association; the remaining 40*l.* per cent to capital. No associate is received except by a majority of two-thirds of those present at a general meeting, and after at

least three months' probation. The association has two years to pay off the shares of associates dying, leaving, or expelled; but there can be no transfer or assignment of rights by an associate without the sanction of a general meeting by a majority of two-thirds; and creditors or representatives of individual associates are excluded in the strictest manner from interfering in any way with the property of the association.

The deed of settlement is followed by the conditions of admission and by the by-laws (*règlements d'administration*). The work-rules are wisely strict. The fifth by-law, as to the benefit fund (*assistance sociale*), which is composed of one per cent on wages for both associates and candidates, the amount of fines for disobedience of rules, balances of profit after payment of dividends, *gratuities received from landlords, architects, and tradesmen*, and voluntary gifts, indicates four purposes to which the fund is to be devoted: 1. Relief of associates when wounded or ill. 2. Relief of non-associates wounded when working on the premises of the association. 3. Contributions for external purposes of benevolence. 4. Burial expenses for associates and candidates. 5. Fees to a medical man to ascertain the facts of disease and cure. The payment to the sick is fixed at 2*f.* a day, and can only be varied by a general meeting. One of the associates is specially charged with the duty of looking after the benefit fund.

There remains now to show by figures what this association has done. From Prof. Huber's pamphlet, quoted at the head of this Article, we extract the following summary of its progress in business: 1851-2, 45,330*f.*,—dividend, only 1000*f.*; 1852-3, business, 297,208*f.*; 1853-4, 344,210*f.*; 1854-5, 614,694*f.*; 1855-6, 998,240*f.*; 1856-7, 1,330,000*f.*; 1857-8, 1,231,461*f.* We have before us the report of the board of management to the general meeting of the 27th Jan. 1859 (that for 1860 has not reached us). It contains a comparative table between the workings of 1857 and 1858, the detail of which, p. 93 (though not by any means the form), puts a railway balance-sheet to shame. From this it will be seen that the business of the association reached in 1858 the sum of 51,000*l.* (1,275,997*f.* 40*c.*), being nearly 2000*l.* more than in 1857. The gross profits of the year were more than 10,700*l.* (268,972*f.* 22*c.*); the net, nearly 9600*l.* (239,360*f.* 30*c.*); the sum actually divided, 4000*l.* The net profit was thus nearly nineteen per cent on the business,—a not excessive but perfectly safe ratio. The number of associates was 92, three less than the previous year; the number of demands for admission 17, instead of 31; the subscribed capital on which the 51,000*l.* of business was transacted, 57,500*f.*, or about 2,300*l.* (against 77,000*f.* the previous year); *i.e.* not much more than half the

amount actually divided in the year, and less than a quarter of the year's net profits.

The result seems prodigious; and yet listen to how it is viewed by the managers:

"You see, no doubt, like ourselves, that this table is far from answering to our hopes of a year ago. . . .

As to business, it is pretty well what we might have hoped for. We have let go nothing in our connection, nor even of what has been offered to us, except what prudence commanded; indeed, the bad debts of the last year were a law to us on this head.

As to results, if wisdom did not make it a duty to us to retain a strong reserve in respect of claims which may have to be litigated, they would be even too satisfactory in reference to the modest hopes which we had entertained on this score.

As to credit, the foremen of yards know it as well as we do, by the offers which are daily made to them; sometimes they go so far as to become obtrusive.

Our relations and our protections extend daily, and amongst a very good connection; we have gained also in reputation, as your council was able to judge by the letters which have been communicated to it.

Reputation, you know, depends upon good work. If good work costs more pains to do, it costs no more to supply; quick execution has also much to say to it, as well as the right interpretation of architects' orders. All this depends on your intelligence and your good-will. We do not doubt that you will persevere, and that all your efforts will tend to perfect yourselves; for with such a reputation well deserved, one has the pick of orders, and one obtains the price of well-executed work. . . .

But the progress of association is far from being satisfactory. . . . This decrease [in numbers]! more withdrawals! fewer associates! fewer demands of admission! scarcely any admissions! more than one-third less subscribed to capital!—notwithstanding the efforts of some of us, this grieves us most sincerely.

We seriously call your attention to this point. If this is all which the principle can do, notwithstanding the advantages of plenty of work, success in our undertakings, the encouragements of our good repute, we very humbly declare that we have been mistaken.

And yet we dare not, we cannot believe it, since with seventeen men alone, and debts to boot, without reputation and scarcely any credit, and small experience of business, we did in four years that which now exists. . . .

We declare with all the might of our souls that the pleasure of dividing a hundred thousand francs is far from compensating for us the pain of such a diminution.

If we do not doubt the goodness of the principle, we fear that indolence and selfishness may replace self-devotion in some, and carry discouragement to others.

Let us take care, let us examine, and carefully pursue improvement. Let us show ourselves the men whom we ought to be, that is to say,

more bent on the common interest than on our private one. . . . .  
We hope, gentlemen, that if you do not follow our advice, you will examine it with attention, if ten years of our administration inspire you with sufficient confidence.

(Signed) BOUYER and COHADON."

O renowned financiers, skilful in the art of grasping figures, O prosperous and much-testimonialised railway directors, who know so well how to make things pleasant to the shareholders, what a foreign language must be to you that of these Parisian builders, who in their often ungrammatical and ill-spelt French actually declare that to divide 4000*l.* amongst ninety-two men does not make up to them for the pain of not dividing it among ninety-five! And these not enthusiasts of yesterday, but men who for *ten* years have had in hand the management of a business! Surely there rings out from the report of the Paris builders a tone which has not been heard before in such things—a tone of workmen masters of their labour and no longer slaves to it; and masters of it, not because they have so much capital, materials, credit, but because they have learned to place themselves, their labour, and their resources at the service of a principle.

To look back from these ninety-two Paris builders, doing their 50,000*l.* a year business and making their nearly 10,000*l.* a year profits, to our six-months building strike, spending 20,000*l.* to keep men out of work, seems in one point of view a grievous fall. Yet let us not be unjust to the idea of the trade society. That idea will never be looked upon with much favour by the bulk of the community. Inasmuch as the trade society is based on the class-interest of the worker, and seeks continually to obtain for him more pay and less work; inasmuch as every gain to the producer is *primâ facie* a loss to the consumer, and we are all consumers; inasmuch as the equivalent of every sixpence extra wages, every quarter-hour less work, is sure to be taken, whenever the wages-payer can do so, out of the pockets of his customers,—it is perfectly natural that the consuming public should be ready to frown down such an organisation; and it is all the more necessary, to judge it fairly, that we should look upon it from the worker's point of view. And, seen in this light, we may perceive reasons why even the idea of coöperation in production, in itself so favourable to the working man, should meet with a less willing and general assent amongst his class than the trade society. The coöperative association benefits immediately only the few; the trade society seeks to benefit the many. We deal with a few picked men among the associated builders of Paris; we deal with the bulk of a whole class among the society men of the London building

trades. So far there is no doubt a democratic breadth about the trade society which no coöperative aristocracy (using that word in its best sense), even the most devoted, can attain to. The question of an hour's labour is one of immense value to the thousands; the coöperative association can only approach it within the limited sphere of its own operations, checked even there by competition; whilst, however generous may be its provisions for relief amongst its own associates or those employed by it, it never can reach the scale on which most of our trade societies dispense their benefit funds in cases of accident, distress, death, old age, relief to men on tramp or casually thrown out of work, among the thousands of their members, nor yet those opportunities which they afford for the distribution of labour throughout the country. It is this daily working of the trade society, together with the field which it affords for mutual communication, self-government, and a really political education, which has rooted it hitherto in the hearts and habits of our working men;—not those strikes, which are in fact only an interruption to its daily working, and which are not unfrequently in great measure occasioned by law-made impediments to the profitable investment of its funds.

But having said thus much from the working man's point of view, something must also be said from the point of view of third parties. The repeal of the combination laws has been, in fact, but a licensing of private war in the sphere of trade. With our English taste for a good "mill," when masters and men fall out in a given trade, and one or the other stops work, Government and public have hitherto mainly confined themselves to making a ring round the combatants and seeing fair play whilst the match is fought out. But the more frequent these contests become, the more we are reminded that *nostra res agitur*. The combatants are not prize-fighters pummelling each other for a hat or a purse full of gold, but hundreds of capitalists and thousands of skilled artisans debating the point of an hour's work, more or less, at the price of *our* shelter, *our* comfort, as well as their own. "It is nothing but the haggling of the market on a large scale," say the plutonomists. But when that haggling takes the shape of half-built walls and roofless houses, and a stoppage of works of public utility, what does society profit by it?

To go back to the old system of forbidding combination is impossible. The mere *power* exhibited on either side in this battle of the building trades forbids us to entertain the thought of doing so. To allow these contests to go on is to deliver over the whole trade of the country to anarchy. Is there no other course? Will the debate on trade societies at the Social Science Association's meeting at Glasgow have shadowed any forth to us?

ART. IV.—RUSSIAN LITERATURE: MICHAEL  
LERMONTOFF.

*Otcherk Istorii russkoi Poesii.* A. Milukoff. (*Outline of the History of Russian Poetry.* By A. Milukoff.) St. Petersburg, 1858.

*Michael Lermontoff's Poetischer Nachlass,* übersetzt von Fr. Bodenstedt. (*M. Lermontoff's Poetical Remains.* Translated by Herr Bodenstedt.) Berlin, 1852.

*Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie.* Par A. Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres, 1853.

IN a previous Number\* of this Review we gave our readers some general notice of the development of modern Russian literature, and a more detailed account of the great poet, with whom, in fact, the era of original and really national Russian poetry begins. When we consider how recent this era is, we cannot wonder that we have but few distinguished poets to enumerate; since true poetic genius has, of course, at all times and in all countries, been confined to a chosen few. Even the political influence of the Russian empire in European politics is itself but of recent growth. Fostering its helpless infancy is seen the gigantic figure of one who was at once a tyrannical barbarian and the arbitrary patron of the arts. Peter I., whose imperious will imposed upon Russia the first restraints of civilisation, was the first to direct the national mind towards Europe, and to introduce those European forms and ideas under whose influence a national literature at length developed itself.

So far as we can trace back the history of Russian literature to earlier periods, we find, as yet unmixed, those elements which were afterwards blended in the matured national character. The spirit of the Norse invaders, who about the year 862 conquered, and founded constitutions among, the scattered branches of the Slavic races, entirely pervades the historical tales referring to the heathen period of Russian history, which were written by the monk Nestor in the eleventh century. He was, however, imbued with the spirit of the Byzantine literature, and thus could not fully appreciate a poetry which sprang up in the heroic age of Scandinavian enterprise. He regarded the events which he recorded partly in the prosaic spirit of a mere chronicler, partly in the hostile spirit of a zealous opponent of heathenism. But notwithstanding his antipathy to his subject, and in spite of the dryness and pedantry of his style, his tales contain passages which undeniably prove the existence of an ancient though rude poetry, beginning to develop itself in Russia under the influ-

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ence of the Norsemen, celebrating deeds which extended over a century and a half, and whose theatre stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. We discern here clearly enough traces of the same spirit which pervades the tales and legends of the Icelandic chroniclers. Several of the latter are undoubtedly of common origin with those of Nestor. For example, the "Life and Death of Swatopolk," related by Nestor, forms part, and that the most important, of an Icelandic literary collection of the thirteenth century. But though the common origin is undeniable, the Russian historian, in this instance, much surpasses the Icelandic in his style, his narrative being full of life and poetry. How finely has he painted this Swatopolk, the son of a Greek nun, who, from the day of his unlawful birth, seems doomed to sin and ruin; who climbs to his throne through fratricide, who is punished on the very scene of his crimes by the hand of an avenging brother, and finally expires in the desert! It is difficult to say how far historic truth has been respected in this tale; but as a literary production it is of great dramatic interest.

The stories of Nestor give us a partial glimpse of those times when martial honour and glory were the moving springs of life in the Russian people; when before going to war they would proudly warn their enemies; and when they would doom those who should break their word "to be slaves for life," considering this to be the greatest of all curses.

Indeed, when we observe in the simple tales of the monk what germs of poetry there were in the early history of Russia, it is sad to think of the rich fruit they might have borne, had they not been blighted while yet in their first development, and choked by parasitic plants of foreign origin. The Norse chiefs themselves sought and inaugurated an intercourse with the Byzantine empire, and about A.D. 1000 the Christian faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church was adopted by Russia. But this approximation to Byzantium, instead of throwing open to the Russian people the treasures of the Greek classic world, merely led to an acquaintance with Byzantine literature, consisting of dry chronicles, scholastic discussions on dogmatic questions, and empty rhetoric, and inculcating a profound contempt for every thing connected with heathen antiquity, and consequently even the Greek classic poetry.

Then came the invasion of the Mongols, about 1236, and the establishment of Mongol rule, diffusing new and oriental ingredients through the nation. We trace the influence of the new conquerors mainly in the popular poetry; we mean, in the rich collection of Russian songs and tales. There are perhaps few nations whose primitive poetry presents so true a mirror of the

people's life and feelings as that of the Russians. In it we find reflected their whole existence up to the time of Peter the Great, and every boon which nature has bestowed upon them: "the broad fields with the silken grass and the blue flowers;" "the thick woods in which the stormy wind rattles;" "the boundless plains of snow," on which nothing but the "black fir or the silver birch" is to be seen detaching itself from the white ground; again, when the snow is melting, "the song of the lark, the blushing roses of summer, the swift falcon, the dove-coloured pigeon;" and once more, "winter with its dull deathlike silence, broken only by the shriek of the ravens" and "the howling of the snowstorm." In these songs, too, we have plenty of allusions to special Russian scenery;—"the shining Duna," "the limpid Don," "the benefactress Wolga," "the princely Great Novgorod," "the stone-built Moscow." We behold the wandering life of "the Wolga robbers," and the bold enterprises of the Kossacks. We see the customs, the sympathies, and the antipathies of the people, their faith, their hopes and sufferings; and we are made acquainted with the favourite heroes of their history.

But at the same time, as we have already said, we distinctly trace in the popular songs and tales the decline of those beneficial influences which, under the Norsemen, fostered the national development. Not only political activity and independence declined under their successors, but likewise the purity of home-life. Women were entirely subjected to the despotic power of men, and the *Terem*,\* borrowed from the Byzantine Greeks, deprived them of social importance, reducing them to an oriental slavery. The customs of Norse life had accorded to them a far nobler position; and this change was therefore in every way for the worse. Moreover, the estrangement from Europe caused by the Mongol influence, prevented the chivalrous reverence for women,—which at this time pervaded European society,—from penetrating into Russia. The Asiatic notion that women are the ruin of the world was imported by the Mongols, and completed the subjugation of the weaker sex. We no longer find women like those spoken of by Nestor in his tales of the Scandinavian times; but now begin to hear of the beautiful Russian girl who sits lonely in "the silver cage," making "the golden net," leading a monotonous life far from society and civilisation, and expecting with awe the day when, amidst tears and songs, her fair hair will be unbraided, and she will be led, "according to God's will" (that is to say, her father's), to a marriage to which her own sanction was never asked. And often this change is only for the worse; she leaves

\* The women's place.

her "silver cage" but for another, sometimes of iron, which does not even afford her the consolation of parental love. Doomed to pass her life with a husband whom for the most part she did not love, the Russian wife was surrounded by none of those influences which beautified the life of European women in the middle ages. Nothing but the Terem awaited her. She was governed by the despotic rule of a husband, whose best tenderness was not unfrequently the scourge. The natural consequence of such a position was the degradation of social life. A mother who was herself a slave could not but transmit to her sons a sense of abasement, the unavoidable result of which is tyranny. Society, robbed of its highest elements, impressed the Russian youth with a sense of emptiness and ennui, which forced him to seek in dissipation the highest excitements of an existence in which he was at the same time both slave and tyrant.

The result of all this is to be found in the popular poetry of the Russians; and hence its tone of deep sadness, of desperate gaiety, of endeavour after complete self-oblivion. In almost every specimen of this literature we see the cloud which hangs over the heart, "like a fog over the blue sea:" the mother is represented in it as weeping like "the stream that flows;" the tears of the sisters fall "like rivulets;" the heart of the young girl fades away "without sun," her joys are carried away "by stormy winds over the clear white field;" the youth who was "born in tears, all his life long shakes his homeless head like the grass-blade on the fields in the wind." If, on the other hand, we find in these songs wild outbursts of merriment, they are but intended to conceal the void beneath. Characteristic and full of poetry are the songs of the Wolga robbers, and those of the Kossacks; the wild love of freedom which led them into peril and crime frequently also giving birth to heroic enterprise, as, for instance, the colonisation of Siberia. These songs breathe contempt of danger and death, immoderate gaiety, unbounded liberty and license,—as is usual with men who have broken with the common ties of society and citizenship, whose companions are the night and the storm, who spend their life either in the forest or on the waters. The tales of this epoch exhibit also the literary shortcomings as well as the emptiness and sadness of the contemporaneous Russian life; the narrative form requiring, like that of the epic poem, a greater social development than Russia had then attained.

Thus gradually had the dawn of genuine poetry among the Russian people faded away, and none of the old seed was now left, when the great reformer came, and called Russia to a new life.

We referred in our former Article to the changes which

worked themselves gradually out in the Russian language and literature from the time of Peter the Great. The language had to emancipate itself from the conventional clerical jargon, and then developing its great beauty and flexibility, to become truly popular. The intercourse with Europe opened a new world of ideas, and at the same time excited the Russian imagination to activity in fresh directions. After a succession of more or less original writers, Alexander Pushkin appeared, and put the finishing stroke to that purification of the language which his predecessors had begun. We have had occasion already to speak of him at some length, and have explained the high rank which he holds in the estimation of his people, and which he must, when thoroughly known, obtain in that of all nations.

Next to him stands another contemporary but younger poet, Michael Lermontoff, a son of one of the first families of the Russian aristocracy. Like most of the Russian nobles, he entered the Guards when yet very young. A poem which he composed on the death of Pushkin was the cause of his exile to the Caucasus, where he became imbued with that deep love for the country which made him, so to speak, the poet of the Caucasus. Though having for an author the rare privilege of holding an independent position with regard to fortune, his life seems nevertheless to have been one long train of sufferings, to which his poems bear ample evidence. Equally ardent and faithful in his friendships as he was vindictive and unrelenting in his hatreds, he had to endure many bitter disappointments. He was often called upon to part from true, and to endure the treachery of false friends. Brought up in a world where he dared not speak out what was in him, he had to undergo the hardest of all human trials, that of being compelled to remain silent in sight of injustice and oppression. With a heart glowing with the love of beauty and liberty, he was doomed to live in a society which, viewed from without, was full of outward show and false splendour, and from within of servitude and corruption. One of his first attempts at expressing the burning indignation with which these things filled him, the ode on Pushkin's death, brought down upon him exile. A life of action thus forbidden him, the only resource left him was his poetic genius; and when his heart was too full, he devoted himself to it, and called forth wild passionate strains, pathetic melodies, mocking satires, or the poetry of love; but always true pictures of emotions experienced and deeply felt, always children of an inward necessity, and in accordance with Goethe's canon, that every true poem is born of a special occasion and impulse (a *Gelegenheits-gedicht*).

Lermontoff was strongly impressed by the genius of Pushkin,

who, as we said, had the start of him in his literary career ; but he never became his imitator. Lermontoff never entered, like Pushkin, into a compromise with the society in which he was compelled to live : till the day of his death he was in deadly conflict with it. The 14th of December 1825, which brought to a close the milder reign of Alexander, during which more liberal political aspirations had been permitted to grow up, and which inaugurated with a bloody act of vengeance the long and oppressive despotism of Nicholas, was a critical day for modern Russian life, as well as for its literature. Pushkin's literary career was then at its culminating point, while Lermontoff's was only just beginning. Alexander Herzen says :

" Nothing can show more forcibly the change which passed over the public mind in 1825 than a comparison of Pushkin with Lermontoff. Pushkin was frequently discontented, sad, wounded, and indignant, but nevertheless inclined to peace. He longed for it ; he did not doubt its possibility. A chord of memory connecting him with the Emperor Alexander's *régime* was still vibrating in his heart. Lermontoff was so much accustomed to despondency and resistance, that he not only never sought to free himself from it, but did not even understand the possibility of making the attempt. Lermontoff never learned to hope ; he did not acquiesce, simply because there was nothing which could have compensated him for his acquiescence ; nor did he proudly offer, like Pestel and Ryleieff, his head to the executioner, for he was convinced of the uselessness of such a sacrifice ; he gave up the struggle, and finally died without any great end before him.

The sound of the pistol which destroyed Pushkin called Lermontoff's soul into life. He wrote a powerful ode, in which he exposed the mean intrigues which led to the fatal duel that caused Pushkin's death,—intrigues that had been fostered by literary ministers and journalist-spies,—exclaiming, ' Vengeance, emperor, vengeance ! ' This appeal, his only inconsistency, the poet had to expiate in exile in the year 1837. In 1841 the remains of Lermontoff were buried in a tomb at the foot of the Caucasus. ' None of those who heard thee understood what thou saidst before thine end. The deep and bitter sense of thy last words has been lost.\*

Very fortunately that which Lermontoff wrote during the four last years of his life has not been lost. He belongs entirely to our generation. We, indeed, were too young to be sharers in the events of the 14th of December, but it awakened our political consciousness, and we saw the banishments and the executions which followed. Forced to silence, and to repress our tears, we learned to live inwardly and to brood over our thoughts in secret,—and *what* thoughts ! No longer ideas of a civilising liberalism, of progress ; but of doubt, negation, and fury. Accustomed to such emotions, Lermontoff could not, like Pushkin, take refuge in lyrics. In all his enjoyments, in all his fancies,

\* Verses by Lermontoff on the death of Prince Odoieffski, one of those sentenced on the 14th of December.

he was haunted by the shadow of scepticism. Something serious, even melancholy, was written on his brow, and runs through all his poems. But it was by no means mere abstract thought adorning itself with the flowers of poetry; no, the reflections of Lermontoff *are* his poetry—his strength and his torment. He had deeper sympathies with Byron than Pushkin ever had. It was his misfortune that he possessed too much penetration, and that he had the boldness to say much that was dangerous without disguise. Weak and irritable natures never pardon such sincerity. Lermontoff was spoken of as the spoiled child of an aristocratic house, as one of those idlers who die from satiety and ennui. People did not choose to see how much this man suffered, how he struggled before he ventured to speak out his thoughts. Men in general accept with greater indulgence bitterness and insults than a certain ripeness of mind,—than that isolation which sets itself free alike from the fears and hopes of the people at large, and dares to declare that it has done so. When Lermontoff left St. Petersburg for his second exile in the Caucasus, he was weary and exhausted. He said to his friends that he would seek death, and he kept his word."

The painful conflicts amid which his life was placed, the restraints put upon his genius and his fiery truth-loving mind, probably contributed largely to the irritability and peevishness of his temper; a disposition which entangled him more than once in quarrels, and even in several duels. One of these duels was punished by imprisonment in a fortress, and the last was the cause of his premature death at the age of thirty. To give some conception of his personal appearance, we may quote from Herr Bodenstein the following account of his meeting with him:

"It was at Moscow, in the winter of 1840-1, shortly before Lermontoff's last journey to the Caucasus, that I dined with Paul von Alsuviëff, a highly intellectual young Russian, at a French restaurant's much visited by the Muscovite boyards. During the dinner some acquaintances joined us; among them a young prince remarkably handsome, but of a somewhat limited understanding, though at the same time possessing so much good-humour that he permitted the others to ridicule him without resenting it. The easy wit, the sparkling intellect, the quick perception of exterior contrasts, in one word, the French *esprit*, is as familiar as the French language to the aristocratic Russians.

We were already drinking champagne, and the lips of my companions were overflowing with jokes, both good and bad, when some of them suddenly exclaimed, 'Ah, Michael Turitsh!' to a young officer who entered, greeted Alsuviëff with a slight tap on his shoulder, and the young prince with a 'How do you do, you sly fox?' the rest of the party with a brief 'Good evening.' The new-comer was a man of gentleman-like easy manners, middle height, and unusually elastic step. He stooped down for a cigar-case which he had dropped in taking out his pocket-handkerchief, and so showed a flexibility of figure which almost gave for the moment the impression that all his bones were broken,



though his large chest and shoulders nevertheless showed them to be strong. The fair smoothly-combed hair, slightly curled at each side, left a remarkably high brow quite uncovered. The large thoughtful eye seemed in no way to participate in the satirical expression which played about his finely-cut mouth. He was evidently not in full uniform, a black handkerchief being tied carelessly round his neck, and the coat, from which the epaulettes were taken off, being only buttoned half-way, and leaving the brilliantly white linen visible.

Until his arrival we had been talking French, and Alsuviëff introduced me to him in the same language. After a few hasty words, he sat down to dine with us. In speaking to the waiters he used expressions which, though common in the mouth of most Russians, were disagreeable to me in his mouth—for he was *Michael Lermontoff*. They were expressions which every foreigner soon learns to understand in Russia from hearing them daily and every where, but which no one of education (except a Greek or Turk, who is used to similar ones) would like to translate into his own language.

Lermontoff, after having hurriedly eaten of some of the dishes and swallowed a few glasses of wine, at the same time not concealing his fine and well-kept hands, became very talkative; and what he said must have been exceedingly witty and comic, as he was several times interrupted by great laughter. I unfortunately did not understand it, having as yet too imperfect a knowledge of Russian to be able to follow him; I only observed that his wit was directed against various individuals, but that being several times decidedly rebuked by Alsuviëff, he thought it better to take the young prince exclusively for the butt of his sarcasms. The latter bore these observations for some time with his wonted good-nature; but at last, unable longer to endure it, he answered the hot-headed young man in a dignified way which proved that, in spite of his limited capacities, he was not without right feeling. Lermontoff seemed sincerely grieved to have offended the prince, who had been an old playfellow of his, and did all in his power to appease him, in which, indeed, he soon succeeded.

I had known and loved Lermontoff from the first publication of his poems in 1840, but his manner and appearance on that evening were so little agreeable to me, that I felt no wish to know more of him. The first unpleasant impression, however, was soon to be followed by a better one. The very next evening, when I found him in the drawing-room of Madame von Momonoff, I saw him in his most amiable mood,—and he could be peculiarly amiable. If he gave himself up to another person, he did so with heart and soul, though perhaps this may rarely have occurred. He was bound by a close and steady friendship to the spirited Countess Rastoptshin, who consequently would be best able to give a full account of his character. People who did not know him sufficiently to overlook his weaknesses for the sake of his predominant excellencies mostly avoided him, because he was often carried too far by his satirical disposition; but he could likewise be good and gentle as a child; and, on the whole, a grave and even melancholy disposition was the prevailing one. This deep seriousness also formed the chief

characteristic of his noble features, as well as of all his more important productions, to which the lighter and humorous poems stand in the same relation as did the sarcastic expression on his lips to his large thoughtful eyes.

The Prometheus-like fate of Lermontoff many of his countrymen have shared; but from none of them did grief call forth similar pearls of tears to relieve the heart in life, and in death to crown the pale brow with a wreath of fame."

Lermontoff must be placed among those who are *par excellence* called subjective poets; for his works reflect preëminently his own soul, its joys and sorrows, its hope and its despair. His heroes are parts of himself; in fact, his poems are his biography. This is, however, by no means to be understood as an intimation that he was deficient in all those qualities which distinguish the objective poet; on the contrary, several of his poems, particularly *The Song of the Czar Iwan Wassiljewitch*, his *young Lifeguardsman*, and the bold Merchant Kalashnikoff, furnish ample proofs that he was fully capable of moulding figures quite independent of his own individuality. But he was one of those natures in whom all the chords that link them with their time vibrate so strongly that their creative power can rarely free itself from the influence of personal feelings, judgments, and reflections. These natures usually appear during the decay of old forms of society, in times of transition, of general scepticism, and of corrupt morals. In them the purer spirit of mankind seems to take refuge, and to make of them its mouthpiece. They criticise and doom the follies and vices of society by the disclosure of their own wounds, errors, and struggles on the one side; and, on the other, they heal, reconcile, and redeem this corrupt world by the insight they give into that beauty and ideal perfection of human nature of which genius always holds the secret. They generally blend in one the epic and the lyric element, action and reflection, narrative and satire. Barbier, and above all Lord Byron, are representatives of this class of poets; and both of these, as well as his countryman Pushkin, exercised a great influence over Lermontoff. From Pushkin he got the secret of Russian verse; with Byron he shared his scorn for society; from Barbier he learned the art of bitter satire and the iron strength of expression. But these influences by no means injured his originality; rather, on the contrary, did they give it more strength and finish.

Striking in him is the realistic element, which, as we observed in writing on Pushkin, seems to form a chief feature in the literary character of the nation generally. With their lively impressionable natures, with their great power of observation, and the facility with which they assimilate the impres-

sions of others, the Russians seem qualified to develop preëminently that literary realism which tends to become the basis of all modern art. Lermontoff, wherever he directs his thoughts, stands on the firm ground of reality; and to this we owe the great precision, freshness, and truthfulness of the pictures in his epic poems, as well as the conscientious exactness in the lyric ones, which are always a true mirror of the dispositions of his mind. As he says himself in the introduction to *Ismail Bey*, one of his most beautiful poems,

"And in this heart, erst dead so long,  
Appears again true inspiration,  
To turn the ruin and devastation  
Of grief and passion to a song."

Forced to serve in the army, which for so many years in vain struggled with the wild free-born tribes of the Caucasus, his mind became imbued with the elements of poetry there presenting themselves to his imagination. He sought relief in the solitude of the endless steppes, through which he was fond of galloping; in the grandeur of the mountain scenery, and in the uncivilised but chivalrous freedom of the beautiful race which peoples those countries. It is true, he threw himself heedlessly into the combat against the latter,—not, however, from any feeling of animosity or belief in the justice of the cause with which he was involuntarily identified, but merely because the excitement of battle did him good, because in it he found forgetfulness of his troubles, and because he did not much care for a life which he was unable to use in a nobler way. His predilection for the Circassian races is undeniable, and his most beautiful works prove this; for instance, the epic poem, which, in our opinion, is superior to all his other works, as well in the treatment of the subject itself as in the exquisite beauty of the pictures and the artistic finish of the whole. The poem is entitled *Mtsiri*, which means a novice living in a monastery, his vows yet unpronounced.\* The following is the outline of the narrative. A Russian general passes through Tiflis, carrying with him a Circassian boy, still quite a child. Ill and exhausted from the journey, he is left behind with the monks of a convent, who take care of him. The child is shy and wild as a mountain-goat, and at the same time tender as a reed. Proudly and silently does he bear his captivity, not a complaint escapes his lips, while he begins to fade away in mute grief. At last the tender care of a monk saves him; and though yet ever shy and serious, and often looking with sighs towards the east, he accustoms himself by degrees to the sounds of the foreign

\* The German translator has changed this title into that of *The Circassian Boy*, which seems quite as well adapted to the subject.

language, is baptised into the Greek Church, and, still a child in heart and conceptions, prepares to take the vows. One stormy autumn night, whilst the monks are prostrated in supplication round the altar, he disappears. Three days long they search for him in vain in the dark woods and on the borders of the mountains. At last they find him almost dying in the steppe, and take him home to the convent, where his death rapidly approaches. He answers to no question, until an old monk comes to give him the last sacraments of the Church. Then, listening proudly till the monk has done, and collecting his strength for a final effort, he speaks to him in the following strain:

"I thank you for your zeal, pious man; you ask me to confess to you what I know. I believe that it may be a relief to men to unburden their hearts by words; but I, during my life, have done harm to none; it is of small avail to learn what has happened to such a one; and of my *feelings*, how could I tell the story? I have lived but little, and in slavery. Surely two such lives would I have given willingly for one full of liberty and struggles. One single uncontrollable passion has haunted, governed, and tormented me; and consumed by it, my life is coming to an end. It has eaten my heart like a worm; it has led me forth, both when awake and in my dreams, from the dull sufferings in this cell to the noise of battles, to places where the high mountains tower above the clouds, where men live in liberty like the eagles. And to this fire, which has consumed me, I have given yet greater force by nursing my grief and agony. I will confess this before God and men, but not to ask forgiveness from either."

He then tells the story of his hidden feelings: how he saw from afar the snow of the Caucasus shining through the mists, and began to revive in his imagination the dear scenes of earliest childhood,—the *avoul*\* where his father's hut stood, the assembly of brown-faced warriors when they gathered in the cool of evening before the threshold of the house; his father with his proud glance and richly-ornamented arms; his sisters with their mild eyes and the sweet songs which they sang at his cradle; his own childish plays, and the tales of heroic deeds to which he listened. And then he describes how he left the convent at last during that stormy night; how he loved the storm and wanted to embrace it, and to catch the lightning as it flashed through the dark; and, "Oh," he exclaims, "what could you give me in compensation, here in this cradle of my sufferings, for that short life of communion between the storm and the stormy heart?"

He tells how, when the night vanishes, he finds himself at the edge of an abyss, through which a wild torrent rushes, and

\* The name of the Circassian villages.

how all around him breathes beauty, how he found a rich vegetation yet trembling under the beneficent raindrops, and how the voices of solitude spoke to him more solemnly than the hymns of man; how he remains there lost in contemplation, until thirst forces him to climb from rock to rock down to the refreshing waters; and how he hears a voice singing, which makes his heart thrill with sweet emotion, and he then sees a young Georgian girl advancing with a pitcher on her head. Her beauty and the depth of her dark eyes trouble his senses so much that he recovers only when hearing the sound of the water as it slowly gushes into the vessel; and then he sees her leave the fountain and regain a distant hut, from which the blue smoke curls upwards, and in the door of which she disappears. Then he falls asleep, and again in his dreams sees the young Georgian, and sleeps until the moon is high and the silence of night, broken only by the torrent, has fallen around. He beholds a light dying away in the distant hut, and would fain have gone thither; but he has only one aim, one wish,—to reach his own country; and therefore he wanders away and soon loses himself in the thick wood; the darkness of the virgin forest envelops him. Climbing up a tree, he discovers nothing but wood, endless wood. Shivering and despairing, he throws himself on the ground, and a flood of bitter tears flows from his eyes; for, though with men he has always been too proud to show his sufferings, here he may weep without shame, for the forest is his only witness. And then, all of a sudden, a shadow passes rapidly, from the bushes two lights sparkle, and, bounding forth, the tiger stretches out its mighty limbs close to him, and lifts its wild eyes to the moon. He breaks a thick branch from a tree in preparation for combat, and suddenly feels, in the glow of his heart, that if free and in the land of his fathers, he would not have been the least of its heroes. Then follows a graphic description of the struggle, in which at last the tiger succumbs, but not without leaving deep wounds in the breast of his adversary. At the time he is not mindful of these wounds, and going on, finds himself with the dawn of morning out of the forest; but when he looks around, the country seems well known—he has come back to his prison, and the sound of the convent-bell tells him that in vain he has nourished the dream of liberty and fatherland. Thus the monks find him; and now his last request is to be carried out to the convent-garden, where two white-flowered acacias stand, where the grass grows thick, the air is fresh and balmy, and the sunbeams play cheerfully through the leaves; for there he can see the Caucasus, and he fancies it will send him a last farewell in the evening breeze. He will feel as though a friend stooped down to him to take his

hand and wipe the last drop from his brow, and whisper sweet words from home into his ear. And in these thoughts he wishes to lie down, and, cursing none, will go to rest.

Such a sketch cannot give even the most imperfect idea of the beauty of this poem, of its touching simplicity and realism, as well as the sublimity of many of the pictures. Here, more than in any of the other epic works, we behold the poet's own individuality revealing at last the secret of his soul's life, which had been ever concealed from the eyes of men. The story of the free-born mountain-boy, who longs to get away from the place of formal barren piety, to throw himself upon the warm breast of Nature, and join the active life of men in liberty, with its struggles and its affections, is obviously the story of genius, which, while longing to realise an existence full of truth and ideal beauty, is yet doomed to live in a corrupt and enslaved society, and at last, with broken wings, is destined to feel that the struggle of a single individual against the great social necessity is vain. But when this last hour of consciousness has come, Lermontoff seems to say that his spirit likewise will curse none, and go to rest reconciled; for he has at last realised that, just such as it was, his life was *his* individual life; and as a remarkable woman has said, "if we could understand all, we should pardon all."

Beautiful also, and even preferred by many to this one, is another of Lermontoff's epic poems, *Ismail Bey*, in which unfortunately many gaps are left, in consequence of the rude excisions of the censor. Lermontoff speaks of these with disgust in some of his verses; and it certainly was one of the reasons why he himself published but such a small number of his poems, the greater part having only been printed after his death. The subject of *Ismail Bey* is, again, borrowed from life in the Caucasus, and also bears witness to his admiration of the poetry and beauty of a nature and of races which have preserved their wild originality and grace, unspoiled by the touch of that civilisation which became for him synonymous with corruption. The character of Ismail Bey himself has perhaps a little too much of the poet's own individuality, of his sceptical and speculative turn of mind, for a hero of the uncivilised world; but the description of Sarah, the Leshgian girl, is not surpassed in any of Lord Byron's most picturesque feminine sketches.

As we cannot, however, enter into an analysis of all his poems, we select another of the larger epics of which to say a few words, as it possesses great beauty and is thoroughly original. It is called *The Demon*, and begins with describing, from a new point of view, the so-called spirit of evil, who has been painted so often by poets of the greatest genius that we cannot deny him at least a poetical existence. Whilst Goethe's Mephisto-



philes especially represents the spirit of boundless dissatisfaction with finite enjoyments,—the negative spirit which is so often allied to great intellectual powers, and which seems to stir them on to continual progress; whilst Byron's Lucifer, in *Cain*, shows us the stern metaphysical scepticism which plunges into the depths of existence, and asks for the ultimate reason;—Lermontoff's demon shows us rather the despairing side of evil, which has not quite lost the sense of agony at its perpetual exile from all that is good. Neither Mephistophiles nor Lucifer ever descend from the heights of their cold and satirical contempt for the existing order of things to a repentant word, nor indulge one longing for the unconscious and undoubting quietude of a soul whose belief has never been shaken; but Lermontoff's demon, on the contrary, represents expressly the anguish of evil. Through all his contempt, through all his revolt, breaks forth a deep longing for that which he has lost. Evil is, after all, unbearable to him; it is so easy to accomplish; nowhere on earth does it find opposition, and not even the pleasure of conquest diminishes the satiety which he feels after his facile triumphs. While looking down upon the enchanting plains of Georgia, he beholds Tamara, the daughter of a prince of one of the tribes. It is the evening before her wedding, and she stands on the roof of her father's house, in the circle of her friends who are gathered about her; while the richest gifts of the East which have been bestowed upon her are strewn all around. Music and songs are heard, when Tamara at last rises, seizes the tambourine, and begins a dance which is not merely a wild incoherent exertion of the limbs like modern dancing, but a symbolic poetry, an oriental language of the soul. The eyes second the movement of her body, their fire now hidden under the veil of their silken lashes, now streaming forth. The demon sees her, and an unspeakable passion thrills through him, the fetters fall from his frozen heart, he feels again the happiness of mortal love and virtue, and images drawn from the felicity of heaven, which he has forfeited, recur to his mind. In vain he struggles against them; neither can they be banished, nor can that happiness be called back again; it is his torment that he cannot forget. Even God cannot give him forgetfulness; and could He do so, the demon would not accept it. Meantime the bridegroom rides through the mountains, with a richly-laden caravan; when a troop of mountaineers of another tribe overtake, rob, and murder them all. The horse, carrying the body of his dead master, arrives at the castle, and changes the songs of mirth into lamentations. Tamara is prostrated with grief; but when alone on her couch in the silence of night, she hears a voice whispering words of consolation, hope, and love,—a voice so sweet that it goes to

her very heart, inspiring her with a grander, a more sublime feeling than that of the past, and promising, whenever darkness spreads its veil over the Caucasus, to come and comfort her till morning. When the voice ceases, Tamara looks round and sees nothing; but a consuming fire is kindled in her, and amid overwhelming emotions she at last falls asleep; when she sees in her dreams a man of such supernatural beauty that she knows he cannot be a son of this earth, yet neither is it the form of an angel. It is a wonderful vague image, like a serene evening, neither darkness nor sunshine. From that time a strange pain takes possession of her heart, and she entreats her father to send her to a convent, wishing to end her life in pious retirement. But in vain does she seek refuge in the sacred walls, the fire that consumes her heart is not quenched, her thoughts wander from her prayers to the Mother of God to very different objects; she is lost to the beauty of nature, and absorbed in endless dreams, seeing only one image, hearing only one voice; her face brightens only when hope tells her that he will come and bestow the happiness he has promised. In the mean while the demon dares not approach the sacred retreat; but every night he wanders around the convent, and his sighs move the leaves of the trees as though the night-wind shook them, until one evening he sees Tamara sitting all alone at her window, and hears a song as wonderful as though it came from heaven itself, bringing back all the happiness of the past. The demon weeps; his old hatred and contempt seem gone, he feels a new life and a new happiness in the future. This hope, stronger than his doubt, induces him to enter the open window, and before him stands an angel, all surrounded with light, spreading his wings over Tamara as if to protect her; and looking at the demon with a glance of recognition and reproach, he asks him what he has to do here in the sanctuary of his love. Then jealousy and humiliation awaken the old passions in the demon's heart, and he replies that *his* is the right to be here, that Tamara has long since belonged to him. The angel, looking sadly at her, leaves the polluted spot; and now begins a conversation between Tamara and the demon, in which the latter gives her a terrible description of his torments,—a description which seems to flow from the depth of the poet's own heart, and opens for us an insight into the degradation of the society in which he lived. Neither Goethe, who lived in an artistic and intellectual atmosphere, nor Byron, who was the free son of a free country, and had to contend only with those evils which are more or less general in human society, has expressed half so powerfully the misery which attends the satiety of evil.

Tamara, irresistibly attracted and touched by this tale of

woe, asks a vow that, redeemed by her love, he will return to a better life; and the demon promises, and she yields to his passion. When the night-watch goes his rounds, he hears strange terrible sounds proceed from Tamara's cell,—sounds of tenderness, passion, despair, and the agony of death. He flies in terror from the place while making the sign of the cross. More beautiful even than in life, Tamara is lying in her coffin, adorned with treasures and covered with flowers, as though the scent of all those on earth should be buried in her grave. Her gray-haired father in despair, with lamenting multitudes, accompany her to the place of rest, a church built by one of her ancestors on the summit of the rocks, where the Kasbek, the highest point of the Caucasus, mounts with icy peak into the skies. Hardly has the sound of the funeral-songs expired, when a tremendous storm arises and throws the church into ruins, devastating all around; but when it ceases, an angel descends from heaven, and as he carries Tamara's soul to the joys of eternity announces to her, who has not wilfully sinned, but loved and erred, the redeeming pardon; whilst the demon, cursing the hour when he had thought again of love and hope, returns to his old condition of unloving scepticism.

There are some weak points in this poem, and it is altogether less perfect in composition than the *Circassian Boy*; but, on the whole, it makes a powerful impression, and there is such a profusion of glowing imagery and artistic beauty in it, that it well deserves to rank among the first of its kind. The final moral, which the angel announces to Tamara's soul, is the one long known, that "to those who have much loved shall much be forgiven." We find the same conception of moral evil at the basis of the only work which Lermontoff has written in prose, the novel *A Hero of our Days*, which has been translated several times into German and also once into English. Petschorin, the "hero of our days," is a sort of pendant to Pushkin's Onegin, and gives us a full insight into contemporaneous Russian society. But Petschorin's life is not only troubled by passion, by the incompleteness of love and faithlessness of friendship, but likewise by the deeper philosophical questions concerning the origin of life and all around. "Why do I live?" "For what aim was I born?" he asks; and this thoughtful inquiring spirit distinguishes him from Onegin. It is the spirit of the young generation who, as we said before, grew up under the impressions of the 14th of December 1825, and its political consequences. There is therefore a wide difference between the form taken by the gloom of Onegin and that of Petschorin. The first, who deadens his sensibilities in the din of the world, sinks into the apathy and inactivity which were common to the men of that time; Petschorin, despising

life like the other, throws himself recklessly into it to find an issue and a field for his energies. At last, unable to quench the thirst of his spirit even in the excitements of life, he despairs from the bitter conviction "that we are no longer capable either of great sacrifices, or of working for the good of humanity—no, nor even so much as of promoting our own happiness; for we now know that the latter is impossible." This conviction of the impossibility of an activity either for the good of mankind or for individual happiness forms the chief idea of the *Hero of our Days*.

It is now obvious that there are many similarities, not only between the two works *Onegin* and *The Hero of our Days*, but also between the works in general, as well as the personal fate, of the two Russian poets. There exists, however, a wide difference, which may be expressed shortly thus, that Pushkin was the more artistic, and Lermontoff the more philosophic poet. In this respect we may well compare them to the two great German poets, Goethe and Schiller. In writing on Pushkin, we dwelt upon the points of comparison between him and Goethe, and showed how both their natures, naturally plastic and content with literary freedom, enabled them to accommodate and reconcile themselves to the existing order of things: we may add, that this was an impossibility for Lermontoff as well as for Schiller. Schiller's poetry became the expression of his philosophical and progressive ideas; and Lermontoff gave vent in his to his political discontent, to his protest against wrong and injustice, to his grief that the high ideals which he nourished for his people and for mankind were so impossible of realisation. To the reproach that he did not love his fatherland, he answered in a poem beginning with the following words, the substance of which we render in prose: "Well do I love my fatherland, but it is love of a special kind, which the scrutinising intellect can no longer govern. I cannot delight in barbarism, whether of the present or of antiquity; I do not love glory bought with blood, nor the proud security reposing upon bayonets."

Pushkin, on the contrary, as Herzen says of him, was carried away by a national pride which was not inconsistent with the exhibition of this despotic grandeur, and consecrated to it a part of his poetry. Lermontoff likewise has written finely of war; but he does not glorify it, and often expresses his deep sense of the hollowness of this sort of glory. With the same deep earnestness and idealistic tendency with which he looked upon life he also considered art. Many of his poems bear witness to this, as, for instance, a dramatic scene, *The Poet, the Reader, and the Journalist*, and the noble verses entitled *The Prophet*, where the elevated aspirations of the poet's mind

are contrasted with the vulgar demands of the public, with great power.

We must not forget to mention one peculiarly striking feature in Lermontoff's genius, one in which he reached an almost unparalleled perfection—his power of writing descriptions of nature in verse. He gives us the outline of a country with the exactness at once of a geographer and a scientific naturalist, without robbing it of that vague poetic atmosphere which it wears to the living eye. We see the landscape before our eyes; we feel the breeze laden with the fragrance of the bright Georgian valleys; we behold the snowy summits of the Caucasus above us, and at our feet the abyss through which the torrent rushes; we follow the steed galloping over the endless steppe, and feel the solitude of the woods and desolate mountain regions around us;—in short, we live in the Caucasian scenery itself, and no traveller's book could give us so lively and correct an idea of it. Bodenstein reminds us that two of the greatest naturalists of modern days, Humboldt and Oersted, have both of them forcibly urged that the results of natural sciences should take their part in æsthetical productions for the benefit of mankind. Humboldt says in the *Kosmos*: "If the so-called descriptive poetry, as an independent self-existing form, has deservedly been blamed, such a blame should by no means be directed against serious endeavours to make the results of the rich modern science comprehensible by the power of language, that is to say, by the descriptive word. Should means not be employed by which might be transferred to us the animated picture of distant zones seen by others,—yes, even part of the enjoyment afforded by actual sight?" The Arabs say figuratively, and with much reason, that "the best description is the one in which the ear is changed into the eye."

We may conclude our remarks on Lermontoff by again quoting the words of Herzen: "A gloomy fate was awaiting every one of us who dared to lift his head above the barrier raised by the imperial will; an unmerciful destiny precipitated him into the tomb, whoever he might be, poet, philosopher, or citizen. The history of our literature is a list of martyrdoms and a register of convicts. Those who have been spared by government die in the very flower of their age, as if eager to quit such a life."

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## ART. V.—THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND.

*Monumenta Gildhallæ Londoniensis. Liber Albus.* Edited for the Record Commission by H. T. Riley, M.A.

*Monumenta Franciscana. R. Baconi Opera Minora.* Edited for the Record Commission by the Rev. Professor Brewer.

*Memoirs of Libraries.* By Edward Edwards. London: Trübner and Co.

WE know of no more curious fact in the annals of literature than the contrast between our knowledge of classical antiquity and our ignorance of the ages that lie between the ruins of the Roman Empire and the Reformation. Most educated men have a clear and vivid, if not an accurate, conception of the great epochs in Greek and Roman history. The epical struggle which ended at Salamis, the party-questions of the Athenian agora, the drama and the schools of thought, the architecture and the art of Greece, seem rather a part of our own experience than traditions of past time. It has been so through all centuries in which the sword of the barbarian left leisure to think and feel. To the mediæval poet and philosopher, to Dante and Roger Bacon, Plato, Trajan, and Seneca are fellow-citizens in the great commonwealth of time: the prejudice of a different faith is overpowered by the greater points of union. Precisely this common interest appears to be wanting hitherto to the students of English history. Beyond some four or five hundred years they are content to see nothing but a few battle-pieces, and a world in which soldier and priest are the only actors. Between reaction and revival it has fared ill with our forefathers; they were neither centaurs nor monks: coarse violence and maudlin devotion were often found among them it is true, but were only side-scenes in the drama of actual life. The subtle structure of feudal law, the great metaphysical poem of realism, and the artistic ideal of action, chivalry, are all evidences of intense and earnest thought. *Carent vate sacro*, or rather the men of those times were careless of artistic excellence except when they wrought in stone. We are tempted to overrate their greatness when we judge them by the castles and churches which they sowed broadcast over the land; we fall below its fair measure when we judge them by the chronicles which second-rate men in a cloister have compiled. A single Herodotus or Tacitus would have shown that the Middle Ages were no chasm in history, but a splendid passage from the old world to the new.

The points of difference between the civilisation of Athens



or ancient Rome and of England under the Plantagenets must be clearly borne in mind by all who would wish to understand mediæval history. Alcibiades and Cæsar may serve to point a contrast with St. Louis or Edward I. The Greek aimed at making life richer by extending the sphere of action and thought: he founded colonies, made conquests, spread his fleets over the Ægean, or studied under the Sophists of his day, with the irrepressible energies of manhood struggling for growth. His religion was only a part of the system he had built up about himself. His splendid self-culture was pursued pitilessly, without a thought for its victims, and it left him hard and polished and supple as steel. Again, both Greece and Italy were centres of commerce; as traders no less than as conquerors the two nations traversed every highway and every sea. Very different were the influences of thought and geographical position under which the peoples of the Middle Ages were trained. Their great need was order, not intercourse; their great ideal concentration, not development. The seas swarmed with pirates, and the old Roman roads were broken up or ran through hostile states. The best thought of the age was inferior to that contained in Greek or Roman manuscripts; and travel, therefore, might seem to subserve fewer purposes than studious seclusion. But, above all, the Christian theory had borrowed the language of Eastern mysticism, or caught the tone of the effeminate subject peoples who first accepted it; and the body had come to be regarded, not as part of man's better nature, and the nursing-mother of the mind, but as the *fomes peccati* to be macerated and subdued. The intellectual cravings of the times tended therefore towards a sedentary contemplative form; the postulates of all truth had already been taken on trust from the Church and the old masters; the only question was to apply them, and to fill up the map of knowledge that had been already sketched. All this was in harmony with and reacted upon the political system of the time. The true meaning of the feudal system is the struggle after perpetuity and law. Perhaps the grand tragedy of the Roman Empire, the remembrance of which lasted even longer than its greatness, and the belief that the world itself was breaking up, induced men to draw the bonds of society closer, and invest civil relations with a sacramental character, that they might bind the world as it were to the feet of God. The mere political convenience of dealing with corporations or heads of families, instead of with individuals, in matters affecting the State was a further and a powerful motive. The result is beyond doubt. Not even the Roman father, with his power of life or death over his children, his right to dispose of their property, and his right to take up strangers

into the midst of them, was more absolute than the feudal lord, whose authority rested on no patriarchal fiction. Add to all this, that the Anglo-Norman who did not belong to some lord or some community was an outlaw; that the community to which he did belong, however innocent of his crimes, were responsible for them; that the feudal oath, in the casuistry of the times, outweighed the marriage oath, although marriage was a sacrament; and that all the links of the system were interdependent, so that none could be severed or drop,—and the tremendous comprehensiveness of the system will be understood. Never did man enter upon life under more stringent pledges to society than the English peasant who was born a royal subject, the member of a tithing, a feudal vassal, and the son of the Church.

Neither must it be supposed that even the least of these obligations could be easily shaken off. The network of a police system, compared with which Austrian passports and *Aufenthaltsscheine* are a flimsy cobweb, extended over the whole country. The fugitive from a village was like a runaway slave in the southern states of the Union; from the moment he stepped out of his tithing he could not be harboured for more than a night; he must enter and leave his host's house by daylight; and whenever the next county-court was held, once a year at least, he must evade the periodical visitation, by which the influx of new-comers was ascertained; if his presence were known to the men in power, he would be at once imprisoned and sent back to his lord. His best chance of escape was by taking refuge in a town. There, if he could only lurk undenounced for a year and a day, he was safe within the civic sanctuary and no longer a serf. But neither was he a freeman, at a time when *libertas* only meant privilege; he was the pariah of the streets; all around him were possessed of some franchise or members of some guild, occupying the quarters of trade, meeting in the town-hall, and insured by mutual contributions against poverty, fire, or the expenses of law. New-comers might struggle upwards into this class, but they did not naturally belong to it. They herded "in wooden sheds, rudely plastered or white-washed, on the edge of the town-ditch:" in the eloquent language of Professor Brewer, "a mixed race, of whom little inquiry was made; tolerated, not acknowledged; of all blood, all diseases, and all religions; permitted to live or die as it pleased God or themselves,—provided only that they yielded due obedience to the proper civic authorities." Of course the measure of bondage differed at various epochs. As early as the fourteenth century the humane subtlety of English law, "a free father, a free son," had emancipated a numerous class; many had been freed by the foreign wars, and probably a still larger class had

been evicted, and therefore freed, as the trade in wool increased, that their holdings might be turned into pasture. But the legislators were not disposed to relax their hold upon labour. The famous statutes of labourers under Edward III. and Richard II. are singular instances of an attempt by the governing landowners to procure the peasant's work at their own price, at a time when he was no longer bound to them by any tie of dependence, and when he owed them neither protection nor support. Probably he gained on the whole, for he was free to change his residence, and might choose his masters at the statute fair; but he could not decline to offer himself for hire at the rate which the law had fixed.

Another notable feature in English life was the moral censorship exercised by local courts of law. The mere application of any system in its rigour is sufficiently grievous; and the first efficient organisation of justice under Edward I. kept the country in a state of suppressed rebellion; not so much because the judges were corrupt, though even that was true, but because small offences were punished with pitiless severity. As a song of the time complains, a respectable man might be ruined for chastising his apprentice with the hand. It will be remembered that the mob under Wat Tyler burned the Temple to the ground, and proposed the extermination of all lawyers as an article in the first people's charter. But the numerous Bishop's Courts were the ulcer that eat deepest into the land. Every offence against faith or morals had its penalty—the man who eat meat on a fast-day and the shameless debauchee alike fell under the archdeacon; and the zealous clergy, who wished to reform their flock, and the covetous, who, like Chaucer's Sompnour, thought that a man's soul was in his purse, were almost equally fatal to the poor. The revival of this system by Laud was probably one of the main causes of the Rebellion; and yet Laud's commissioners were men of sense and character. A court of inquisition administered by the immoral English clergy of the fourteenth century had wider power and was less restrained by opinion. Men said that a rich man might at any time be licensed by the consistory to part from his own wife and to take his neighbour's. Oppression drove the weak into secret vice or perjury, and the trade in crime sent out branches on every side.

It must not be supposed, however, that either State or Church were exceptionally bad; the fault lay in the ideas of the time. Those centuries which we are apt to consider lawless were really sinking under the burden of self-imposed laws; and the terrible words of Tacitus, *corruptissimā republicā plurimæ leges*, would serve, if inverted, for the best motto of the times.

A strong government was the great cry of the people, and the great ideal of the cities in their stern self-rule. *Præcepta regis sunt nobis vincula legis*, said a poet of the people; and generations of tradesmen, in their little way, built up such a fabric of restrictive despotisms in the towns as the world has never witnessed before or since. The *Liber Albus*, admirably edited by Mr. Riley, contains the principal regulations of trade in London. Those relating to the baking of bread will give an idea of the spirit of the general code. No bread might be brought into London from the country. There were public places for rolling flour; the loaves were marked when made with the baker's seal; and they might only be sold in the market, or by privileged hucksters. The oven was not to be heated with fern, straw, stubble, or reeds; fountain-water might not be used for kneading; the same man might not deal in bread of bolted and of unbolted meal; and no loaves might be made above a certain quality. The weight and price of every kind was fixed by law; inspectors visited the ovens from time to time to enforce the legal standard; and at last, as mere fines proved insufficient for the stringent jealousy of the laws, the sheriffs were ordered to punish all offenders with the pillory. For a third conviction the culprit lost the right to trade. These are merely samples of the minute and systematic network of enactments which made every man a public servant, and opened every house to the public gaze. Privacy in a wardmote was far less possible than it is in the days of journalism; and a man lived in terrible dependence on the good-will of his neighbours. Little offences against trade or police might ruin him; the slight charge of having bathed in the Thames at a certain spot; the accident that a beggar-woman had died of hunger near his door; or the suspicion of having tampered with a fearfully-bad coinage,—might all cause him to stand his trial for life or death. In his trial there would be no nice sifting of evidence, no charge in favour of mercy from the bench; the extreme penalties of the law would be pressed against him; and the jury would only speak to his previous character. The surly, peevish, or unprotected man was crushed; money and friends were the sure means by which the strong man of those times broke through the meshes of legality.

Concentration, interdependence, solidity, a belief in systems and hierarchies as counterparts of a divine order, an assumption that human reason can devise the most efficient restraints upon passion and lawlessness,—these are the chief features of the most artificial state-polity that has existed in the European family of nations. It is easy to trace the more prominent causes that coalesced in these results. We can if we choose derive the feudal

system from the necessities of a conquering caste; the village organisation was certainly in its beginnings the result of a natural instinct among the weak to preserve life and property from the strong. Christianity and Roman law completed the stately building for which these foundations had been marked out. It would be absurd to depreciate these influences. The more we study history, the more clearly will the continuity of European civilisation stand out, and institutions which it has been the fashion to consider an heirloom from our Saxon forefathers—the framework of royalty, the rights of the individual over property, even our boasted distinction of judge and jury—will be found to own a more civilised parentage than the sons of Odin. And the warmest apologist of the mediæval Church may admit that it is no mere development of the faith preached by the apostles: its priests were penetrated with Judaism; its philosophers had caught the mantle of Plato; its canons were an offshoot from the Pandects; and its solemn rites and festivals had been baptised into the Church from a strange faith. Its strength lay precisely in this connection with the past; it was wide and deep as human nature itself. Nevertheless there is a subtle something which we feel underlies these old traditions, and which gives to the Middle Ages a character of their own. Whatever they received was transmuted and worked up into something new: Plato became the corner-stone of Christianity, Alexander the type of knight-errants, and Virgil a necromancer. Their own heroes have a special character, and the mere word “saints” transports us at once into a world of which Aristotle and Luccretius knew nothing. What, then, were the conditions of thought which determined these changes, and gave society its new structure?

The answer will be apparent to any man who considers the circumstances of the Germanic conquerors of Europe. They had the passions and daring of men with the mind of children; the capacity to conquer and command, without the power or knowledge to systematise. Full of wonder and simple reverence at the civilisation they overthrew, they preferred to consider themselves the inheritors rather than the conquerors of the Roman Empire: the Saxon king styled himself ‘*basileus*’ or ‘*imperator*,’ and copied Byzantine ceremonial in his court. Both from the rudeness of their society, which favoured the strong hand rather than the clear mind, and because, by the laws of our physical nature, thought cannot be developed *per saltum*, the intellect of these men was rather of the shrewd and practical than of the subtle and speculative type; their sympathies were narrow, their power of analysis deficient, and their imaginative productivity small. They appreciated results and

systems as a whole, with a childish love for the miraculous, and an utter incapacity to conceive contradictions or limitations of thought. All that they did accept must be massed together into one great logical system; the poem, so to speak, of society, which they added to and remodelled continually. The pathos and beauty of the Christian story first passed into their native mythology, and were then accepted as exhaustively true. They took the new religion, not only as a satisfaction for certain questionings of their moral nature, or as matter of thought on a few days in the year, but as the groundwork of the State. They invented a Christian theory and found out Christian occasions of war. And by a reflex process of thought they made God in the image of man, and transferred feudalism, with its degrees and duties, to the divine order of the world. Modern theologians, if they rise above the most vulgar type of Spurgeonism, are painfully conscious of their inability to conceive or describe the invisible world. The greatest thinkers of the Middle Ages had no such misgivings. They even seemed to know it better than the world in which they lived, and they perpetually appeal to the nature of God and His angels to explain the facts of human psychology or the laws of motion. It followed, almost of necessity, that in its contests with the State the Church had all the advantage of theory, and drew the most consequent minds into its service. Perpetually it seemed as if a Hildebrand or an Innocent, a Dunstan or a Thomas à Becket, would establish a vast ecclesiastical fabric on the ruins of civic life. But the facts of human nature have a stronger logic than any theory can control. Perpetually, at the very moment when the hierarchy was preparing to enter in and possess, some deliverer for the oppressed people was found; some iron lawgiver, like Edward I., strong in the prestige of a crusade, consolidated a system of mortmain laws, or some spontaneous concert of statesmen destroyed the Templars, at once Janizaries and Jesuits. The great idea which animated the Middle Ages, and which threw out so many wonderful forms of life, did not therefore, as in fact it could not, find any complete expression. Society was distracted between two antitheses: a logical ideal of all order based upon God, and God understood by the thought of man; a practical necessity for little local systems and liberties. Church and empire against nationality, feudalism, and municipal life, he would have been indeed a bold prophet who at the beginning of the contest could have foretold victory to the people against the priest.

But to appreciate Greek life without any knowledge of Socrates and Plato, would be as easy as to understand the Middle Ages without a knowledge of the schoolmen. They are pro-



perly of no nation; for all thought was European then, even more perhaps than now. Nevertheless, as speculation, in whatever mould it might be cast, was no doubt coloured by national character, and as the theories of a master would be best appreciated in his own country, we can scarcely take better exemplars of mediæval training than Anselm, Roger Bacon, and William of Ockham, three representative minds of three centuries. Anselm, indeed, was no Englishman by birth; but he was trained in Normandy, and wrote the greatest of his works to solve the scruples that perplexed the brothers of Bec. His elevation by Rufus to the English primacy extended his influence over the conquered island.

The common view of Anselm's philosophy is derived from his *Monologium*. In that work he grapples with the difficulties of theism, and constructs a semi-Platonic system on arguments drawn from the facts of his consciousness. Since we all have a vague desire for something which we agree in calling good, this object of common aspirations must have an absolute and independent existence. Even if there be several causes of good, these causes must have a common unity. Moreover, the mere fact that there are certain ideas which by their nature transcend finite experience, the belief in any infinite Being, is a proof that there is some existence independent of the mind, and yet underlying all consciousness. The mind, therefore, in conceiving God does also demonstrate His existence. And in proportion as it is itself perfect, as it has understanding and memory, and the love of its own true nature, will it be the mirror and image of the Trinity. Reason, therefore, by itself is not a sufficient guide to truth; it is the instrument by which truth is known, but it will only act with certainty in proportion as the whole character is in *rappor*t with Deity. We may even say that the senses are more trustworthy than the intellect, for our mistakes are more often the results of wrong inference than of wrong observation. For instance, when we seem to see the lower part of a stick in the water bent, it is not the eye that is at fault, but the reason that does not allow for a change in the medium. It follows that we must train our thought by all intellectual exercise, and direct it with a single-hearted love of truth, if we wish to understand the realities of life and the world. Ultimately, therefore, the will is the great efficient of sound knowledge as of a right life. How, then, can we stand firm since the will is weak? It is never so weak, says Anselm, that it cannot resist temptation if it will. It is by its very essence the power of working out God's law for the sake of that law. And whatever in this philosophy may seem too stoical and exalted for the level of practice is softened down by the

knowledge that the philosopher was also a theologian: he held as a barren theory that man had power of himself to subdue evil, but he was certain that he could do it with God's grace. Rude and violent as the eleventh century was, it at least produced men; the conception that vice and dishonour were an accident of climate, or a taint in the blood, would have been disdained for its cowardice even by those whose practical ethics were not the purest. The accepted doctrine was that of idealists, who believed in a splendid ancestry, and in a grand future for their race. It led no doubt to a certain hardness towards the criminal; but it based life on the distinction of right and wrong. "Away with the excuses of sin," says Bradwardine. "It is I, it is I who have erred; not fate, nor fortune, nor the devil, for he could not constrain me; it was I who consented to his persuasions." Not, indeed, that there were not some blackguards (*maligni*) who seemed great and distinguished men in their age, and who proved that Mars determined homicide, and that men were rogues by planetary conjunction. But these men never touched the heart of society; their works, their very names, have perished; and on the muster-roll of the schoolmen we may find many block-heads, but no casuist.

We trace the result of these theories curiously enough in Bacon, the second great original mind that influenced English thought. The conception of science as a totality in connection with the idea of God as the source of being, is the link that unites his labours. But he has not, like Vincent of Beauvais, anticipated the modern conception of an encyclopædia; he aims rather at the codification of thought, and at the reduction of all knowledge to its first principles. If these can once be clearly laid down, he is confident that the results, which it has cost himself thirty years of labour to achieve, may be condensed into some two years in the life of a schoolboy. There can of course be no question that Bacon's own method was not satisfactory. Himself a geometrician by habit and a Platonist by training, he combined his results into a curious system, half logic, half optics, which assumed that our knowledge was not of things, but of their species (at once manifestations and distinctions), and proposed apparently to give a calculus for the differences of these. But while he failed in constructing a theory of knowledge, Bacon's deep insight into the relations of the sciences made him a keen critic of existing deficiencies, and an almost unequalled prophet of future capabilities. His strictures on philology and medicine; his belief in the power of man to vary the laws of life; his discovery of gunpowder and of the camera lucida; and his boast of the more wonderful treasures that science had yet to disclose,—of ships that would

sail against the tide, and carriages that would run without horses,—powerfully impressed the fancy and stimulated the thought of his contemporaries. During three centuries, when his works were almost lost and were quite unknown, the curious passage in which he unfolds the future of discovery was preserved in a popular romance, and treated by antiquaries as an old wife's tale. But with all this Bacon was the man of his times; the friend of Grosteste, a churchman and a mystic, not an inductive philosopher. He desired wisdom not of itself, but as a means to the knowledge and love of God. Had he lived in the times and city of Savonarola, he would certainly have cast his treatises on the pyre which consumed the art of Florence and the secular learning of Greece. From the depths of the unlettered solitude to which the jealousy of his order condemned him, he seems to have sighed only for the kingdom of Christ.

Yet it may be observed in passing, that while the influence of their Christian faith upon these mediæval teachers was absorbing and exclusive, it was not altogether sectarian. Bacon, Ockham, and Dante repeatedly praise the virtues of pagan philosophers. The admission of Trajan, Rhipæus, and Statius into that paradise from which popes were excluded, will be remembered by all readers of the *Commedia*. It was no exceptional tenderness that relaxed the rigour of the Florentine poet. Ockham expressly examines the limits of that error which destroys the soul, and decides that no man can be called a heretic except he who refuses to be convinced on the first articles of religion. Taking the case of ancient philosophers who were pagans and yet good men (he specifies Job), he infers that they were certainly Christians at heart, since every man who honestly tries to live according to reason must find out truth. Bacon even goes so far as to place Seneca and Aristotle very high in the ethical scale above his own contemporaries. The mere fact that the Church was undisputed in Europe, and appeared destined to eternity, seemed to justify a large tolerance towards those who had been born before Christ, and a free censure of those who disgraced the fold. There was no reserve because there was no fear; and this spirit lasted down to the Reformation. Putting aside the semi-pagan Platonists of the Renaissance, we find a parish-priest like Zuingli classing Theseus among the patriarchs. The scathing irony with which Bossuet visits him for this a little loses its point, when we remember that the true tradition of the Church before Trent was rather with the Swiss reformer than with the Gallican controversialist.

But Ockham's belief in reason had a wider application than to saving the souls of philosophers. Believing, like all the

successors of Anselm, that there were universal ideas by which the structure of the world was determined, he carefully distinguished these from the substances or individualities of the different objects in nature. In other words, while he held to a general scheme of creation, he believed that its several parts were so separated by little differences, that their classification was in a measure arbitrary. The doctrine is chiefly important as showing an increased independence of thought, and a diminished value for systems. This tendency bore abundant fruit in politics. No modern Protestant could assert more strongly than Ockham does that God's truth is independent of the Church, and that the Church itself is independent of its government. The great body of the faithful may at any time try to depose and otherwise punish a pope. If they choose to act through the emperor, he may administer their powers. And if Christ acknowledged the authority of Pilate, how should the pope, who is only Christ's vicar, refuse to stand trial before the Roman emperor. But if these doctrines seem Erastian at first sight, they were not so to the thinker of the Middle Ages. Ockham's conception of the empire was an idea that had never been realised: the conception of monarchy, not on feudal principles having regard to property, but derived from God as a government of persons with living souls. The phrase of Wycliffe and Huss, that "dominion is founded in grace," will best explain the theory which survived the persecutions of two hundred years, and was finally ruined by its triumphs under Calvin and Cromwell. Society had recoiled in disgust from a church governed like a lay corporation; it rebelled against a commonwealth of saints.

But our concern is with the times in which these theories had only begun to ferment. The epoch which could produce such idealists as the three we have mentioned, and which could elaborate such theories of the relations of man to God and nature, and of the fabric of society, would be in itself sufficiently remarkable. But these men are no isolated fact. They are part of a great body of teachers whose doctrines were taught in every university, and carried to every convent by wandering scholars. The main results of their speculation passed into the popular faith and into daily life. The peasant, who could not discuss accident and substance, was yet well aware that the mysterious presence of Christ in the Host was something unconnected with its colour and form and taste. The great questions at issue between Church and State were as well understood by the partisans of Becket against the king and feudalism, as by Guelph and Ghibelline at Florence. The battle passed into the courts of law, and the most subtle intellects of the age discussed the

question of universal or local jurisprudence; and by a reflex process the thought of the age, penetrated by these speculations, reproduced itself in the wonderful cycle of mediæval romance, where the fables of children are instinct with a hidden earnestness. The legends that attach to the names of Arthur and Charlemagne had as deep a meaning to the men of the twelfth century as the story of the siege of Troy to the Greeks, who remembered Marathon or saw Salamis. Nor is this a mere matter of hypothesis. It is no question whether a single book, such as Turpin's *Life of Charlemagne*, was written, as Mr. Sharon Turner supposes, to promote a great European object like the Crusades, or, as Vossius surmised, to bring devotees to the shrine of a particular saint; Turpin's book is only one of a thousand. Thus, for instance, to take a subject of nearer interest to ourselves, the *Morte d'Arthur*, in its present form, is only a compilation from several old romances—the Iliad of the Middle Ages, but never, alas, rewritten by a Homer. Such as it is, however, it gives us the great commonplaces of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Love and war and devotion are the sources of interest; but deeper than all there lies the splendid conception of a Christian commonwealth, in which the life of the true citizen, the knight, is harmonised with the severest requisitions of Christian faith. Sinlessness as much as daring is a condition of success; and the achievement of the Holy Graal, the emblem of sacrifice, is crowned by the conqueror's death. Similarly the whole fabric of Arthur's royalty is overthrown by Guenever's sin; and the voices of adventure and glory seem to die away in the cloister and the grave. In this, as in the old Norse mythology, as in *Piers Plowman's Vision*, and a hundred minor instances, the idealist seems to give judgment against himself; he paints the transient success of an idea and the final triumph of wrong; but, in fact, his confidence is deeper than his despair; he believes that there are greater things than life, or earth, or success, and acquiesces in his own defeat because he only cared for the struggle, and because he knows that the cause is eternal.

Now it is worth while to observe that we are not reduced to conjectures as to the circulation of romantic or other literature in the Middle Ages. We know that actors and minstrels were an important element in the population of every town, and were sometimes hired to act upon public opinion, much as a modern minister might subsidise a newspaper. The same stories, even the same Latin songs, meet us in countries most remote from one another—on the banks of the Neckar and of the Thames. The number of students in our universities, at the time when they were the great grammar-school of the country, has perhaps

been exaggerated by the local partialities of antiquarians. But if, instead of the 30,000 who are said to have studied in Oxford alone at one time during the reign of Edward III., we should assume that 10,000 on an average were receiving instruction one year with another in the colleges, convents, and private houses of England, the proportion of educated men would be something like one-eighth of the population. Of course this statement would include the monk who could only read his missal, and the merchant whose only literature was his ledger-book, with the greatest names in philosophy. But the same objection applies to every estimate of the kind; it is impossible to calculate the number of those who will apply the rudiments of knowledge. Taking, however, a low standard of proficiency, there is reason to believe that a knowledge of reading, and in a less degree of writing and ciphering, was pretty widely diffused in the Middle Ages. The large relative proportion of men in orders would of itself lead us to conjecture this. The numerous law-courts scattered over the country were worked by writs, and often required registers. The valuable law-book of Fleta, in the reign of Edward I., lays down the rules for the management of a large estate, and concludes a long enumeration of matters requiring care with the direction that they be all recorded in writing (*quæ omnia distincte scribantur in membranis*). In fact, through the very faithlessness of the times, peculiar precautions were requisite, and grooms and dairy-maids were compelled to keep tallies of the stores given out to them, and to submit them every week or ten days to the stewards. More striking but less complete evidence is afforded us by an old song of the same reign, where the author, who writes in Norman-French, concludes by telling us that he means to write out copies, and scatter them on the highway for distribution. The mode of publication was no doubt due to his outlawry; but his confidence that the song would fall into the hands of those who could read it appears to belong rather to the age of hand-bills than to the thirteenth century. Curious corroboration of the general state of knowledge among his contemporaries is given us by Roger Bacon, whose general tone is, however, depreciatory. In calling attention to the importance of Hebrew and Greek, he observes that he does not wish any one to acquire them as perfectly as his mother-tongue, or "as we speak English, French, and Latin;" and in another passage he recommends that children should be taught to read the Bible, instead of the follies of Ovid and other heathen poets.

It cannot of course be denied that, though the natural inferences from these facts are accepted by Warton and Dr. Maitland, they are set aside by the large school of which



Robertson and Mr. Buckle are the representatives. It is easy to understand that minds of a high order may attach a low value to the metaphysical and romance literature which chiefly distinguished these centuries, and may be repelled by the uncritical intellect and inartistic style of its historians. Nor can these defects be extenuated. The boasted logic of the schools had never been based on the laws of mind or tested by facts; it was useless as an instrument of truth. Sound criticism is, and perhaps must be, the latest growth of the mind. As regards the style of narration, these writers evidently looked to the matter and not the manner of their narratives; but above all, it must be remembered that they were artists in a difficult material, writing often in a language not their own, or else in a language whose resources were not developed. The father of English verse has left us sonnets in French and a Latin metrical history. But those who value thought for itself rather than for its results, will not easily underrate times when the greatest problems of divine and human law were also questions of general interest. Those who value mechanical science will remember that the arts of construction were as well understood in the thirteenth as in the nineteenth century; and that if the means of communication were imperfect, they were scarcely felt to be a want. It must surely seem probable that the state of general education and the appliances of knowledge bore some proportion to this speculative activity.

Here we tread again upon firm ground. There can be no question that if a few books have been valued in all times as curiosities, and preserved accordingly without reference to their contents, the existence of large libraries and of many copies of the same book cannot be thus explained. Moreover, the art of decorating books, unknown in the Alexandrian library, can scarcely have arisen in an illiterate age. The fact, therefore, that we do find century after century repairing the losses of war and accident, accumulating transcripts, and creating new libraries, must be taken as proof of a general interest in letters. That any catalogues should remain of the treasures scattered at the Reformation is of course a lucky accident; those we have give sufficiently startling results. We find the convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, possessing 698 volumes in the reign of Edward I. Even this does not adequately represent the fact; for a volume is an arbitrary term, and often contained treatises by several writers. The chief fathers, Aristotle, Cicero, Lucan, Plato, Suetonius, Seneca, Terence, Virgil, Pliny, Galen, and Hippocrates, are amongst the names that illustrate this collection. Durham, Peterborough, and Glastonbury are other instances of large collections at the same period. It is a com-

mon error to suppose that the only collections were those of convents and colleges. Roger Bacon spent a large patrimony in books and experiments. Richard of Gravesend, Bishop of London, left 100 books behind him, which had cost a little over a pound a piece. A little later Richard of Aunzeville, the splendid Bishop of Durham, filled all his palaces with books, and crowded the very room in which he sat with them: we find him once buying thirty-six in a lot, and before his death he possessed more than all the other bishops in England could boast of. Nor were the clergy the only men of letters. Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, bequeathed forty volumes of romances and of the lives of saints to Bordesley Abbey in Worcestershire. We have purposely cited cases within the limits of the same fifty years, and we have only cited a few of those on record. The whole statistics of the question, and especially the number of Bibles and parts of Bibles, that are on record might well deserve a separate article. The frequent quotations in the works of every mediæval writer would suffice to show that these books were studied as well as multiplied. Probably before long it will be understood that the chief merit of the Renaissance was not that it disinterred the classical writers, but that it brought forward the poets and rhetoricians into greater prominence, and studied them by the light of a sounder philology.

But if the literature of the Middle Ages was more extensive than is commonly supposed, it must be remembered also that the chief education of the times was not literary. It is easy to understand this by the light of familiar instances. The populace of ancient Athens would have furnished very poor results under the modern competitive system; but they heard Pericles speak; they were trained as dicasts to administer the laws of their country; and they could sit in judgment on Æschylus and Aristophanes. The system of normal schools in England at the present day will appear imperfect in comparison with the excellent paper administrations of Prussia and China; yet in self-government and practical efficiency, England shows the unquestionable superiority of a country where thought and speech and action are free. The Englishman of the thirteenth century, although cast on an age of limited speculation, and shackled by the most rigid conventional trammels, had some advantages which his children have not inherited. His culture, imperfect in itself, was many-sided from the circumstances of his position: the mere scarcity of men in a complex social system forced a number of occupations on the same man, and the fact that all branches of knowledge were in their infancy diminished the evils of this versatility. The Norman baron was a legislator and magistrate as well as a soldier; the manager of an estate

no less than the captain of men; and his wife was probably a physician as well as a housekeeper. The English priest had an even wider sphere; when war and civil jurisdiction were forbidden him by the canons and the better spirit of the times, he might still assist in the royal councils, or preside at the church tribunals, or lead the march of science like Roger Bacon, or be an architect like William of Wykeham. The mediæval Church has, in fact, broken up into all our liberal professions, our public press and our universities. We have passed beyond the times when every teacher can be an encyclopædia; but if our science is more certain, it is also narrower for the change. The same feature repeats itself with the lower classes. The exquisite perfection of our trades demands the devotion of a life to every single part of a manufacture, to the polishing of a lens or the fabrication of a pin's head. The complaint of French theorists that our civilisation is turning men into machines, may admit of an answer, but is certainly not without foundation. Now the circumstances of English rural life under the Plantagenets were like those of the American backwoods at present in all that regards the daily wants of a household. The miller and the smith were the only tradesmen whom a traveller could count upon finding. Every peasant, therefore, was a master of several crafts, and shifted for a precarious livelihood in default of wages by farming for himself. We do not mean to deny the subdivision of labour; it existed then as now in towns and in large households, but it did not, and could not, exist as it does at present. Moreover the peasant attended the local courts with little profit to his happiness, but not without gaining a certain conception of law. In his own village he took part in the communal services. As vassal he might be called upon to fight in France or in Palestine. And besides these influences of occupation, citizenship and war, he belonged to a church which associated itself with every season of the year and with every act of life.

The controversies of late years, while they have served to draw attention to forgotten points of interest, have obscured the true position of the mediæval Church. No religious institution has ever deserved less to be treated on purely theological grounds. In the first place, if sweeping assertions could ever be true, it might almost be said that religion, in all the senses of inner spiritual life, was not known in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There were Christians in daily practice; sinners agitated by remorse or dread; and Pharisees thanking God that they were not as other men: but there was nothing like a belief in saving grace, or in inward communion with God. The exquisite hymns of the Latin Church are often

only intelligible as parts of a function or a ritual; they are anthems of praise or dirges; but the traces of mysticism which they contain are rare and late. It would be impossible to arrange even a tenth part of them by such a scheme of Christian life as Wesley prefixed to his hymn-book. The mediæval believer was part of a system, and stood or fell with his church; his chief concern with sin was to avoid it as uncanonical. But, again, and the point is of great importance, the Church had extended its dominion over all amusement, all art, and all thought. As Dean Milman strikingly puts it, the holy building was to the peasant of the Middle Ages what the temple, the bath, and the amphitheatre were to the Romans of the Empire. The one place of security which even the Norman sword could not violate, it was also the one place to which sorrow might retire for comfort and solitude. Its walls glowed with paintings in which the legend of all ages, the great history of Christ's Church, was recorded. The very stones and wood were pregnant with the thought of the time, mystical or quaintly satirical, as the will of the sculptor had fashioned them. The strange mixture of obscene jest or sarcasm with sacred designs has puzzled antiquaries; they have tried to find its origin in secret Gnostic heresies derived by the Templars from the East. There is no need of any solution but that which the age itself furnishes; and those who remember that the church witnessed all the saturnalia of the idle winter months,—the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, and the performance of Mysteries,—will not wonder if a certain sympathy existed between the building and its mixed purposes. If our own times tolerated a mock celebration of the Eucharist, they would scarcely take offence at a few heads of asses or devils about the church-porch or under the chancel-seats. To the peasant of the Middle Ages a sense of incongruity never presented itself. His holidays were given him by the Church, and he served God in his mirth; to take part in a procession, or to act a part in a Mystery, whether as God the Father or as Barabbas, was a prospect which solaced his working-hours in the field. It was not that the distinction between serious and profane was obliterated, but that both were allowed to exist under the same roof, just as in old manuscript collections of poetry we find perhaps half a dozen indecent songs interspersed among hymns to the Virgin and moral poems. The Ribalds of the Reformation who disturbed the service of the mass, or pasquinaded its preachers, were more severely logical in their conduct than Dr. Maitland's title for them implies. They were only breaching the walls of the Church with its old furniture. But during the Middle Ages there can be no question that the Church was chiefly maintained

by its universality. It did not content itself with a few great epochs of life, with a single day in the week, or with a single faculty of the soul; it led the faithful as it were by the hand through life; it interwove itself with sorrow and joy; it was the cradle of science and art; it was beaten back from law and politics, but it occupied them as debateable ground to the last; and lest the soldier should escape it, it consecrated the service of arms, and called it chivalry.

Apologists for mediæval Catholicism are apt to talk of the monasteries as a great antidote for pauperism. They certainly were the best improvers of land during the somewhat limited period in which retainers were more valuable to the nobles than labourers; and if, as corporate bodies, they could not compete with the squires when agriculture became a study, they were still popular landlords from their very conservatism. The value of a great house, with resident proprietors and with large granaries, was also one which would be keenly felt when roads were bad and famines usual. But setting aside these chance results of the system, there seems no reason to believe that it was ever a sufficient substitute for our own parochial systems. To a certain extent the convents no doubt gave alms; at a time when charity was a sacred duty, they could scarcely do otherwise; but the doles administered at the convent-doors would only relieve neighbours and a few vagrants. On the other hand, the evidence of statutes, chronicles, and popular songs, &c., sufficiently shows that the abbots preferred entertaining the rich to relieving the poor. Again, the money of rich penitents might be diverted from the relief of distress to carve an oriel or glaze a window without any great shock to the conscience of any but the most devout men; the great examples of the temple at Jerusalem, and of the spikenard poured on the Saviour's feet, were an obvious apology. The men who built Netley Abbey as a summer-house, and cultivated the vine on the Hampshire slopes, did not, we may be sure, regard the relief of the sick and aged as the primary destination of their revenues. But, moreover, the Reformation showed that indebtedness was the normal state of conventual establishments. They continued to spend largely, and they had come to farm ill; the devotion of the rich had decreased, and the fifteenth century had founded only one monastery for ten that had arisen in the twelfth. Like the Jesuits at a later date, the monks availed themselves of their foreign connection to recruit their fortunes by trade; but this position of beggarly greatness striving to keep up appearances was ill fitted to sustain the pauperism of the State in addition to its own burden. We know from Henry VIII.'s statutes that vagrancy had become a nuisance

before the king had suppressed a single monastery. We know that the great change was effected with some violence to the religious sentiment of the people, but without occasioning any material suffering. Fifteen or twenty years later, under a weak government, the people, vaguely conscious of distress, rose up and clamoured for a return to the old ways. It was not that much had been taken from them, but that what was given them in return had never been carried out; that men glutted with the spoil of the Church were trying to enclose the commons, and because, under the strong stimulus of trade, whole villages were dismantled to become sheepfolds. Against the evidence of popular regret for the hierarchy we may fairly place the more credible witness of the rioters under Wat Tyler, who made the destruction of all orders, except those of the mendicant friars, an article in their programme of State reform.

What the actual state of the people was during the reign of any one of the Plantagenets can only be conjectured from imperfect data. We know that under Edward III. the average wages of a day labourer were from two to three shillings of our money; that the quarter of wheat was often sold for eighteen shillings, and that butcher's meat was proportionally cheap. We know that meat was considered part of the regular diet of household servants, and that ploughmen were forbidden by statute to spend more than fifteen shillings a yard on their dress. Facts such as these have induced Mr. Hallam and Mr. Froude to believe that the lower classes of our countrymen have suffered in material well-being from the progress which has enriched merchants and manufacturers. But the evidence of statutes and averages is a little delusive. The rate of wages must be diminished by subtracting from its yearly sum the idle winter months in which nothing was done, the numerous feasts of the Church on which idleness was a duty, and the days of forced labour for the feudal lord. With these deductions, the wages of a peasant in the Middle Ages will scarcely exceed those of a Dorsetshire labourer at present. The greater cheapness of food formerly is yet more disputable; what with bad farming and bad roads, variations in its price prevailed to an extent which would now be incredible; and if in the first few months after harvest the loaf which would now cost a shilling was sold for fourpence, it constantly rose to eight or twelve times its value before the next harvest had been gathered in. The cottiers of a country manor had no resource against these seasons of scarcity except in the pigs and poultry which they kept on their little plots of ground; and we constantly hear that they eked out life with nettles, or green corn, or the bark of trees. Famine, therefore, was an institution in the land; and dysentery,



scrofula, and leprosy followed inexorably in its train. The evil was partly mitigated by the fact, that only the strong and healthy could ever grow up; the imperfect science of the times was unable to rear the sickly child or transmit diseased life through a series of wretched generations. But in spite of this greater hardihood among adults, their bodily stature was small and their average of life short. They spent more than their descendants can afford upon a single dress, both because the dress lasted them for years, and because their occasions of expense were few. Their houses were cabins of wood, which a day's labour provided, and which on occasion could be taken away in a cart; their furniture was a settle and a pot. The pedlar traversed the country from time to time; but even this traffic cannot have been extensive, when the smallest coin in circulation was equal to fourpence of our money. Unless he were member of a guild, which insured him against fire, travel, and law, the three most likely misfortunes of the time, the peasant's ordinary expenses were confined to his dress and the Church. If he saved money, he invited oppression;—his lord was a remote danger; but the bailiff, the verger, and the summoner were foes at his very threshold, who would watch the signs of prosperity, and who always had law at hand to enforce oppression. If he were strong or wary enough to escape these, the sheriff might ruin him with a few citations to serve on juries out of the county. The high might defy the laws, and the humble escape them; but for all who had substance without power the danger from the rival courts of law was like the passage for Bunyan's pilgrims between Pope and Pagan.

A sketch of the Middle Ages, though it only embrace from the middle of the twelfth to the fourteenth century, must necessarily give very partial ideas of some two centuries and a half in a nation's life. The great point is to establish to readers who have been trained on Robertson or on the *Lives of the Saints* that these times have a character of their own. They form a distinct epoch in history; and if a single essay cannot do them justice, the nicknames currently applied are still more imperfect. They are not lawless ages, in the sense of wanting legal systems or the love of order; rather they are distinguished by an excessive love of legislation and police; the laws, oppressive in themselves, are more often perverted than violated. Neither can the term *Dark Ages* be used with any propriety of times which possessed a large literature of their own, and which were ceaselessly occupied in reconciling Christianity as a system of faith and action to the grandest philosophy of Greece. Yet neither on that account are they ages of faith, unless we hold that faith to be profound must be uncritical, or that it applies

to the framework of a system rather than to its thoughts. Too strong, too consistent to be despised, they are also too gross and hard to deserve regret in themselves, whatever feeling they may inspire in comparison with some more corrupt or cowardly periods that have since visited the world. They must be judged by their works which have followed them. The popular instinct which connects them with feudalism and chivalry, with the crusades, with the mediæval Church and the schoolmen, however vaguely it may appreciate all these, is right, after all, in its test. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that, after all the work of change has been summed up, we inherit something from the Middle Ages beyond a few gray ruins, or legal technicalities, or even the groundwork of our parliamentary constitution.

In the very first rank among mediæval ideas, we are disposed to place the constitution of society on the personal basis. Greece and Rome had created a system of property under which men and women might be mere chattels, and had extended the family system to become the basis of the State and yet include strangers. The distinctive feature of feudalism is, that it establishes a new relation under which the dependent is neither son nor slave, and is connected by rights and duties not only with his lord but with the head of the State. The negative good of this theory was incalculable; it saved Europe from an oligarchy of mere thing-owners, like the Roman nobles, and it prevented the formation of clans, like the Irish. It confounded all conceptions of absolute rank when the same man was at once vassal and lord. It enlisted the honour of the higher orders to do justice to their inferiors; and imperfect as the safeguard was, it was better than none. The theory had its weak side: it gave sovereignty the appearance of personal property; it furnished a pretext for the wars of the Roses, and conducted Charles Stuart to the scaffold; but it also invested the rights of the subject with an equal dignity, and gave corporations that personal character from which the whole representative theory is derived. We must go back to the old idea of the corporation as a union of many men into one organic life, one feudal personality, before we can understand the theory that one or two members of a society may represent and express a thousand different wills. The idea was foreign to all classical theory, which at most only recognised aristocratic senates, or partnerships between governing families. Aristotle distinctly says, that a free state will be unmanageable if it number as many as 100,000 citizens; they cannot all meet in the agora; and yet no freeman can be deprived of political action. The Middle Ages solved the problem the more easily because their con-

ception of individual rights was a little imperfect: they looked at results in the gross, and were satisfied if the general sum of taxation was procured, or the general due of punishment inflicted, though some inequalities might have occurred in the assessment. We may often trace the indirect effects of this personal theory upon society. Marriage by Roman law was a mere contract. The Church called it a sacrament, but made no change in the legal character of the connection. But in the hands of English lawyers it became a union of a kind hitherto unexampled; uniting life to life under the sanction of society in a bond whose date could never be altered, and from whose consequences there was no escape; creating a new existence for the woman and definite rights for her children. *Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*, finds no analogy in the English marriage-formula: it may be pagan in some of its words, as Grimm surmises; in its general bearing it indicates the formation of a family tie, so distinct that it may fairly be called new.

Another cardinal idea which we owe to the Middle Ages is that of the gentleman. Of course the conception of an upper class, distinguished by birth, by refinement, and by the habit of command, is as old as the society of men. But the existence of such a class had hitherto been accepted as a fact connected somehow with the possession of wealth, to be regarded with envy or hatred by all who were not privileged. In fact, the model gentleman of Athens was a mixture of ruffian and charlatan; the better part of his character was based on his self-respect, and his actions subject to this reserve were devoted to self-indulgence. Not among the *καλοὶ κἀγαθοί* of a Greek city could any reverence for honour as the law of life be found; that exquisite instinct of the highest minds, which cultivates truth for its own loveliness, was at best the cloudy ideal of a few philosophers. Chivalry brought it home to every man, as Christianity had popularised the highest results of Marcus Aurelius. Again, partly from its intense vigour, the old classical life was unsympathetic and hard: it built no hospitals for lepers and no almshouses for its poor; it had no respect for weakness or for the fallen. The contrasts of mediæval character in this respect are no doubt more striking on paper than they were in fact: the knight was not always or often true to his rules; but still those rules existed, deriving their strength from the first facts of his faith, and pleading against him before his own conscience if he wantonly broke through them. But, above all, sobriety and simplicity of tone, an absence of all self-seeking, were part of the mediæval idea of a gentleman. The modern tricks of veneer and advertisement were unknown to the less scientific vanity of our forefathers. The difference is

most striking in literature. Since the publication of Rousseau's *Memoirs*, a depraved passion for self-analysis and self-exposure would seem to have become universal. Every season witnesses the appearance of some half-dozen novels in which the most sacred experiences of private life are recorded with scarcely the affectation of disguise. To be naked and not ashamed is a great evil in itself; but this publicity of sentiment has led further to the disbelief in its existence; and because passion has been travestied on the stage, we begin to think that it is by its nature theatrical. We cannot dissect a corpse and believe in its life. Fortunately for mediæval authors, their genius was rather constructive than analytical; they did not care for the intricacies of sentiment, and habit and a manly reserve forbade them to make capital of their old emotions. The poet spoke openly of his love as the knight wore his lady's colours upon his crest. The times were gross, and their literature is often impure, but it is not immoral; it does not debauch the soul. The shades in Dante's *Inferno* are better company than the creations of Messrs. Balzac and Feydeau; the damned spirits have not lost all their goodness; they have not confounded right and wrong; they are not casuists against God. A deep sense of sin was paralleled by a vivid conception of the unapproached ideal. The knights of the *Morte d'Arthur*, Petrarch's Laura, and Dante's Beatrice, have a certain statuesque completeness at once from the absence of petty detail, and from the greatness of the original design. To match one of Mr. Thackeray's characters against these, would be to place the photograph of a street-beggar by the side of the Moses of Michael Angelo.

The Middle Ages, then, through their manliness and their artistic sense of beauty, were idealist, and chiefly regarded the better side of life. Probably it was this feature that mainly determined the higher position of women. More importance has been attached to this than it deserves; apart from poetry the woman of the thirteenth century was regarded on biblical grounds as man's inferior, as impure, and inheriting a curse; practically she grew up without education, was married without love, and was employed chiefly in household drudgery. Still the nature of the marriage connection had been elevated, and Cato's good-natured loan of his wife for a few months to a friend would have been looked upon as something worse than a *naïveté* by the barons who signed Magna Charta. Again, the steady praise of love as the reward of success and the occupation of life, in literature of a widely different kind from the *Milesia Crimina*, had its share in raising women to the dignity of companions. The popular explanations of this change, from

Teutonic reverence for women, or from the worship of the Virgin, have only a partial truth. In fact, there is no evidence that the German tribes have ever had a characteristic feeling of the kind; they did not trade in dishonour, like the Roman senators whom Tacitus knew; but throughout history their favourite types of womanhood have been the virago like Brunhilda, or the patient slave like Griselda. The cultus of the Virgin is at least as much a consequence as a cause; it served to excuse a feeling which the coarse monastic contempt for the sex depreciated. It seems simpler to view it as part of a newly-developed feeling for good, and regard for all who had any part in humanity.

There is something at once strange and melancholy in the sentiments with which we, who are gray with the experience of four additional centuries, look back upon the splendid day-dreams of our forefathers. It is no question of a sudden enthusiasm, like that which accompanied the Crusades, the Renaissance, or the French Revolution. Men, whose intellects we cannot affect to despise, regarded the future of the world as altogether in their own hands for good or bad. They were not hopeful, rather they doubted the issue, and expected to see the approaching triumph of Antichrist. Their pages burn with predictions of coming doom. But they never questioned the power of the mind to distinguish what was real and divine in the crumbling systems under whose shadow they dwelt, and they therefore looked upon all law as matter of eternal interest, based upon God's will, taught in Scripture, and applicable with an infinite elasticity to the smallest as well as the greatest concerns of life. They punished mercilessly because they regarded all offences as crimes. Yet the mere fact that they believed in a system external to themselves, saved them from the austerity of tone which marked the English Puritans of a later date. Enclosed by what seem to us the most arbitrary of church and state politics, directed in every action, living in public, they were all the more at liberty to give free play to temperament and character within the ordained limits. The whole constitution of society partook of the universality which the Church represented; within its narrow limits the widest differences of art and thought, devotion and mirth, found a home.

Our object has been to prove that the Middle Ages had a civilisation of their own; that they were not merely a chaotic period, during which society was struggling upwards out of the abyss, and "pawing to set free its hinder parts." But the mere fact that a society is highly organised does not of course imply that its individual members have attained a high stage of

development, or that the masses are happy. There was probably nothing in those times which ordinary men and women of the present day need regret. The chances of life were more uncertain; food and clothing scarcer than now; disease prevalent in its most loathsome forms; and the modern conception of comfort yet uncreated. The externals of a comprehensive church system concealed every shape of sin; the grosser vices of the flesh prevailed in forms which no modern history can record; murder and rapine contended with law for victory; and perjury was the great weapon of the weak against the strong. Our own vices are undoubtedly more decorous and less violent. Yet these centuries were not altogether miserable in their own account; population did not die out as in the decline of the Roman and Spanish empires; men lived and were glad to live. It seems as if by a subtle forethought of nature the very evils of this period brought with them a certain compensation, so that vigour and decision of character were brought out by the pitiless training of necessity. Moreover, the very fact that ranks were unalterably distinct promoted their intercourse: down to a late period the lord and his household dined at the same table; and the peasant who could never be knighted might yet rise, like Breakspear, to be pope. Taking all this into account, considering the manifold influences of the Church, and the diversity of occupations which were thrust upon every man, we are inclined to believe that the people generally were better educated than they are now, and that fearless original character was more commonly to be met with. That dead level of opinion which newspapers and railways create, the rigid conventions of modern society, and the abject cowardice that submits to them, were comparatively unknown in the old times; the men were less patient of control, and the forces acting upon them were weaker in degree. It has been reserved to our own days to preach up the fear of men as the law of life; to believe that success can make a hero, and public opinion a truth; to calculate what enjoyment of earth will not disqualify for heaven. It is true that we in England have not yet sunk to the ideal of Neapolitan sovereignty, which desires to see its subjects "little asses and little saints." Our struggle for existence requires that we should breed engineers, and chemists, and navigators, and factory operatives. To have all these, and to make them work with the smallest possible waste, is modern progress. We have reached a Pisgah from which we can look back contemptuously on the desert in which our fathers wandered,—on the abstract thought of Athens, the faith of Galilee, and the chivalry that saved Europe from the Mussulman. Instead of Plato and his Republic, we have Prince Albert and the Exhibi-



tion; instead of Charlemagne, Louis Napoleon; and in place of St. Paul, Mr. Spurgeon.

The series of works which is now passing through the press under the auspices of the Record Commission ought to add largely to the popular appreciation of the Middle Ages. Messrs. Brewer, Shirley, Riley, and Stevenson have enhanced the value of their publications by prefaces, which deserve on many accounts to be collected and published separately. Failing this, it is to be hoped that Mr. Brewer and Mr. Shirley at least will attempt more original work; a history of the schoolmen from the former, or of Wycliffe and his times from the latter, would be sterling additions to literature. Mr. Luard has contented himself with the comparatively unambitious task of constructing a sound critical text, and has succeeded to admiration. Perhaps it was unavoidable that some failures should occur in a large series. In one instance the Master of the Rolls selected an editor of great and deserved reputation, who from age or neglect has produced a most slovenly work; in another case the gentleman chosen was compelled to learn his work as he went on, and unluckily published his first volume before he had mastered the rudiments of the subject. Again, why the Saxon Chronicle, which has mostly appeared in the *Monumenta Britannica*, should have been prepared for a second publication, when it is known that the Oxford press will soon issue it, for the third time in thirty years, from the hand of the most competent Oxford scholar, is a question which ought to receive an official answer. In matters where few are interested, and fewer still in a position to criticise, it is only right that public opinion should be satisfied on all questionable points.

There is yet another subject of some importance. Sir John Romilly is understood to have laid it down as a rule, that no work already in print shall be published in the Rolls Series till the manuscripts in the public archives are exhausted. This latter event is not likely to occur during the present century. Now it is not too much to say that the works of Ockham, the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon, and the writings of Grosteste, or of Wycliffe, are much more important for the student of history than the Chronicles of Capgrave or John of Oxenedes. They are also for practical purposes inaccessible; either not to be bought at all, or only to be bought by rich men; and the black-letter text of the old editions is a great drawback to study. The four writers whom we have mentioned were more or less under church censure, and do not therefore find a place in the series of the Abbé Migne. It is disgraceful to England that the greatest productions of Oxford men in the Middle Ages have never found a publisher in their own country. It

will be doubly discreditable if the preference of fact over thought, and a mere official rule, prevail to perpetuate our neglect; and if the meanest monk who can be called a chronicler obtains an immortality of broad type and fair margins which is denied to the founder of physical science and to the precursor of Locke.

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ART. VI.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CEYLON.

*Ceylon: an Account of the Island, physical, historical, and topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions.* By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. In two vols. London: Longmans.

No poem was ever produced without some classical allusion until Mr. Moore received his celebrated order which resulted in *Lalla Rookh*; and no book of Eastern travel will, we suppose, ever be produced without the *fata morgana* and the banyan-tree, until a similar order be given from the Row or Albemarle Street. The book that heads our Article is by a traveller in the East, and so, of course, we have the *fata morgana* and the banyan-tree. But, excepting these points of likeness, we must confess that the work which Sir Emerson Tennent has produced is unlike the common books of travels, and displays no ordinary amount of patient research, careful observation, and various erudition. It is an elaborate and admirable essay on the physical geography, the natural history, the political history, and the antiquities of Ceylon, in which the writer, not content with the superficial results of travel and official residence, has called to his assistance, in all the various departments of his work, the aid of those who have heretofore written, and of many living authorities of eminence. The preface contains acknowledgments not only to many gentlemen of local knowledge and authority, but to Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Professors Faraday and Owen, Dr. Hooker, and other scientific gentlemen at home.

Sir Emerson Tennent has not only endeavoured to give us some sketch of what is known with regard to Ceylon, but, imitating in his narrower field of study the method of one whose range was over all knowledge, he has indicated the deficiencies of our information, and pointed out the gaps which remain to be filled up by future observation and research. The natural history of this curious island still offers ample room and verge enough for the most aspiring students; for the variety of soil and situation presented by this comparatively small surface vastly enhances its interest to the naturalist. There are the sand-

reaches along the level shores, where a succession of plants is redeeming the land from the sea; there are the vast, and in parts unexplored, forests of the interior; there is the mountain district round Kandy, rising to a height of upwards of 8000 feet above the sea; and each, it is needless to say, presenting a most interesting diversity both of plants and animals.

One of the greatest deficiencies which our author has pointed out as hitherto existing in our scientific knowledge with regard to this island, is the absence of any complete work on its botany; so that "information regarding the vegetation of the island is scarcely obtainable without extreme trouble, and reference to papers scattered through innumerable periodicals."\* When it is remembered that a botanic garden has been established in Ceylon since 1799, this may, at first sight, seem strange. But the multitudinous and heterogeneous duties imposed on the person holding the curatorship of these gardens have, until lately, formed an impediment to the completion of any such work. We are, however, glad to learn, from a postscript to one of our author's notes, that Mr. Thwaites, the present curator of these gardens, has announced the early publication of a new work on the plants of Ceylon, with observations on their habits and uses, in which he is to be assisted by Dr. Hooker.

The first botanic garden in Ceylon was established by Mr. North, in 1799, at Colombo; thence it was in succession transferred to two or three localities, until the present Royal Botanic Garden was formed, about thirty years ago, at Paradenia, a few miles from Kandy. Thus it is situated in the mountain tract of country, which finds its most celebrated elevation in Adam's Peak, and is on the banks of the Mahawelli-Ganga, the greatest of all the many streams which, rising in this mountain region, flow on all sides through the lower lands to the sea.

"The entrance to the Paradenia garden" (says our author) "is through a noble avenue of india-rubber trees (*Ficus elastica*); and the first object that arrests the admiration of a stranger on entering is a group of palms, which is, I apprehend, unsurpassed both in variety and grandeur. It includes nearly all those indigenous in the island: the towering talpat, the palmyra, the slender areca, and the kitool, with its formidable thorny congener the *Caryota horrida*, and numerous others less remarkable. . . . The garden, covering an area of nearly 150 acres, overlooks the noble river that encircles it on three sides; and, surrounding the cultivated parterres, the tall natural woods afford a favourable opportunity for exhibiting some of the wonders of the Ceylon flora—orchidiæ, festoons of flowering creepers (*Ipomeas* and *Bignonias*), the guilandina bonduc, with its silicious seeds, the powerful jungle-rope (*Bacchinia scandens*), and the extra-

\* Vol. i. p. 85. The references in this Article are taken from the first edition.

ordinary climber, whose strong stays, resembling in form and dimensions the chain-cable of a man-of-war, lash together the tall trees of the forest.

The nurseries, the spice-ground, the orchards, and experimental garden are all in high vigour; and, since the formation of this admirable institution about thirty years ago, the benefits which it has conferred on the colony have more than realised the anticipations of its founders. European and other exotic plants have been largely introduced; the valuable products of the Eastern Archipelago—cloves, nutmegs, vanilla, and other spices—have been acclimatised; foreign fruits without number—mangoes, durians, lichees, loquats, granadillas, and the Avocado pear have been propagated, and their cultivation extended throughout the island; and the tea-shrub, the chocolate, arrow-root, tapioca, West-Indian ginger, and many others, have been domesticated.”\*

Sir Emerson Tennent bears his testimony to the ability and accomplishments of Mr. Thwaites, the present director of these gardens; and those who, like ourselves, had the pleasure of enjoying his acquaintance before he left this country, some twelve years ago, will easily appreciate how valuable his services must be to the colony, and how much botanical science may expect from his forthcoming work on the botany of the island. He has already added several remarkable species to the flora of Ceylon, more especially from the districts south and east of Adam's Peak; and his collections of insects, made in the neighbourhood of Kandy, are a very important contribution to the almost infinite entomology of the island. The richness of the flora will be appreciated when we state, on the authority of a recent report of Mr. Thwaites, that the indigenous phænogamic plants discovered up to August 1856 were 2670, besides 247 ferns and lycopods; a number nearly double that of the flora of England, and little under one-thirtieth of the entire number of known plants.†

The general character of this flora, notwithstanding the presence of some species and a few genera not found on the continent of India, is similar to that of the southern regions of the peninsula and the Dekkan, with a tendency, however, to approach more nearly to the flora of Malacca and of the Eastern Archipelago than the rest of India. But the great diversity of situation, elevation, and general character, in the different regions of Ceylon, as already remarked, gives rise to a great diversity in the flora of its different parts; and the eastern and the western coasts, like those of the great peninsula, are diversified by the different winds to which they are respectively exposed. The western, exposed to the humid and

\* Vol. i. pp. 208, 209.

† Ibid. p. 83 n.

temperate south-west wind, exhibits its effects in its luxuriant vegetation; whilst the eastern, under the influence of the hot winds, which blow for half the year, exhibits a comparatively dry and arid aspect.\*

On the very shore itself the mangroves grow densely, the ripple of the sea washing under their overarching roots. A little landward the sandy plains are covered with a thorny jungle, and every where, around the habitations of man, rise groves of the coco-nut palm, a tree which has been greatly encouraged under the English rule. Further inland we come on the magnificent forests of the island; and the hill country, again, has its own peculiar vegetation, varying at each succeeding height; at one elevation characterised by the banyan and a variety of figs, at another by the tree-ferns that rise from the damp hollows, and highest of all, by the rhododendrons which cover the loftiest heights,—not like the low Alpenrosen of the Alps, but as timber-trees fifty to seventy feet in height, and covered on every branch with a blaze of crimson flowers.

We are so well aware in this country of the value of the bent-grass that abounds on the sand-hills and dunes of our coast, and which by binding the sand assists in protecting the land from the incursions of the sea, that it has been protected from injury by act of parliament,—the only instance, so far as we recollect, of the Legislature interfering for the protection of a wild plant; and the newspapers have recently mentioned the success which has attended Lord Palmerston's cultivation of this plant on his Sligo estates, which the incursions of the sea-sand threatened to turn into a rabbit-warren. Still more curious is the account which Sir Emerson Tennent gives us of the way in which a succession of plants forms the vanguard of the land against the sea, along the low coasts of Ceylon, and reclaims from the barren ocean these sandy reaches, which the mangrove and the invaluable coco-nut palm will soon occupy. The margin of the land nearest the water is first possessed by plants whose penetrating roots form a breakwater, and thus protect the creeping plants which occupy the drier sand immediately behind, and in their turn shelter a third and erect class of plants. Amongst these creeping plants there is an *ipomœa* which sends down roots from every joint, and two beans endowed with a peculiar facility for reproduction. But perhaps the most remarkable of the plants which assist in fertilising these arid sands is the *Spinifer squarrosus*, of which the seeds are contained in a circular head composed of a star of radiating and elastic spines. When the seeds are mature, the heads separate from the stalks, "and are carried by the wind with great

\* Vol. i. pp. 84, 5.

velocity along the sands, over the surface of which they are impelled on their elastic spines. One of these balls may be followed by the eye for miles as it hurries along the level shore, dropping its seeds as it rolls, which speedily germinate and strike root where they fall. The globular heads are so buoyant as to float lightly on the water; and the uppermost spines acting as sails, they are thus carried across narrow estuaries, to continue the process of embanking on newly formed sand-bars.\*

The banks being thus protected from the action of the air above and the waters at their base, other herbaceous plants soon cover them in quick succession. In the next stage low shrubs appear, and behind them a dense growth of peculiar plants; and again, wherever the sand of the shore is mingled with the alluvium of the rivers, another peculiar class of plants arises, of which the mangrove is the most remarkable.

The interior forests of Ceylon are marked by two manifest and striking characteristics,—the existence of very numerous and very magnificent flowering trees, and the endless variety and enormous size and luxuriance of the climbing and parasitical plants. The coral-tree, so called from its scarlet flowers; the murutu, the favourite tree of Sanscrit poetry, with its orange and crimson blossoms; the iron-tree, whose white rose-like flowers are used to decorate the images of Buddha in the various temples,—are a few only amongst the magnificent flowering trees with which the island abounds.

But even more wonderful still must be the profusion of the creepers which affect the forests. "It is the trees of older and loftier growth," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "that exhibit the rank luxuriance of these wonderful epiphytes in the most striking manner. They are tormented by climbing plants of such extraordinary dimensions, that many of them exceed in diameter the girth of a man; and these gigantic appendages are to be seen surmounting the tallest trees of the forest, grasping their stems in firm convolutions, and then flinging their monstrous tendrils over the larger limbs, till they reach the top; whence they descend to the ground in huge festoons, and after including another and another tree in their successive coils, they once more ascend to the summit, and wind the whole into a maze of living network, as massy as if formed by the cable of a line-of-battle ship. When, by and by, the trees on which this singular fabric has become suspended give way under its weight, or sink by their own decay, the fallen trunk speedily disappears, while the convolutions of climbers continue to grow on, exhibiting one of the most marvellous and peculiar living mounds of confusion that it is possible to fancy. Frequently



one of these creepers may be seen holding by one extremity the summit of a tall tree, and grasping with the other an object at some distance near the earth, between which it is strained as tight and straight as if hauled over a block. In all probability the young tendril had been originally fixed in this position by the wind, and retained in it till it had gained its maturity, where it has the appearance of having been artificially arranged as if to support a falling tree.\*

Yet another characteristic of the Ceylon forests is the existence of trees whose stems are protected as high as cattle can reach by thorns, which attain a surprising size. Our author speaks of them as a class; but it is evident that the peculiarity is common to plants of a great variety of classes. The thorns are developed in the most diverse manners. In one plant they stud the stem so thickly as to leave the bark barely visible; in another, an enormous thorn protrudes from the extremity of a large knob growing on the stem; another has at every joint a pair of thorns set opposite one another like the horns of an ox; in others the thorns grow in clusters. The influence of these formidable thorns on the forests where they grow is so great as not only to render them impassable to the larger quadrupeds, including even the elephant, but to have been made available as a defence against man.

"It has been the custom of the Singhalese from time immemorial to employ the thorny trees of their forests in the construction of defences against their enemies. The Mahawanso relates that in the civil wars, in the reign of Prakrama-bahu in the twelfth century, the inhabitants of the southern portion of the island entrenched themselves against his forces behind moats filled with thorns. And at an earlier period, during the contest of Dutugaimunu with Elala, the same authority states that a town he was about to attack was 'surrounded on all sides by the thorny *Dadambo creeper* (probably *Toddalia aculeata*), within which was a triple line of fortifications with one gate of difficult access.' . . . During the existence of the Kandyan kingdom as an independent state, before its conquest by the British, the frontier forests were so thickened and defended by dense plantations of these thorny palms and climbers at different points, as to exhibit a natural fortification impregnable to the feeble tribes on the other side; and at each pass which led to the level country movable gates, formed of the same thorny beams, were suspended as an ample security against the incursions of the naked and timid lowlanders."†

We all know what a strange tendency the orchids have to grotesque imitations of animal forms; and many of the orchids of Ceylon are true to this characteristic of their family. One of them "bears a name equivalent to the white pigeon-flower,

\* Vol. i. p. 104.

† Vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

from the resemblance which its clusters present to a group of those birds in miniature clinging to the stem with wings at rest.\* It is a strange problem, as has often seemed to us, which this peculiarity of the orchids presents, and one going down deep into the philosophy of nature and creation. It can hardly be mere accident and chance that the orchids from both hemispheres have this strange tendency to animal forms,—it can hardly be a mere fortuitous coincidence of fancy that makes the English talk of the bee orchis, the fly orchis, the butterfly orchis, and the man orchis, and the Singhalese talk of the white pigeon-flower; and yet what a strange relationship it is between the two great kingdoms! not a likeness in organisation, or function, or intimate structure; not one of those subtle similarities that bring home to us with all the force of demonstration the oneness of the scheme of creation,—but a likeness that seems so grotesque, so ludicrous, so devoid of beauty or design, that we hesitate to attribute it to the Author of nature.

Sir Emerson Tennent describes one plant belonging to this order of which the leaves are, as he remarks, “perhaps the most exquisitely formed in the vegetable kingdom, their colour being dark velvet, approaching to black, and reticulated over all their surface with veins of ruddy gold.”† The Singhalese call this plant the Wanna Raja, or King of the Forest; and, in passing, we may remark that this people seem to have adopted the idea of caste as the basis of their classification in natural history. Thus a Singhalese work enumerates four kinds of the cobra di capello: the raja, or king; the velyander, or trader; the baboona, or hermit; and the goore, or agriculturist.‡ And so, too, those who are great in elephant-flesh, and know the points of the animal, adopt a division of them into castes.§

We have to thank the immutable conservatism of the East for the existence in Ceylon of one of the most wonderful phenomena in the vegetable world—a tree whose historically attested existence reaches the enormous extent of 2147 years. This is the “supreme Bo-tree” of Anarajapoorā. Amid the mouldering ruins of the ancient capital, which once flourished under this polysyllabic appellation, there stands a relic of its former grandeur, which is still preserved with religious veneration, though the temples and palaces have long been left to decay unheeded. It seems that when Gotama Buddha (the last mortal who was thought worthy of attaining to the state of “eternal calm,” which Buddhists consider to be that of supreme happiness) received the reward of “superior Buddhahood,” he was reclining under a tree somewhat akin to the banyan, whose long ever-

\* Vol. i. p. 103.

† Vol. i. p. 192.

‡ Vol. i. p. 103.

§ Vol. ii. p. 284.

quivering leaves seem as if they might have caught the restlessness, which his spirit there abandoned. This was in the sixth century B.C. But it was only in the third century before our era that the preacher Mahindo established the Buddhist religion as the dominant faith of Ceylon; and as a proof of this, a branch of the identical tree which Gotama Buddha had thus made sacred was sent from India to the King of Ceylon to be planted in his chief city. Miraculously severed from its parent stem, and conveyed in solemn state and with national rejoicings to its destined home, the tree was immediately surrounded with all the tendence due to its sacred origin; and from that time to the present this religious care seems never to have been relaxed. It has been walled in, and shored up, and watered every twelfth year with festival rites, and at the present day it stands green and flourishing above the remains of many successive structures of solid masonry built in its honour. Every temple in Ceylon has its Bo-tree, for it is the emblem of the Buddhist religion; but these are all said to be derived from the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord," the "delightful tree" of Anarajapoorā. Some scepticism naturally arises as to the authenticity of the accounts which assign so stupendous an age to this tree, but these rest upon no mere tradition; and Sir Emerson Tennent's history of the Mahawanso, or sacred rhyming chronicle, seems completely to establish the antiquity of this work, and to forbid a doubt that the frequent notices of the Bo-tree which occur in it, and of which he gives some specimens, do really refer to this individual wonder of the forest. These notices are continuous from the time of its planting to the twelfth century, since which time there seems to be no want of evidence of the identity of an object which, having been always treated with veneration, had then by its age acquired additional sanctity and notoriety in the eyes of all the Buddhist nations of the East. Indeed, if we once grant the truth of the chronology which assigns the date of the planting of the original Bo-tree to the year 288 B.C., it is difficult to doubt that this was identical with the one now existing; as, amid all the changes of dynasty, and even of faith, in Ceylon, it seems never to have been lost sight of, among the wide-spread followers of the religion of Buddha, long enough for any wilful or accidental substitution to have taken place, even had this been necessary; and the difficulty of such substitution in the case of a full-grown tree surrounded with ancient monuments, buildings, and statues, is obvious.

Moreover, although the Bo-tree of Anarajapoorā is, so far as we know, without a parallel in history, yet this circumstance arises probably from the difficulty of producing evidence of the

age of trees, and not from the absence of instances of longevity perhaps quite as striking. For it is difficult to conceive any motive less strong than religious veneration which should have sufficed for the preservation of a tree through such numerous generations, and for chronicling its identity; and too many hostile creeds have waged war in every European country for the last two thousand years for such a phenomenon to have arisen there, if the nature of those creeds had rendered it possible.

There are many trees, as Sir Emerson Tennent observes, which are credibly reputed to have reached an age approaching to that of this Singhalese "oldest inhabitant;" such are the few remaining cedars of Lebanon, the olives of the garden of Gethsemane, the cypress of Soma in Lombardy, and, more certainly authenticated than these, though of much less antiquity, the famous Spanish chestnut of Tortworth in Gloucestershire, under which King John is known to have held a parliament, and which was then a large tree said to have been in existence since the time of Egbert. If the number of *rings* in the timber might be trusted as an index of age, there have been found baobab-trees in Africa which have been growing for 5000 years; but this mode of reckoning, in tropical climates, is at least uncertain, and probably incorrect.

The notion that Ceylon was formerly part of the mainland of India, and was severed from it by some great convulsion, is opposed by the peculiar character of its flora, to which we have already alluded. The peculiarities of its fauna seem alike inconsistent with it. Amongst the "larger islands," says Dr. A. Günther, in a paper quoted by our author,\* "which are connected with the middle palæotropical region, none offers forms so different from the continent and other islands as Ceylon. It might be considered the Madagascar of the Indian region. We not only find there peculiar genera and species not again to be recognised in other parts, but even many of the common species exhibit such remarkable varieties as to afford ample means for creating new nominal species." The difference between the zoology consists both in the presence of animals in Ceylon not known in continental India, and also in the absence from the island of some which obtain on the opposite shores. Thus, to take the mammalia for illustration, Ceylon possesses a deer, two species of monkeys, and some other small quadrupeds, unknown in Hindustan; whilst it is wanting in the majestic gaur, the tiger, the wolf, the hyæna, and the chetah, which belong to the continent;† whilst of the reptiles no less than eighteen species and three genera are peculiar to the island. The insect fauna of the Carnatic remains, it seems, as yet unexplored; but it appears pro-

\* Vol. i. p. 8.

† Vol. i. p. 158.

bable that the insect life of the northern parts of Ceylon resembles that of the Carnatic, whilst the higher central region of Ceylon is more similar to that of the Neilgherry hills and the peninsula of Malacca. These views no doubt require more accurate investigations before we can conclude on their certainty; but they are interesting, especially now when the attention of the scientific world is largely drawn towards the question of centres of creation.

It is scarcely needful to remark that the different regions of Ceylon—the shores, the forests, and the hills—are as diverse in their fauna as their flora. Along the eastern coast of the island there runs a network of lakes; and Sir Emerson Tennent has sketched the impression that the inhabitants of these solitary inlets leave on the traveller:

“When gliding noiselessly in a canoe, nothing can be more striking than the sensation caused by turning unexpectedly into one of these quiet and unfrequented openings, where dense foliage lines each side and almost meets above the water. The trees are covered with birds of gorgeous plumage, pea-fowl sun themselves on the branches, and snowy egrets and azure kingfishers station themselves lower down to watch the fish which frequent these undisturbed pools in prodigious numbers. The silence and stillness of these places is quite remarkable. The mournful cry of the water-fowl is heard from an incredible distance; and the splash of a crocodile as he plunges into the stream, or the surprise of a deer when, disturbed at his morning draught, he

‘Stamps with all his hoofs together,  
Listens with one foot uplifted,’

and breaks away to conceal himself in the jungle,—cause an instant commotion amongst the fishing birds and cranes. They rise heavily on their unwieldy wings, and betake themselves to the highest trees, where they wait for our departure to resume their patient watch upon the mangroves.”\*

Nor is the night-scene in the districts which border on these lagoons less impressive than the picture that day presents on the lakes themselves. “Throughout these solitudes,” says our author, “absolute silence never reigns; the hoarse voice of the tank frogs resounds from a distance; and close at hand is heard the incessant metallic chirp of the hyla, the shrill call and answer of the tree-cricket, and the hum of the myriad insects which keep up their murmurs from sunset to dawn. Within, the stillness of the tent is disturbed by the flutter of the night-moths; or its gloom is startled by the entrance of the firefly that dashes around in its circles, alternately kindling and concealing its brilliancy, and then, suddenly departing, leaves all in darkness as before. At length

\* Vol. ii. p. 455.

‘Night wanes;  
The mists, around the mountains curled,  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.’”\*

In the interior the heart of the dense forests is, with one great exception, almost devoid of animal life, and is described as nearly deserted even by the birds. The insect tribes swarm in innumerable hosts, and the hum of their mingled noises alone breaks the silence of these forest solitudes.

“At morning the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway, and above the pools dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways to ascend to their nests in the branches. Lustrous beetles, with their golden elytra, bask on the leaves; whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the ear can follow by the booming of their tiny wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous colouring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and frequently the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage, whence coming no one knows, whither going no one can tell.”†

This absence of animals from the great central forests is accounted for by our author, with regard to the quadrupeds, by the fact that the density of the forest is unfavourable to the growth of herbage fitted for vegetable-feeding animals; and that the carnivorous ones naturally haunt the same localities as their prey.‡ With such a vast insect population as is described in the woodland itself, we should have expected to find races of insectivorous birds and quadrupeds feeding on them, and therefore frequenting the forest itself. But if we are disinclined to accept to the full his statement as to the solitude of the forests, we cannot doubt that our author accurately describes the pasture-lands and park-like openings that occur on the borders of the vast forests, and in the immediate vicinity of the low country, as the especial haunts of the larger quadrupeds and birds. The scenes presented by these open glades must often be beautiful.

“On one occasion” (says Sir Emerson Tennent), . . . “when seated round our picnic repast at the side of a green opening in the jungle, a buck stepped out from cover within a hundred yards of us, threw up his head, gazed at the party for a few moments in surprise, and began leisurely to graze where he stood. Presently two peacocks, one with a train of prodigious splendour, strutted out on the sward; and by and by no less than five jungle-fowl, their plumage gleaming like metal, joined the party; and all fed undisturbed within pistol-shot of where we were seated.”§

\* Vol. ii. p. 477. † Vol. i. p. 247. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 413. § Vol. ii. pp. 512, 513.



To the elephant Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted a distinct part of his work. He observes that the existing notices of the animal are chiefly devoted to its habits and capabilities in captivity; but having from the moment of his arrival profited by every occasion afforded him of studying the elephant in a state of nature, and obtaining from hunters and natives correct information on its economy and habits,\* our author has gathered these observations into a most interesting section of his work.

It is a curious fact, that whilst both sexes of the elephants of Africa have tusks of nearly equal size, and those of India have tusks in both sexes, though much smaller in the female, not one in a hundred of the elephants of Ceylon is furnished with them, and these are always males. But nature, true to her homologies, has given to nearly all these tuskless elephants stunted processes, called tushes, in the place of tusks, of which the animals avail themselves in snapping off small branches and climbing plants. Sir Emerson Tennent has discussed the question of the use which tusks are designed to subserve; and whilst trying to show that the notion of their use as defensive weapons is erroneous, he appears to us to leave the question unsettled. His opportunities for observation were amongst the tuskless elephants of Ceylon; and when he confidently tells us that "it is a misapprehension to imagine that tusks are designed specially to serve 'in warding off the attacks of the wily tiger and the furious rhinoceros,'" and even throws doubt on encounters ever taking place between these animals, we must remember that he speaks from inference only, drawn from observation on the few tusked individuals of a tuskless race existing in an island where no tiger or rhinoceros is ever to be found. The elephants of this island appear to have remarkably few natural enemies; "he seems to live on terms of amity with every quadruped in the forest, and to have as his greatest enemy, excepting man, a fly." Now the nearly total absence of tusks, coinciding with this almost total absence of the need for defence, seems to us to furnish an argument for the opinion that they are weapons for protection, and not, as our author seems to imply, organs having either no use or no ascertained one.

Moreover, the little evidence which our author affords on the subject seems decidedly to lead to the conclusion of the value of the tusks as an instrument of power in the elephant world. Amongst the tame elephants used in the great capture of wild ones of which our author was a spectator, one was a tusked; and we find that, when wishing to make his way into the enclosure, he used his tusks for the purpose of shaking its bars;† and he was held in such special awe by the wild herd, that "in some

\* Preface, pp. xxx. xxxi.

† Vol. ii. p. 354 n.

instances, when the intervention of the other decoys failed to reduce a wild one to order, the mere presence and approach of the tuskier seemed to inspire fear, and insure submission without more active intervention.”\*

In Ceylon the elephant, contrary to our ordinary notions, haunts, not the sultry valleys, but the mountain-tops. “In Oovah, where the elevated plains are often crisp with the mountain frost, and on Pedrotalla-galla, at the height of upwards of 8000 feet, they are found in herds, whilst the hunter may search for them without success in the jungles of the low country;”† and Major Skinner even assured our author that on one occasion he found the unmistakable traces of an elephant on the neck of the fearful rock which forms the very summit of Adam’s Peak, the ascent to which is so difficult that the guides discourage the traveller from pausing, lest a sudden gust of wind should sweep him into the unfathomable gulf below. Before the coffee plantations had been extensively opened in the mountain district round Kandy, there was not a mountain untraversed by the elephants in their periodical migrations in search of water; and their skill in avoiding steep gradients, and in always, even through the dense forest, selecting the line of march communicating by the safest ford with an opposite point, seems to have surprised the government surveyors, when they came to survey the land which the elephants had so long and so skilfully laid out in these roads. The immense weight of the elephant’s body naturally presents a difficulty to his walking down any considerable slope; and accordingly his habit is to proceed by first kneeling down close to the edge of the declivity, then finding, or if need be forming, a foothold for one of his fore-feet; the one foot being thus planted in advance, the other is next brought down in the same way, and, as he advances, his hind-feet in their turn occupy the several footings which have previously served for his fore-feet. The course the elephant chooses for this descent is not directly down the slope, but runs across it; and thus the “huge earth-shaking beast,” with strange and curious care, but with extraordinary rapidity, makes his way down declivities of an angle even as great as forty-five degrees.

“A herd of elephants,” says Sir Emerson Tennent, “is a family;”‡ and this is proved by minute similarities existing amongst all, or most, of the members of a herd, as amongst members of a family of men. The similarity in the form of the trunk, of the colour of the eyes, of the form of the forehead, are instanced as attesting this relationship. The family feeling is so strong in the elephant nature, that though several herds will browse in company, on the slightest disturbance each herd as-

\* Vol. ii. p. 367.

† Vol. ii. p. 287.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 301.

sembles together, and acts independently for defence or retreat; and that even amidst the confusion, the despair, and the agony of a capture, the sentiment of family exclusiveness still influences their conduct, and induces a herd to repulse with heavy blows any unfortunate elephant who may strive in his hour of need to get shelter and security within their circle.

A curious result of this social exclusiveness is the existence of a class of solitary elephants, which, from their vicious habits and predatory propensities, are known as *hora*, or rogues, and is constituted of individuals who have become separated from their own herds. The exact cause of this separation is somewhat obscure; the Singhalese think that they have either lost their former associates, and become morose and savage from solitude, or else that, being naturally vicious, they have become so overbearing that the rest of the herd has withdrawn from association with them. The rogues of human society, however much they may be severed from the families to which they naturally belong, yet get up some sort of association amongst themselves; and they have their joint-stock companies, their boards, and other modes of co-operation. This is a step in advance of the elephant rogues; they are so sullen that two are never known to associate together; but each individual endeavours to make up for this want of combination by doing his very worst individually; and the rogues spend their nights in marauding, chiefly about the dwellings of man, destroying the plantations and committing serious ravages in the rice-grounds.

We cordially concur with the vigorous protest which our author enters against the wholesale and wanton destruction of this noble creature by the English sportsmen in Ceylon; against "the monotonous recurrence of scenes of blood and suffering" which are involved in the career of men whose glory consists in having killed vast numbers of these inoffensive creatures. One English officer's exploits are said to number 1200 slain. It is to be borne in mind that this wholesale slaughter is pursued for sport alone; that the Ceylon elephant yields no ivory, that its hide is never tanned, that its flesh is useless, and the vast carcase is left in the forest to decompose and defile the air.

A different and far higher interest attaches to an elephant hunt, where the most distinguished courage is brought to bear, for the sake, not of mere wanton slaughter, but of reducing the elephant to the rule of man. The account which our author gives of an elephant corral is highly interesting. In passing, it is curious to remark that this mode of capturing elephants in Ceylon is due to the European conquerors of the island; for so long as the elephants were only required in small numbers for the pageantry of the native princes and the processions of the

Buddhist temples, their capture was effected by female decoys, or the artifices and agility of individual hunters, or by pitfalls. But the Portuguese and Dutch organised establishments of elephants on a large scale, for the purpose of clearing forests and effecting works; and thence it became needful to procure them by a more wholesale process.

We must leave the account which Sir Emerson gives us of the skill, the agility, and the daring of the *Panickeas*, or professional elephant-catchers, of Ceylon, and of the manner in which they will capture an individual elephant, picket it in the forest till its spirit is subdued, and then with rare skill and audacity march the still half enraged animal from the central forests to the sea-coast. We hasten to give our readers some account of the far more daring exploit of capturing at one effort a large herd of these mighty creatures, as witnessed by our author in 1847, in the district of Kornegalle, about thirty miles north-west of Kandy.

In the first place, a large stockade is formed in the forest in the form of a parallelogram, enclosed all round, except one opening or gate in one of the short ends, furnished with sliding bars capable of being instantly shut. From the angles of this end the fence is continued into the forest at an oblique angle, so as to form wings by which the elephant herd is gradually led to the opening to the corral. The fencing consists of stout uprights and transverse beams, strongly lashed together and steadied by forked supports; but this structure would be quite unequal to sustain the full charge of an enraged elephant; and though accidents have sometimes happened from the breaking through of a whole herd, the hunters rely on their own daring and the unconsciousness of the elephants of their strength. The hunters consist of from 1500 to 2000 of the natives, who voluntarily join, partly from their enjoyment of the exciting sport, partly from a desire to reduce the number of the elephants in their neighbourhood, and partly from the pride which their chiefs and head-men feel in bringing a large number of retainers after them on to the field.

The hunters first fetch a circuit of many miles in the forest, so as to surround a sufficient number of elephants. These, naturally anxious to escape from intrusion, withdraw inwards; and care is taken to cause only such an amount of disturbance as will induce them slowly to move onwards in the desired direction. Gradually, day by day, the watchers narrow their circle, and the measures to prevent escape are increased. Fires are kept up day and night around the circle, and pathways are cleared to keep up the line of communication. Two months had been spent in these preparations, when the company of whom our author was

one arrived, and took their places on a stage erected for them overlooking the entrance to the corral. Sir Emerson Tennent shall himself describe the exciting scene that followed.

"Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, and lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were enclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade. Not a sound was permitted to be made; each person spoke to his neighbour in whispers; and such was the silence observed by the multitude of the watchers at their posts, that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off their leaves.

Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tomtoms, and the discharge of muskets; and, beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were urged forwards towards the entrance into the corral.

The watchers along the line kept silence only till the herd had passed them; and then, joining the cry in their rear, they drove them onward with redoubled shouts and noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side, now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavours to force the line, but were instantly driven back by screams, guns, and drums.

At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach; and the leader, bursting wildly from the jungle, rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance, followed by the rest of the herd; another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, reëntered the jungle, and in spite of the hunters resumed their original position. The chief head-man came forward, and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and he intimated that the herd was now in the highest state of excitement; and as it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till evening, when the darkness would lend a powerful aid to their exertions.

After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sun-light, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of

a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamour; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watchfires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood, and crushing the dry branches; the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights; every hunter, on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watchfire.

The elephants dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side. They attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached, they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off suddenly in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd, they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length, when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings, and started off towards the herd, levelling a tree of considerable size which obstructed her passage.\*

The scene of confusion continued for upwards of an hour after the capture. The elephants assailed the palisade, attempted to force the gate, and trumpeted and screamed with rage. By degrees their efforts became less and less frequent; and after a night, which was spent by the hunters in preventing the escape of two herds, which, though enclosed within the original circle, had not yet entered the corral, but still remained concealed in the jungle, the proceedings began for noosing and picketing the elephants already within the enclosure. All due preparations having been made, the bars which secured the entrance to the corral were cautiously withdrawn, and two trained elephants

\* Vol. ii. pp. 351-354.



passed stealthily in, each ridden by its mahout (or *ponnekella*, as he is termed in Ceylon) and one attendant, and carrying a strong collar formed by coils of rope made from coco-nut fibre, from which hung on either side cords of elk's hide prepared with a ready noose. Along with them, and concealed behind them, the head-man of the *cooroowe*, or noosers, crept in, eager to secure the honour of taking the first elephant,—a distinction which this class jealously contests with the mahouts of the chiefs and the temples. He was a wiry little man, nearly seventy years old, who had served in the same capacity under the Kandyan king, and wore two silver bangles which had been conferred on him in testimony of his prowess. He was accompanied by his son, named Ranghanie, equally renowned for his courage and dexterity.

“On this occasion ten tame elephants were in attendance. Two were the property of an adjoining temple (one of which had been caught only the year before, yet it was now ready to assist in capturing others), four belonged to the neighbouring chiefs, and the rest, including the two which now entered the corral, were part of the government stud. Of the latter, one was of prodigious age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English governments in succession for upwards of a century. The other, called by her keeper ‘Siribeddi,’ was about fifty years old, and distinguished for her gentleness and docility. The latter was a most accomplished decoy, and evinced the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the corral noiselessly, she moved slowly along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference. Sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives, and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd they put themselves in motion to meet her; and the leader having advanced in front, and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companions. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him; thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind-foot of the wild one; the latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity, had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd; when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the corral, and his son Ranghanie took his place.

The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads towards the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghanie now crept up, and holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted its hind-foot, he succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear.

The two tame elephants instantly fell back ; Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and whilst she dragged out the captive, her companion placed himself between her and the herd to prevent any interference.

In order to secure him to a tree, he had to be drawn backwards some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides, and crushing the small timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant. With a coil round the stem, however, it was beyond her strength to haul the prisoner close up, which was nevertheless necessary, in order to make him perfectly fast ; but the second tame one, perceiving the difficulty, returned from the herd, confronted the struggling prisoner, pushed him shoulder to shoulder and head to head, and forced him backwards ; whilst at every step Siribeddi hauled in the slackened rope till she brought him fairly up to the foot of the tree, where he was made fast by the *cooroowe* people.

A second noose was then passed over the other hind-leg and secured like the first, both legs being afterwards hobbled together by ropes made from the fibre of the kitool or jaggery-palm, which, being more flexible than that of the coco-nut, occasions less formidable ulcerations. The two decoys then ranged themselves as before, abreast of the prisoner on either side, thus enabling Ranghanie to stoop under them, and noose the two fore-feet as he had already done the hind ; and these ropes being made fast to a tree in front, the capture was complete, and the tame elephants and keepers withdrew to repeat the operation on another of the herd.

As long as the tame ones stood beside him, the poor animal remained comparatively calm and almost passive under his sufferings ; but the moment they moved off and he was left utterly alone, he made the most surprising efforts to set himself free and rejoin his companions. He felt the ropes with his trunk, and tried to untie the numerous knots ; he drew backwards to liberate his fore-legs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed in his anguish, with his proboscis raised high in the air ; then falling on his side, he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek and then his brow, and pressed down with doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth ; then suddenly rising, he balanced himself on his forehead and his fore-legs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly and as if by some sudden impulse ; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair.

Meanwhile Ranghanie presented himself in front of the governor's stage to claim the accustomed largess for tying the first elephant ; he

was rewarded by a shower of rupees, and retired to resume his perilous duties in the corral.\*

We cannot follow our author through the history of all the different captures, interesting as it is from the difference of demeanour of the individual animals and the variety of disposition which it manifested. "Some in their struggles made no sound, whilst others bellowed and trumpeted furiously, then uttered short convulsive screams, and at last, exhausted and hopeless, gave vent to their anguish in low and piteous moanings. Some, after a few violent efforts of this kind, lay motionless on the ground with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly."† The power of sorrow and suffering which these noble creatures thus display is enormous; and were it not that a useful purpose is to be served, one would read with horror the details of their capture.

Two young elephants had entered the corral with the herd to which they belonged, and the story of their infantile sufferings and baby rage is at once touching and amusing. Of these,

"One was about ten months old, the other somewhat more: the smallest had a little bolt-head covered with woolly brown hair, and was the most amusing and interesting miniature imaginable. Both kept constantly with the herd, trotting after them in every charge: when the others stood at rest, they ran in and out between the legs of the older ones,—not their own mothers alone, but every female in the group,—caressing them in turn. The dam of the youngest was the second elephant singled out by the noosers, and as she was dragged along by the decoys, the little creature kept by her side till she was drawn close to the fatal tree. The men at first were rather amused than otherwise by its anger, but they found that it would not permit them to place the second noose upon its mother, ran between her and them; it tried to seize the rope; it pushed them and struck them with its little trunk till they were forced to drive it back to the herd. It retreated slowly, shouting all the way, and pausing at every step to look back. It then attached itself to the largest female remaining in the herd, and placed itself across her fore-legs, whilst she hung down her trunk over its side, and soothed and caressed it. Here it continued moaning and lamenting till the noosers had left off securing the mother, when it instantly returned to her side; but as it became troublesome again, attacking every one who passed, it was at last secured by a rope to an adjoining tree, to which the other young one was also tied up. The second little one, equally with its playmate, exhibited great affection for its mother. It went willingly with its captor as far as the tree to which she was fastened, when it held out its trunk and tried to rejoin her; but finding itself forced along, it caught at every twig and branch it passed, and screamed with grief and disappointment.

These two little creatures were the most vociferous of the whole

\* Vol. ii. pp. 357 360.

† Vol. ii. pp. 363, 364.

herd, their shouts were incessant, they struggled to attack every one within reach, and as their bodies were more lithe and pliant than those of greater growth, their contortions were quite wonderful. The most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affliction, the little fellows seized on every article of food that was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously.\*

Throughout the whole of this strange scene the conduct of the tame elephants was truly wonderful.

"They displayed the most perfect conception of every movement, both the object to be attained and the means of accomplishing it. They evinced the utmost enjoyment in what was going on. There was no ill-humour, no malignity, in the spirit displayed in what was otherwise a heartless proceeding; but they set about it in a way that showed a thorough relish for it, as an agreeable pastime. Their caution was as remarkable as their sagacity; there was no hurrying, no confusion, they never ran foul of the ropes, were never in the way of those noosed; and amidst the most violent struggles, when the tame ones had frequently to step across the captives, they in no instance trampled on them or occasioned the slightest accident or annoyance. So far from this, they saw intuitively a difficulty or a danger, and addressed themselves voluntarily to remove it. In tying up one of the larger elephants, he contrived, before he could be hauled close up to the tree, to walk once or twice round it, carrying the rope with him: the decoy, perceiving the advantage he had thus gained over the nooser, walked up of her own accord and pushed him backwards with her head till she made him unwind himself again, when the rope was hauled tight and made fast. More than once when a wild one was extending his trunk, and would have intercepted the rope about to be placed over his leg, Siribeddi, by a sudden motion of her own trunk, pushed his aside and prevented him; and on one occasion, when successive efforts had failed to put the noose over the leg of an elephant which was already secured by one foot, but which wisely put the other to the ground as often as it was attempted to pass the noose under it, I saw the decoy watch her opportunity, and when his foot was again raised suddenly push in her own leg beneath it, and hold it up till the noose was attached and drawn tight."†

In captivity the temper of the elephant is seldom to be implicitly relied on. "The most amenable are subject to occasional fits of stubbornness; and even after years of submission, irritability and resentment will unaccountably manifest themselves."‡ Hence a popular belief recorded by Phile, a Greek writer, who in the early part of the fourteenth century composed a poem on the elephant, and addressed it to the Emperor Andronicus II., from which Sir Emerson Tennent has given us some curious extracts, to the effect that the elephant has two hearts, by the

\* Vol. ii. pp. 368, 9.

† Vol. ii. pp. 365, 6.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 386.

one of which he is moved to gentleness and obedience, by the other to ferocity and resistance.

This legend of the two hearts of the elephant is a striking expression of that duality of the physical nature which seems to distinguish tameable from untameable animals. In an animal of the latter class, whether in its wild state or in captivity, the whole bent of its nature is single and unwavering: it may be crushed by outer violence, but it admits of no internal division, and the influence of man finds no place in the permanent nature of the beast. In the tameable animal, on the contrary, there is an original duality which furnishes a foothold for the power of man: there is one part of the creature's nature that struggles with the other, and thus strangely mimics the moral nature of man, with its conflicts between the higher and the lower principles in him, and like that moral nature, is amenable to the power of rewards and punishments. Look at a dog vacillating between obeying his master's bidding "to heel" and indulging his animal passion for worrying a flock of sheep: he seems to be a moral being like man, hesitating between the call of duty and pleasure—between present gratification and future punishment on the one hand, and on the other present self-denial and future reward. The dog no doubt exhibits this quality in the highest degree; but it seems to us that the same thing, in lesser degrees, characterises all animals that are capable of being tamed, and not merely subdued or held in by present force.

It is a common observation amongst our naturalists that the bodies of quadrupeds and birds which have died naturally are far less often found than might be expected from the number of the living and the consequent frequency of death. To this observation there are exceptions—such, for instance, as the shrews, whose soft little bodies so often lie across our path. Something, no doubt, is due to the number of animals ready to devour all dead flesh that comes in their way; but from comparing the number of bodies whose death appears due to the gun or other human means with those which appear to have died naturally, we can scarcely doubt that there is some other cause for the phenomenon in question, and that it is probably to be found in a tendency in animals to seek some hiding-place for their last moments.

This observation, which has been so often made with regard to our few and small quadrupeds, is repeated by our author with regard to the larger animals that haunt the forests and glades of Ceylon. The natives assert that the dead body of a monkey is never found in the forest, and they say, "he who has seen a white crow, the nest of a paddy bird, a straight coco-nut

tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live for ever." The Indians of the continent and the people at Gibraltar have the same piece of folk lore about dead monkeys.

With the elephants in Ceylon the same is to be observed: the Singhalese assert that the dead body of one is seldom or never to be discovered in the woods; and English and Singhalese who have frequented the forest agree in declaring that they have never found the remains of an elephant that had died a natural death.\* The natives account for this by declaring that the herd bury the bodies of their dead companions; and there seems some evidence that when dead bodies have been left in a corral, they are removed in a way which would appear to be attributable to no other agency than that of the herd entering the enclosure after it has been left by the hunters. The Singhalese have further the belief—a beautiful notion if nothing more, of which our author finds evidence in the story of Sinbad the Sailor—that there is some spot to which the elephants come to die. The spot, however, is so mysteriously concealed that no one has ever penetrated to it; one of the natives seems to have asserted it to be far away in the north, near the ruined city of Anarajapoorra, another amongst the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak: in fact, nobody but Sinbad seems ever to have been there.

We have all heard the saying about nobody's ever having seen a dead donkey, and the witty reason that is given for it—because they live so long; but we never expected to see such a reason gravely adduced in such a book as that before us. But our author, after having spoken of the age to which elephants are supposed to live, goes on to say, "it is perhaps from this popular belief of their almost illimitable age that the natives generally assert that the body of a dead elephant is seldom or never to be discovered in the woods."† This is too bad. The natives, as we have seen, give two very sufficient reasons for their belief; and why in the world should they have foisted upon them such an Irish reason which they themselves never hint at? and this, too, when no one even suggests that the Singhalese are emigrants from Miletus.

Snake-charming has been apparently, ever since scriptural times, one of the peculiarities and one of the mysteries of the East. If there be any magical influence by which it is accomplished, it is perhaps only to be attained by the solemn and mystical nature of the oriental; but there is reason to believe that it merely consists, as our author supposes, in taking skilful advantage of the timidity of the snake.

When he tells us, moreover, that the poisonous cobra di

\* Vol. ii. p. 398.

† Ibid.



capello may be rendered so tame as to be used as watch-dogs are in this country, to protect property, without danger to its owner, we may almost infer that a process of taming may be all that is necessary for the purpose of the supposed charmer. Doubtless many of our readers remember the Arab snake-charmer, whose feats at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park attracted some notice a few years ago; these, which were somewhat disappointing from their monotony and the calm grace with which they were performed (giving more the idea of a piece of elaborate clock-work than of the motions of living figures), seemed much like the result of mere taming; but perhaps this was scarcely a fair specimen of the art.

The danger to be apprehended from snakes does not seem to be great in Ceylon; as Sir Emerson Tennent considers that there are but few poisonous reptiles in the country, and that even these are so fearful of man that by warning them of your approach, as the natives do, by means of a slight noise, the probability of receiving a wound from one of them is very small. Even this event, however, is not considered fatal by the Singhalese, who carry about their persons a "snake-stone," as it is called, to whose efficacy our author bears witness; though neither he nor Professor Faraday, to whose experiments he submitted it, can explain the way in which it is rendered so porous as instantly to absorb the infected blood, and thus draw it from the wound. It is said that the secret of the manufacture of these snake-stones is possessed by the monks of Manilla, whence they are imported to India. The substance of which they are made is light, black, and porous, and resembles charred bone.

The great heat of Ceylon has enabled Sir Emerson Tennent to observe and contribute many facts which show that in tropical countries the sun burns froze, and that great heat produces both on animal and vegetable life similar effects to great cold. English fruit-trees have been introduced into Ceylon, but with a result which illustrates forcibly the need to the plants of our climate of the profound and deathlike repose of our winter; for the peaches, cherries, and other European fruit-trees, which grow freely in certain parts of the island, not only become evergreens, but, wanting the winter and exhausted by a perpetual summer, they refuse to ripen their fruit;\* the trees have, as our gardeners would say, no time to rest. In the case of the vine, however, this rest has been successfully supplied by Mr. Dyke, the government agent at Jaffna, by baring the roots and exposing them to the sun about the time of pruning in July. This exposure to the heat produced the beneficial effect of the cold of a European winter; it arrested the circulation of the sap, gave the

\* Vol. i. p. 89.

vines the needful rest, and the grapes, which before dropped almost unformed, are now brought to thorough maturity.\*

So, again, with regard to the animals of Ceylon, many of them exhibit the phenomenon known to naturalists as aestivation, being the torpor of summer as hybernation is the torpor of winter; and, as our author has shown, strikingly confirm the opinion of Dr. John Hunter, that hybernation is not an immediate consequence of cold, but is attributable to that want of food and other essentials caused by cold, and against which nature makes a provision by the suspension of her functions, and thus of the need for these otherwise essential conditions of life. The crocodiles of the Mississippi are imprisoned by frost; those of Ceylon and South America by force of the heat betake themselves to the clay beneath the subsiding waters, and there pass their time, no doubt in torpid sleep, till the rains return and arouse them to activity. The English snail retires from the winter's cold into the earth or hollows; the snails of Ceylon cover themselves in and retire to inactivity during the summer. The fish of northern regions are capable of being frozen and of again returning to life; and similarly, the fishes of Ceylon are able to bury themselves in the indurated mud, and revive to life when the rains of the monsoons again fill the tanks and pools with water. The capacity of several fish thus to bury themselves during periods of drought is well known to naturalists; but the confirmatory facts which our author has collected are both curious and valuable. In the portions of the country where small tanks are numerous, the fish are so abundant as to induce the natives to fish by the strange method of digging in the mud, "*non cum hamis sed cum dolabra ire piscatum*;" and Sir Emerson Tennent has figured in the present work an *anabas* which he procured through the agency of the Modliar of Matura, and which was taken, along with several others, from the depth of a foot and a half in the mud of a tank from which the water had dried up.

Whether this capacity of certain fish to bury themselves and maintain a suspended vitality is sufficient to account for the fact of the reappearance in the tanks of full-grown fish a few days after the rains set in, or whether we must look for some other or additional explanation, seems open to question. Whatever be the cause or causes, the fact seems beyond doubt that the great reservoirs and tanks of the island are twice in every year liable to be dried up, till the mud at the bottom is turned into dust, and the clay cleft into gaping apertures; yet that within a very few days after the change in the monsoon, the waters are again peopled with full-grown fishes, and the na-

\* Vol. i. p. 89; ii. p. 539.

tives are busily at work catching them in their funnel-shaped baskets.

The book before us often suggests the reflection, that if enlarged travel and the researches of modern science make us reject many of the tales that once found acceptance, they have, in other directions, enlarged our powers of credence; so that now we unhesitatingly take as facts many things which a few generations back would have held merely as travellers' tales, told only to enhance the interest of their narratives, or to magnify their own experiences in the eyes of stay-at-home readers. The pretty little lizards that climb about the walls of Ceylon houses, which, if seized, have the power of retreating safely home, only, like the sheep of the nursery rhyme, "leaving their tails behind them," and gradually producing a duplicate of the captured member; the musical fish (if fish they be) that make soft melody like a mermaid's singing, when the moon is at the full, in Batticaloa Bay; those that migrate over land in flocks in search of water, or stranger still, those that have been known to fall from the sky in showers; the skilful weaver-bird, which supplies his singular nest with night-lights in the shape of fire-flies jammed up against his walls in mud sconces,—these, and numerous other wonders, savour so much of the marvellous that in former times they would hardly have gained credence.

In these pages we have only considered Sir Emerson Tennent's work so far as it relates to the natural history of the interesting island with which, fortunately for literature and science, he was placed in official connection. But this valuable work is not less interesting in the other departments which it embraces; and we cordially recommend it to all who are anxious or willing to learn something more than is generally known of the past history and present condition of the far-famed Taprobane.

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## ART. VII.—FRENCH FICTION: THE LOWEST DEEP.

*Les Mystères de Paris; Atar-Gul.* Par Eugène Sue.

*La Dame aux Camélias; Le Demi-Monde, un drame; Le Roman d'une Femme.* Par Alex. Dumas, fils.

*Monte-Christo.* Par Alex. Dumas, père.

*Fanny, une étude.* Par Ernest Feydeau.

*Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.* Par Alfred de Musset.

*Elle et Lui*, par George Sand. *Lui et Elle*, par Paul de Musset.  
*Lui*, par Mme. Louise Collet.

It is hard to say whether the current politics or the current literature of France conveys the more vivid impression of utter and profound demoralisation;—the willing servitude, the craven fear, the thirsty materialism, the absence of all liberal sentiment or noble aspiration, indicated by the one,—the abandonment of all self-control or self-respect, the surrender of all manliness, dignity, or reticence, the hunger after the most diseased, unholy, and extravagant excitement,—or the intense and unrebuked selfishness, the passionate and slavish worship of wealth and power, which is the basis and the soul of both alike. Of course there are exceptions in literature as in life. But we speak of the prevalent, the almost universal tone; we speak of the acting, voting, deciding, characterising mass in the one case, and of the books of the widest circulation, and the writers of the most popular repute and the most signal success, in the other. In politics there still exist a few men—fewer, alas, each day, as their numbers are thinned by death or by despair—the salt of the earth, but far too scanty to give it savour, the five righteous men, but not enough to save the city,—who mourn over their degradation and resent their shame, who, “rowing hard against the stream,” strive manfully, and strive to the last, to warn their countrymen and to purify and rouse their country. But the *national life*, the political aspect of France, is undeniably what we have described it: the vast majority of the people in nearly every class, lost to all sense of personal dignity or public justice, is devoted to the pursuit of wealth and luxury, and ready to acquiesce in any *régime* and to worship any ruler that fosters this pursuit; and questions or kicks against despotism only when, in a momentary aberration of far-sightedness, it touches their immediate purse;—while even the constitutionalists, as

they term themselves—the liberal *frondeurs*—are far more angry at us for fraternising with their despot than with themselves for tolerating and enthroning him, and hate him almost more bitterly for the unintentional aid he has rendered to Italian liberties than for his cynical, perfidious, and sanguinary extinction of their own. So in literature—especially in that branch of it in which alone there is or can be much activity at present, and with which we are now more immediately concerned, the literature of fiction—there are still a few writers who vainly offer to their countrymen from time to time a repast refined in tone and irreproachable in taste and morals;—but the public appetite has been too long and too deeply vitiated to appreciate what is natural and pure, and turns away with a contempt which is almost loathing from dishes unseasoned by the voluptuous, the morbid, or the monstrous. From time to time noble and sound criticism appears in the more respectable reviews and journals, but it is powerless to alter the demand or to arrest the supply of the article the public asks for; the novels which are for the most part popular—the only ones that are run after, the only ones that *pay*, either in fame or money—are exclusively those which pander to the worst passions and the worst taste; till, without exaggeration, it is as rare to find a successful French novel that is not scandalous as an English one that is.

French fiction, always more or less diseased and indecorous, has in recent years passed through several distinct phases of disease, and may now almost be said to have left simple indecorum far behind. Had it continued to exhibit merely its normal features of ordinary license and voluptuousness, there would have been little temptation to approach the subject, and every motive to avoid it. That phase of it has been often enough animadverted upon in English publications; no pleasure could be derived from its contemplation, and no new lessons could be drawn from its analysis. But since we first began to be acquainted with it, a change, or rather a succession of changes, has come over it, so strange, so repellent, and in some respects so appalling, that some instruction, at least in the way of warning, may be hoped for from studying it in a right spirit; and it presents too marked and too extraordinary a psychological phenomenon to be ignored by any who desire to understand or penetrate the true aspect of their age. No such field was ever offered to the students of moral pathology before.

But in proceeding to treat of it, we are met on the threshold by an inherent and insuperable difficulty. Christian writers who endeavour to depict the moral renovation which

the religion of their great Master wrought in the world, and to deduce thence proofs of its excellence and its divinity, complain that they labour under this disadvantage; that it is impossible for them to paint in true colours and to describe in plain language the horrible demoralisation which Christianity cured and purged away, simply because no modern society would tolerate the delineation. They cannot give an adequate conception of the contrast, because they are compelled, out of very decency and mercy, to soften down the darker and more hideous features of the decaying times of Rome, Byzantium, or Alexandria. They cannot make us understand what Christianity *did*, because they dare not tell us nakedly what Paganism *was*. Something of the same embarrassment besets us in dealing with our present subject. We shall have to speak of French fiction without being able to show thoroughly what it is. We shall have to analyse its elements and its sources without being able adequately to exemplify or prove the correctness of our diagnosis by the most flagrant and conclusive specimens. We shall have to use the strongest language and to pronounce the most unmeasured condemnation, while we are precluded by the very nature of the case from justifying the sentence by adducing and detailing before our readers the most heinous of the offences which have called it forth.

There is yet another difficulty. The fact which forms the basis of nearly all the tales and romances on which we shall have to animadvert, is the habitual prevalence in France of those lawless loves, and, worse still, those *liaisons* where no love is, which English fiction is forbidden to describe and almost to allude to. Of course we are too well aware that such things are far from being unknown among ourselves, but at least they have no *recognised* existence: wisely or unwisely, they are decently ignored both in general society and in literature designed for general reading; the novelist may not work them up as part of his ordinary stock in trade; the critic, even if he have an æsthetic or an ethical aim in view, must speak of them only in veiled language and with much periphrasis. In England they are not regarded as legitimate materials for the excitement of interest or the development of character: if the writer of fiction uses them at all, he is obliged to use them with the utmost reticence and moderation; whereas the French romancer never dreams of dispensing with them, and often relies on little else for the construction of his plot or the fascination of his tale. With us all such violations of the moral and the social law meet with the severest and most unqualified condemnation:—long may it continue so, provided only the condemnation be sincere, consistent, and free from all taint of unholy or malig-



nant pharisaism ! Among our neighbours a far more lax and lenient view is taken of such transgressions ; they are classed among the common and nearly unavoidable frailties of a nature never perfect and seldom strong ; in ordinary life and ordinary fiction they call forth only gentle blame, faint regret, and no surprise. This being the case, we must to a certain extent accept, or at least recognise, the point of view of the writers and readers of the society of which we speak ; that is to say, without for one moment admitting that their estimate of illicit passion is a just one, we must allow that it *is* the usual and accepted one among them, before we proceed to draw warning and instruction from observing to what lengths this fatal license has conducted the light literature of their country. We have only, as a preliminary, to clear our path by asking our readers to understand, once for all, that, as the normal prevalence of the errors, or vices, or frailties in question (however we may choose to designate them), is assumed by all the literature we are about to estimate, it must be assumed likewise by ourselves.

The inspiration of French fiction,—the source from which flow half its deformities, its vile morality and its vitiated taste, is the *craving for excitement* that has so long been characteristic of the nation. It is not difficult to see how this craving has been stimulated and nourished till it has grown into a passion that will take no denial and knows no satiety. Two generations of ceaseless revolution, of dazzling conquests and bewildering defeats, of alternations of wild frenzy and prostrate depression, of vicissitudes as strange, as rapid, as extreme as any to be witnessed at the gaming-table, have goaded what was always a desire into an imperious necessity. The present race of Frenchmen, and their fathers even more, were born and bred amid scenes and deeds which made the battle of life a confused and desperate *mêlée*, the race of life a feverish scurry, the banquet of life a dish of mere spice, alcohol, and pepper. Glance back for a moment over the first magnificent convulsion of 1789. Call to mind all the stirring and disturbing thoughts of emancipation and of progress which the writers of that day had been diligently instilling into the popular brain, till half a century of new ideas acting on five centuries of old oppressions wrought a fermentation which found issue and utterance in such an overthrow of established notions and established things as the world had never witnessed since its birth. Grand and generous dreams of indefinite improvement ; fierce and selfish longings for satisfying vengeance ; the prospect of a new era ; the fancy of a heaven realised on earth ; that universal liberation from all bonds, and almost from all obedience, that

sweeping disbelief or doubt as to every settled axiom of religion, of morals, and of law, which is so unhinging even to trained and philosophic minds, and which was then diffused over all the uneducated intelligence and turbulent sensibility of France; the sudden overthrow, nay the actual disappearance, in little more than a year of the aristocracy, the monarchy, the Church,—of all, in a word, that men had been accustomed to reverence or fear; the king and the noble cast down, the serf and the valet lifted up; the first last, and the last first. Amid excitements so tremendous as these, what simple or quiet tastes could grow up or survive? After stimulants like these, how could the relish for a pure milk-diet be recovered? Then followed reaction and disenchantment as extreme as the wild hopes which they replaced,—the guillotine, the prison massacres, the Reign of Terror; and to the excitement of passionate aspirations succeeded the more absorbing and degrading excitement of a deadly fear. No one who has not studied that terrible period in detail can form an idea of the depth to which its influence penetrated into the national life. Simultaneously with this phase, but prolonged beyond it, came the marvellous victories of the half-clad, half-disciplined troops, poured forth to the frontiers by the Convention and the Directory; followed by the early and brilliant conquests of the young Napoleon, when every post brought tidings of some new achievement; and terminated by the *coup-de-main* which made him supreme ruler of an exhausted and admiring nation. For a while there was comparative quiet, as the work of reconstruction succeeded that of abolition. But, as if ten years of such convulsions had not sufficed to demoralise the nation, they were to be continued and crowned by fourteen years of another sort of feverish excitement, different, indeed, but almost more disturbing. In this point of view, as in most others, the reign of Napoleon was an irreparable mischief to his country. His triumphal march over Europe—so rapid, so resistless, and so sure, that every month seemed barren, dull, and idle that did not inaugurate a new victory and annex a new realm—made all sober careers stupid and monotonous. Years spent in feverish expectation and in frantic jubilee demoralise the rest of life. The Russian campaign, the European coalition, the desperate struggle of 1813, the abdication, the almost fabulous recovery, the final catastrophe of Waterloo and St. Helena, kept up and enhanced the mad excitement. Henceforward tame and ordinary existence became unendurable to Frenchmen, except during brief moments of absolute exhaustion; and the revolution of 1830, the republic of 1848, the terrible days of June, the *coup-d'Etat*, and the second empire,

seemed natural and normal occurrences in such a history—the inevitable sequels of such a turbulent and stormy past.

Infancy, youth, and manhood spent among scenes like these leave indelible traces on a people's life. The whole soil of the national character is stamped and interpenetrated by the overmastering influences; and it may be said, in a far nobler sense than that originally intended by the poet, that

“Where such fairies once have danced,  
No grass will ever grow.”

The operation on literature is twofold: in the first place, readers find any less stirring incidents or less violent emotions feeble, tame, and unexciting; and, in the second place, writers find in the familiar realities of their annals, in the thrilling crises and the terrible catastrophes from which the country has but just emerged, and in the thousand individual histories and adventures mixed up with them, a quarry of materials for romance with which, for richness and effectiveness, no mere fiction can compare, and which the most bold and fertile invention would find it difficult to match. The same circumstances enable the authors to supply without stint or measure what they have educated the audience imperiously to require. Accordingly this teeming mine has been assiduously worked by the novelists of France; and the national craving for stimulants has thus been fed and fostered without being quenched or cured—for that sort of thirst is never slaked. The time came when even stories seasoned with all the quick convulsions and lurid horrors of the revolution and the Reign of Terror began to pall. The demand remained. Something fresh and something stronger must be contrived to meet it. The unhealthy appetite—ravenous because unhealthy—became clamorous for more; like the voluptuous despot, it offered a reward for a new sensation, a new pleasure, a new dish; and, as in that case, since the genuine and the natural was exhausted, the monstrous and the impure must be resorted to.

The first mine worked was, as might be expected, the *licentious*. Voluptuous pictures of illicit love, in all its phases and in all its stages of progress, constantly approaching the limits of decency and often overstepping them, offered at once the most natural and the most vulgar source of excitement for the jaded appetite and the perverted taste. Every one could understand them; every one could take an interest in them. Descriptions of a sin—the sin being forbidden by good morals, and the description of it being forbidden by good society—presented all the attractions of a double lawlessness, in addition to their native charm. But these were so easy and became so

common, the ordinary forms of them were so soon exhausted and so certainly and rapidly palled by repetition, and the boundaries of the permissible were so soon reached, that success could only be achieved by something that was extraordinary and therefore bordered on the unnatural, by something that was unpermissible and therefore degenerated into the atrocious and revolting. Each writer had to surpass his predecessor,—to say something still more shocking, to conceive something still more shameful, to push daring a few steps further, to raise the drapery of delicacy and decorum a few inches higher, to uncover the nakedness of poor humanity a little more completely and a little more offensively. The consequences may easily be fancied ; in a race of this sort there is no absolute goal, or rather the goal is perpetually receding ; but the rival candidates run very fast and very far.

Nearly all the French novelists of the present generation have been habitually and flagrantly guilty in this respect ; but perhaps the most distinctive example of this phase of mental and moral unhealthiness may be seen in the earlier tales of George Sand, who is the type, if not the chief, of sinners. No writer, so capable of painting the sentiment, has stained her pages so deeply with pictures of the appetite, of love. With a style which for poetry and beauty, and affluence in all the brightest colouring of nature, has had no equal since Rousseau, she has dedicated it to the production of scenes which Rousseau would have despised as an artist and shrunk from as a moralist. For a brief space she seemed about to emerge from the mire, and to be pruning and cleaning her wings for higher flights and for a purer air ; and *Consuelo* and *La Petite Fadette* were the result of this excursion into good ; but she has relapsed again, and *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Léone Léoni*, still remain as the most native productions of her genius, and the best specimens of the literary vice we are describing. Of course we can give no quotations, nor should we have dwelt upon the subject at all except as the first step towards the frightful degree of disease which French fiction has now reached.

After a while, however, this species of stimulant began to pall, and a new spice was introduced. The melodramatic and the horrible was superadded to the voluptuous. But the *merely* horrible would have been trite and powerless. Murders, suicides, torture-chambers, and scaffolds, were exhausted and dried up as sources of excitement, unless some fresh element could be infused, or some change rung upon the wearied chord. This was found in the *prolongation* of the horror,—in the indefinite tension of the strained nerve. Pain, terror, anguish, struggle,

—commonplace and endurable when lasting only a few moments—began to *tell* when continued through whole pages, and spun out through frightful and breathless hours. The author in whose writings this peculiar type of excitement most frequently recurs is Victor Hugo. He has worked this mine through its every vein with unrelenting industry. In *Bug-Jargal* he gives us a scene wherein the hero, a captive and disarmed, is left at the edge of a fearful chasm with his mortal enemy, a deformed and malignant negro dwarf, who is preparing to slay him; but before doing so, reviles and taunts him through a whole chapter. After a rescue and relapse, they are again alone: the dwarf rushes upon his victim, D'Auverney, with a poniard; D'Auverney slips aside, and the dwarf falls into the abyss. To have ended matters here, however, would have been a waste of valuable materials. Accordingly the author proceeds:

"I told you that a root of the old tree projected from a crevice in the granite rock, just above the margin of the chasm. The dwarf encountered this in his fall; his tunic caught in the root, and seizing hold of this last support, he clung to it with extraordinary energy. His pointed cap fell off his head; he let go his poniard, which was lost in the depths of the abyss. Suspended thus over the horrible gulf, Habibrah made convulsive efforts to regain the platform; but his short arms were unable to reach the edge of the escarpment, and his nails were torn in his impotent exertions to lay hold on the slippery surface of the overhanging rock. He howled with rage.

The least shake on my part would have sufficed to have precipitated him into the roaring chasm; but the idea of such a cowardly act never crossed my mind. This moderation seemed to strike him. I thanked Heaven for my unhopd-for deliverance, and prepared to abandon him to the fate he so richly merited, when I heard his voice, wretched and imploring, calling to me from the gulf.

'Master, master!' he said, 'for pity's sake don't go! In the name of the good God, don't leave a guilty and impenitent wretch whom you can save to die this miserable death! Alas, my strength is failing, the branch slips and yields under my hands; my weight is dragging me down; in an instant I shall lose my grasp, and the horrible abyss is raging beneath me. Have you no mercy on your poor dwarf? Won't you prove to him that white men are better than black, and masters more generous than slaves?'

I was moved, and returned to the edge of the precipice: the dim light, as I looked down, showed me the hideous face of the negro, with an expression of entreaty and agonised distress which I had never seen there before.

'Senor Leopold,' he continued, encouraged by the pity which I could not altogether hide, 'is it possible that a man can see a fellow-creature in this frightful situation and not help him? Master! stretch me out a hand—so little will save me; and what is nothing to you is every

thing to me. Drag me up, for pity's sake, and my gratitude shall be equal to my crimes.'

'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'recall not the recollection of them, I warn you.'

'If I do, it is only to detest them. Oh, be more generous than I was! O Heaven, I am failing! I am going! Give me your hand—your hand, in the name of the mother who bore you.'

I cannot describe how lamentable and *déchirante* was this cry of terror and of suffering. I forgot all that had passed, and saw in him no longer an enemy, a traitor, an assassin, but only a wretch whom a slight exertion of mine could rescue from a dreadful death. He begged so piteously, and reproach would have been so idle! I bent down, and kneeling on the edge of the chasm, with one arm round the tree of which the root half sustained the miserable Habibrah, I stretched down to him the other. He seized it with prodigious strength in both of his; but, far from using it to endeavour to ascend, I felt that he was seeking to drag me with him into the gulf; and but for the support of the tree to which I was clinging, I should have been infallibly overpowered by the sudden and violent pull which the wretch gave me.

'Villain!' I exclaimed, 'what are you about?'

'I am avenging myself,' he replied with an infernal burst of laughter. 'Imbecile animal! I have you fast: you have given yourself to me. I was lost; you were saved:—you have been ass enough to venture voluntarily into the jaws of the alligator, because it groaned after having roared. I am comforted now, since my death even is a vengeance. You have fallen into the snare, and now I shall have a human companion among the fishes of the lake.'

'Traitor!' I answered, stretching myself back; 'is it thus you reward me for endeavouring to save your life?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'I know I might have saved myself by your aid, but I prefer that you should die with me. I like your death better than my life. Come!'

With this explanation his two hard bronzed hands fastened upon mine with a tremendous grasp; his eyes flared; his mouth foamed; his strength, whose loss a moment ago he had so piteously deplored, returned to him, augmented by the fury of revenge; he set his feet like two levers against the side of the rock, and bounded about like a tiger on the root which still supported him, and which he endeavoured to break, that his weight might the more surely drag me down with him into the abyss, laughing all the time with the frantic laugh of a demoniac. One of my knees was fortunately fast in a crevice of the rock; my arm was in a manner fixed to the tree round which I clung; and I struggled against the efforts of the dwarf with all the despairing energy of self-preservation. From time to time, as I could collect breath, I called loudly on Bug-Jargal; but the noise of the waterfall left me little expectation of being heard.

Meanwhile the dwarf, who had not anticipated so much resistance, redoubled his efforts, and wore me out with a series of furious tugs. I began to lose my strength; my arm was almost paralysed with cramp,



my sight began to fail ; livid lights danced before my eyes ; my ears tingled with strange sounds ; I heard the root cracking before it finally gave way, and the monster laughing and howling immediately below me. In a last effort of despair I called ' Bug-Jargal ! ' once more, and was answered by the barking of a dog. I turned my eyes : Bug-Jargal and his faithful animal were at the entrance of the subterranean passage. He saw my danger at a glance. ' Hold for a moment more,' he cried. Habibrah, maddened by my prospect of salvation, and foaming with rage, called out, ' Come ! I say, come ! ' and collected for a last pull his preternatural vigour. My wearied arm lost its hold of the tree ; one moment more and I was gone, when I was seized from behind by Rask. His timely aid saved me. Habibrah, exhausted by his final effort, let go my hand, the root on which he leaned broke beneath his weight ; and as Rask drew me violently back, the wretched dwarf, screaming out a parting curse, fell back into the horrible abyss.

This was the end of my uncle's jester."

A similar scene is depicted with even greater power in *Notre Dame de Paris*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Victor Hugo. A beautiful gipsy-girl, Esmeralda,—loved reverentially by Quasimodo, a deformed, deaf, one-eyed dwarf, loved sensually by the priest of Notre Dame, whose attempts she had repulsed,—is being hung in the Place de la Grève, having been betrayed to death by the humiliated and vindictive priest. Quasimodo and the priest are kneeling on the highest balustrade of the tower of the cathedral, watching the dying convulsions of the wretched girl,—the one with agonised sympathy, the other with diabolical joy.

"At the moment when the struggles of the dying girl were the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as a man cannot utter till he has put off humanity—burst forth on the livid countenance of the priest. Quasimodo could not *hear* the laugh, but he saw it. He stepped back a pace or two behind him, and then rushing furiously upon him, hurled the wretched archdeacon over the edge of the balustrade.

The priest exclaimed, ' Damnation ! ' and fell. The stone gutter, over which he had been kneeling, arrested him in his fall. He clung to it with a despairing grasp, and was about to utter a second cry, when he looked up and saw above him the vengeful face of Quasimodo. Then he became silent.

The abyss was below him—a fall of two hundred feet, and then the pavement. In this horrible position, the archdeacon spoke not a word, uttered not a groan. He only twisted himself on the gutter in frantic efforts to climb up again ; but his hands had no hold on the smooth granite, and his feet only scraped the wall without helping him. Those who have mounted the towers of Notre Dame may remember a stone projection immediately under the balustrade. It was on this projection that the miserable priest exhausted all his strength in endeavouring to gain a footing, but in vain.

Quasimodo might have rescued him from his impending fate by simply stretching out his hand; but he did not even look at him. He saw nothing but the Place de la Grève, the gibbet, and the gipsy-girl. He leaned against the precise stone of the balustrade where the priest had kneeled a moment before; and there gazing mute and motionless on the only object the world contained for him, he stood like a man struck by lightning, while tears flowed silently and fast from his single eye.

The archdeacon panted for breath. His bald forehead streamed with perspiration; his nails were torn by the stone; his knees were excoriated by the rough wall. He heard his surplice, which had caught upon the gutter, crack and tear at each fresh struggle. To complete the horror of his situation, the gutter ended in a leaden pipe, which already began to bend under his weight. The archdeacon felt it slowly sinking under him. The miserable man said to himself that, when his hands should be paralysed with fatigue, when his surplice should be quite torn, when the lead should have altogether given way, he *must* fall, and indescribable terror seized upon his soul. From time to time he looked down upon a small platform about ten feet below him, formed by some broken stones and sculptured figures, and besought Heaven in his agony to let him pass his whole life on this space of two feet square, rather than die this fearful death. Once he looked down on to the pavement of the *Place*, far far beneath; and when he raised his head his hair was standing on end with horror.

The silence of these two men was something terrible. While the priest was struggling in this frightful fashion, a few feet above him Quasimodo gazed at the scaffold and wept.

The archdeacon at last, seeing that all his struggles only served to shake the frail support to which he clung, lay perfectly still. He was there, holding by the gutter, scarcely breathing, never moving, giving no other sign of life than the convulsive twitchings of the dreamer who dreams that he is falling. His eyes were wide open, fixed, and seemed starting out of his head. Little by little he lost ground, his fingers slipped along the gutter, the lead gradually bent further and further, and he became increasingly conscious of the weight of his body and the weakness of his arms. He looked one by one at the impassive figures sculptured on the tower, like him suspended over the abyss, but without pity for him or terror for themselves. Every thing was stone around; before his eyes grotesque and monstrous heads, far below him at the bottom the pavement of the square, just above him Quasimodo weeping.

In the *Place* below were some groups of curious observers, who were quietly watching the struggles of the priest, and trying to guess who was the madman that amused himself with such strange and perilous antics. The priest heard their comments as their faint clear voices reached him in the still air, saying, 'But he will break his neck.'

Quasimodo wept.

At last the wretched man, foaming with rage and terror, perceived

that all was of no avail. He collected all his remaining strength for one despairing effort. He stiffened his limbs upon the gutter, pushed against the wall frantically with his knees, fastened his hand to a cleft in the stone, and succeeded in raising himself a few inches. But the commotion caused a sudden bend in the leaden pipe, his surplice was rent in twain, and feeling every thing give way beneath him, he shut his eyes, let go his hold, and fell.

Quasimodo watched him falling. A fall from such a height is seldom perpendicular. The archdeacon launched into the air, fell at first with head downward and arms extended, then he turned round twice or thrice and fell on the roof of a building, where he was partially crushed and broken. But he was not dead when he struck; Quasimodo saw him endeavour to cling to the tiles, but the incline was too steep, and he had no strength left. "He slipped down the roof, and fell with a rebound upon the pavement, where he moved no more.

Quasimodo then raised his eye to look once more upon the girl, whose limbs hanging from the gibbet he could see still quivering under her white dress in the last agonies of death; then he looked down on the archdeacon stretched at the foot of the tower, crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, and exclaimed with a sob which shook his whole frame, 'Alas, all I ever loved!'

But perhaps the greatest achievement in this line is to be found in *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, by the same author. This is a whole volume supposed to be written by a convict the day before his execution, describing in the minutest detail the sensations, anticipations, reflections, terrors, and agonies of each successive hour as it brings him nearer to his doom. For a *shocking* display of perverted genius and power we know nothing like it; but quotations are of course impossible. There is something revolting as well as preposterous in the conception of a man on the eve of a violent and certain death thus watching, anatomising, and recording his own awful emotions.

Nearly every observer has been struck with the hold which the desire and the pursuit of wealth and material prosperity seem to have taken of the French nation. Formerly other passions predominated over the thirst for riches. Glory, honour, enterprise, intellectual distinction, were more than gold. The man who sought to be wealthy, and who became so, used to be held in low esteem in comparison with him who sought to be great or famous, and attained his end. Now all this is changed. The taste for luxury has become a passion. The millionaire has become the national idol. The avaricious appetite seems to have taken possession of the whole people. Dreams of unexpected, sudden, fabulous wealth appear to be universally indulged in. Many causes have contributed to this. Re-

volutions, rapid and incalculable turns of the wheel of political fortune, have left scarcely any power stable and enduring except that of money. Millions gained in a few months by contractors, stock-jobbers, and railway speculators have gone far to demoralise the nation. Every one sees that the men who have thus vaulted into affluence are not specially clever or specially industrious ; and every one fancies there is no reason why he may not do as well as they. Then the prevalent irreligion of most classes except the poor, has taught all to look for their paradise on earth, and to frame it out of the most earthly elements,—out of luxury, which wealth could furnish,—out of love, such as wealth could also buy. Those who could not revel in the wealth itself, could at least revel in the description of it. Those who failed of the reality could find some compensation, some delusive enjoyment, in the vivid picture and the transient dream. Thus arose the demand for romances of which the central figure is some hero possessed of countless and inexhaustible millions, and of which every page gives evidence of an invention and imagination actually on the rack to produce conceptions of the most *recherché* and unheard-of luxury. The writers were as eager to supply as the public to demand this gorgeous, intoxicating, and unwholesome pabulum. For their passion for gold, and all that gold can purchase, had been goaded and inflamed almost into frenzy by their peculiar position. Usually poor, yet in virtue of their education in close contact daily with the rich ; living a life of toil and privation, yet in virtue of their brevet rank as men of talent, enjoying, on a footing of nominal equality, the hospitality of the luxurious millionaire ; surrounded with every species of appetising pleasure, which they see others plunged in and gloating over, but which they are too penniless to share ; spending their evenings in brilliant theatres or magnificent saloons, amid every kind of beauty and indulgence that can delight or irritate the senses, and retiring from all this at night to their squalid garret, their homeless hearth, and their empty soul,—who can wonder that their fancy should run riot in meretricious pictures of material splendours and material joys ? and when once embarked in this career, millions are as easy to create as thousands, and far more exciting. Here we have the original of that class of French novels of which *Monte-Christo* is type and crown—a work which has driven thousands half wild with envy and impotent desire.

The plot of *Monte-Christo* is as follows:—A meritorious young sailor, captain of a merchant-vessel belonging to Marseilles, is denounced as a Buonapartist agent by two enemies, one of whom desires his post and the other covets his mistress.

He is arrested on his marriage-day and imprisoned in the Châteaud'If, an island off the south coast of France. Here he remains for fourteen years, in the course of which he manages, by means of a subterranean passage which he excavates, to establish a communication with an old and very learned Italian abbé, who teaches him much science and many languages, and ends with disclosing to him the secret of a vast treasure which he believes to be hidden in the island of Monte-Christo, a desert rock near the Tuscan shore. The abbé dies, and the young sailor conceals himself in his shroud, and contrives to be thrown into the sea instead of his deceased friend. He cuts open the shroud; escapes by swimming; goes to Monte-Christo; discovers and disinters the treasure (which consists of countless millions in gold and precious jewels); and after a few years reappears in the world as Count of Monte-Christo and the possessor of fabulous wealth, to commence his work of rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies,—both of which purposes he carries out by means of the most complicated plots, mysterious appearances, and melodramatic *coups de théâtre*, in the worst taste and of the most extravagant conception. Wherever he appears, he lives in the most astounding and elaborate luxury, and behaves with the most ostentatious generosity; but the generosity rather of a *parvenu* than a prince. His mansions are furnished with unimaginable splendour; his yacht is a miracle of gorgeous and elegant contrivances; he presents wonderful diamonds to wretched innkeepers who have served him, and bestows unrivalled emeralds on the Sultan and the Pope to purchase the freedom of a beautiful Greek and the life of a Roman bandit. He is served by black and silent servants; wherever he goes unexpected allies and *protégés* start up beneath his feet to do his bidding; he is in secret communication with all the potentates of the earth; he makes appointments to the minute months beforehand and thousands of miles distant, keeps them at the last stroke of the clock, and apologises for being two seconds late. In short, the whole story reads like the *Arabian Nights* adapted to Paris life in the reign of Louis Philippe. The taste of the whole is shocking; but it cannot be denied that the pictures are gorgeous, and thoroughly oriental both in their magnificence and their monstrosity: nor can we wonder that the work attained an extraordinary popularity among a people thirsting for material luxury and enjoyment—"the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

The next morbid phase into which the insatiable passion for excitement plunged the novelists of France is that of which

the works of Eugène Sue, especially *Atar-Gul* and *Les Mystères de Paris*, offer the most perfect type. It may be called "the criminal-monstrosity phase," or the phase of moral horrors and abominations. Its peculiar feature is a combination of the morally detestable with the psychologically impossible. The imagination is strained, spurred, and as it were stimulated by intoxicating drinks, to conceive every variety and abyss of crime; to paint the worst dens of infamy and sanguinary brutality which the cellars and catacombs of Paris can supply, to depict the daily life and the habitual sentiments, desires, and language of the hideous wretches who inhabit them; and then to place in the midst of these obscene haunts and these abandoned desperadoes some maiden of angelic loveliness and purity, who walks unharmed among the squalid and ruffianly vice around her. Where the story does not lend itself to this unnatural conception, the needed contrast is found in some other fashion. *Atar-Gul* is the story of a domestic negro in one of the West-Indian colonies of France, who is possessed through life by the most diabolic spirit of cruelty and revenge; who, having his master's full confidence and regard, continues to be considered by every one as a perfect specimen and treasure of devotion and gratitude, yet pursues for years a deliberate plan for the destruction of his master's family and the infliction of every species of suffering he can devise; and finally, when his master is paralytic and unable either to defend himself or denounce his enemy, tortures his last hours by explaining to him the various schemes by which he had made his life miserable, and gloats over the impotent horror and indignation of the man who had so long loved and trusted him, and whom at last he thus barbarously undeceives. The *finale* and crowning stroke of the conception is the awarding to this finished and utterly unredeemed ruffian of the Monthyon prize for preëminent virtue, by men who had witnessed his apparent devotion, but were unacquainted with the true secret.

*Atar-Gul* was, we believe, the first production of Eugène Sue; *Les Mystères de Paris*, which followed it some years later, was every way worthy of so unhealthy a *début*. This work enjoyed for a considerable period almost unexampled popularity and circulation. That it should have done so appears to us in the highest degree discreditable to the critical as well as to the moral taste of the French; for any thing more confused and unartistic than the narrative, any thing more unnatural and unreal than the characters (with one or two exceptions), it is impossible to conceive. Nearly all the *dramatis personæ* are criminals of the lowest order and the most desperate and de-



praved natures. Nearly all the more striking and laboured scenes are laid in those secluded or subterranean haunts of squalid misery and loathsome sin with which a great city like Paris is sure to swarm. Every atrocious crime, from gigantic swindling to hired murder, which lawless fancy could invent or lawless men could perpetrate, is here delineated in the most revolting detail. The actors are brought upon the stage only to commit these crimes. The men, the women, even the children, are rather born devils than fallen and abandoned human beings. The author seems to have resolved that no one should be able to surpass him, or to find it worth while to follow him in this line. He has exhausted the field. We verily believe he has left nothing to be gathered by any gleaner. In the midst of all these lurid horrors two characters are introduced by way of relief and contrast. One is a young sovereign prince, Grand-Duke of Gerolstein, gifted with vast wealth, irresistible fascination, and fabulous physical strength, who goes about in various disguises, as he expresses it, "playing at Providence," relieving misery, righting wrongs, and punishing crime. In his judgments and inflictions, it might strike an ordinary reader that he is scarcely less scrupulous, natural, or decent than the criminals whom he detects and crushes. He puts out the eyes of one hardened murderer, by way of rendering his punishment appropriate and lingering. He lets loose one woman of preternatural fascinations and preternatural profligacy (every thing in the book is preternatural, superlative, and fabulous) on a notary whose crimes he desires to drag to light, with orders (which are executed to the letter and described as minutely as in a *procès verbal*) to drive him into frenzy by perpetually provoking his sensual desires and never gratifying them. Yet this Prince is the virtuous man of the book. The female miracle of it is Fleur de Marie, a young maiden, the lost daughter of wealthy and noble parents,—of the above-mentioned Grand-Duke and his mistress, in fact, but whom Rodolph believed to be dead,—who is brought up amid murderers, prostitutes, and thieves of the very lowest and filthiest description; but who has retained through all surroundings her innate purity of soul, exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and rich warmth of heart. She is beautifully painted, but, as we have said, she is a psychological impossibility. Such was the romance which for a while dominated Paris, and contributed not a little to the election of the author to the National Assembly ten years ago, by an overwhelming and nearly unexampled majority of votes, as the representative of the Socialist party.

The unenviable success of opening an entirely new vein in

this mine of intellectual pathology has been achieved by Alexander Dumas the younger—the son of the most prolific and extravagant romance-writer of this, or perhaps of any, day. *Monte-Christo* is the typical production of the father; *La Dame aux Camélias*, the typical production of the son. The *spécialité* of M. Dumas, *fils* (as he is usually termed),—the particular field which he has selected,—is the delineation of the *demi-monde*, or courtesan life. In France this world crosses the other more legitimate world so frequently, the two societies run so parallel and so often touch and even intermingle, that pictures of the one have almost always involved allusions to, and occasional excursions within the limits of, the other. Episodes and complications connected with the *demi-monde* are therefore to be met with in many recent Parisian novels; but M. Dumas, *fils*, is the first writer who has deliberately, consistently, and as it were almost professionally, laid his scenes in this anomalous world, and chosen his characters from among the people who inhabit it and frequent it. *La Dame aux Camélias*, and *Le Demi-Monde* (which is a drama, and had an enormous success when brought out on the stage), are devoted to the description of courtesan life; and *Le Roman d'une Femme* is a narrative in which the two societies—the recognised and the unrecognised—are placed side by side, with all their clashing engagements and incongruous affections and inextricable links—with their painful contrasts and still more painful resemblances. It is impossible to deny that M. Dumas, *fils*, is a master of his craft. Not only is he thoroughly at home in the society which he depicts, not only does he know to its very core and in all its recesses the social and (so to speak) the inner life of its denizens, both male and female; but he handles his materials as an artist, a philosopher, and almost as a moralist—if that epithet can fairly be applied to a man too familiar with all forms of profligacy to shrink from any, to whom voluptuous indulgence is one of the ordinary phenomena of life, and who does not even profess to have any sentiments of right or wrong concerning it. He is a conscientious and consummate workman; he makes a really profound study of his subject; he prepares his canvas with scientific care; his drawing is always distinct; his colouring, always vivid, is never outrageous; his figures, such as they are, are in harmony with themselves and in keeping with each other; he never condescends to the monstrous, and scarcely ever to the loathsome. Compared with his father, he is a model of high art; compared with Eugène Sue, he is almost a classic; compared with Ernest Feydeau, he may be regarded as decent and almost pure. It is true he has expressly selected scenes and characters which it is usual to ig-

nore, or to notice at a distance, or to look at and pass to the other side; it is true that he describes them with a plainness of language and fullness of detail hitherto unexampled in works intended to take rank as literature, to be read avowedly, and to lie on the tables of decent drawing-rooms; it is true there is something startling and almost stunning in the unapologetic and as it were physiological coolness of his analysis. But he writes rather like a man to whom reticence is unknown than to whom license is attractive. He has, indeed, no scruples of modesty to restrain him for saying any thing which it lies in his way to say; but, on the other hand, he has not, like so many of his countrymen, a disordered prurience perpetually goading him to go out of his way to find precisely the thing which he ought not to say. In fact, though about the most *lawless* of French novelists, yet, compared with most of them, he may almost be deemed estimable; and if it be permissible at all—which it is hard to grant—to paint in detail a life of which frailty, sin, and often abandoned viciousness, constitute the atmosphere and action, then there is little to quarrel with either in the science or the talent of the painter.\*

If we could venture to separate the *tendency* of a work from its features and its character, or to set off the lessons it is fitted to convey to thoughtful minds against the tone of its sentiments and the probable influence of its pictures upon ordinary readers, we should be more than half disposed to class M. Dumas' novels among *moral fictions*. There pervades them all a conviction, as profound as that of Solomon and based upon a similar experience, of the utter worthlessness of sensual enjoyments, of the hollowness of a life of pleasure, of the disappointment and satiety of those who lead it, of the mockery of all vicious hopes, of the delusive nature of all casual and wandering affections. The most boundless appliances of luxury, the most complete and intoxicating of illicit successes, are "the apples on the Dead-Sea shore." The better the instincts and the nobler the capacities of the votary of pleasure, the more certain and the more bitter is sure to be his disenchantment. The endeavour to import into the life of the *demi-monde* any real sentiment or any genuine affection, is persistently and convincingly represented as inevitably hopeless and fatal. The actors in his sad dramas of passion and of sin are always punished and always wretched. They pay for hours of fren-

\* From this appreciative admission—which in its context here is almost praise—we must make, however, one weighty exception. *Antonine*, the last work of M. Dumas, in the cold cynicism of its conclusion, and still more in its shameless unveiling of some of the most perverse and revolting vagaries of unhallowed passion, seems to us the saddest illustration and measure of French demoralisation yet given to the world.

zied and forbidden joys by years of fearful expiation. The utterly heartless and selfish are always shown to be the only ones tolerably happy; and these are never made the attractive or the fascinating personages of the story. This is cynical morality, no doubt, but it is morality which will produce its effect notwithstanding; and all the more so upon the class to whom it is addressed, as springing out of reaction and experience, and not out of principle, and as coming from a man in whom the moral sense, as we understand it, seems to have no existence. In the *Dame aux Camélias*, the heroine, a courtesan awakened to purity and aspiration by a real passion, ends a life consisting of scenes of the most poignant and ever-recurring anguish, varied only with days of transient and precarious rapture, by a death of lingering and tortured desolation; while her lover is, and deserves to be, almost more wretched than herself. In the *Roman d'une Femme*, an exquisite and chaste young wife, whose thread of life, owing to a casual frailty of her husband, becomes entangled with that of a clever and merciless *lorette*, dies broken-hearted at the age of twenty-two, having destroyed husband, father, child, and friend, by the fault of one nearly unconscious hour. With M. Dumas, retribution is abundantly and *logically* dealt out to all the frail and guilty. Vice is never made happy, except it is so abandoned and so gross as to lose all its fascinations, and to become repellent and not dangerous.

From these tales—and from another which in some features may be classed with them, and which has recently earned an infamous celebrity\*—we gather two or three features of Parisian social life which throw much light on the subject we are discussing. One is particularly noticeable. Their heroes have nothing else to do in life but to make love. They have no business, no profession, no occupation. Many of them are men of fortune, who can afford to be idle, and to waste wealth in the pursuit of pleasure. But this is by no means universally or necessarily the case. Those who have only a scanty income—*seulement de quoi vivre*, as they express it—seem to lead pretty much the same sort of life, as long as their means last, and sometimes long after they are ruined. When this point is

\* *Fanny*, by Ernest Feydeau. It is scarcely fair, however, to rank this disreputable volume, the success of which is in itself a scandal, with the artistic performances of M. Dumas, *sons*. It is a mere picture—drawn with a certain power and richness of colouring no doubt—of irrational and ungoverned passion; and is stained by indelicacies more monstrous in imagination and more daring in expression than are to be found in any other specimen of this sort of literature that has fallen under our notice. Its excess of license, rather than any notable ability, we believe, caused its sudden popularity.

reached, they game, contract debts, marry an heiress, or blow out their brains. In England the great majority of young men of education have something regular to do—an employment at least, if not a profession. If they are born to a fortune, they have usually political duties or occupation connected with the management of their estates, or they travel, or enter the army. If they are poor, they embrace commerce or the civil service, or some one or other of the laborious callings that lead to wealth. If they have only a moderate income, they almost always eke it out by entering on some profession that is respectable, if not very lucrative. It is exceptional, and is not considered creditable, for a young man to be without some recognised and regular occupation or vocation. In France, on the contrary, what is here the exception appears to be the rule. The result is twofold, judging at least by the descriptions of society which we are now considering. In the first place, these men, being utterly *désœuvrés*, without any other call upon their time, give themselves up wholly to the contrivance and the enjoyments of intrigue. When in love, they throw themselves unreservedly into the pastime; their whole thoughts and their entire hours are absorbed in it; they do nothing else morning, noon, and night; it is not to them an episode, a reward, or a refreshment—it is their daily bread, their business, their calling, their labour, their life. The lover does not go to his mistress in his leisure moments, in his hours of relaxation, in his holidays, in his evenings, “after office-hours:” he lies at her feet all day and every day; he adulates, contemplates, and caresses her from Monday morning till Saturday night.\* He is described as plunged in a sort of sea of delirious and delusive intoxication, coming to the surface only every now and then to breathe. The result, of course, inevitably is both that—thinking of nothing else—passion is pampered into an excess and perverted into fancies which together become almost insanity; and that—doing nothing else—sentiment dies out from sheer weariness and reaction, and becomes quenched in sickening satiety. The *liaison*, even when comparatively pure and noble, having

\* J'allais chez elle à l'heure de déjeuner; n'ayant rien à faire de la journée, je ne sortais qu'avec elle. Elle me retenait à dîner, la soirée s'ensuivait par conséquent; bientôt, lorsque l'heure de rentrer arrivait, nous imaginâmes mille prétextes, nous prîmes mille précautions illusoires qui, au fond, n'en étaient point. Enfin je vivais, pour ainsi dire, chez elle.” *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, par Alfred de Musset.

See also *Dame aux Camélias* and *Antonine*, passim.

“Mon existence était sédentaire. Je passais la journée chez ma maîtresse: mon plus grand plaisir était de l'emmener à la campagne durant les beaux jours d'été, et de me coucher près d'elle dans les bois, sur l'herbe, ou sur la mousse. . . . En hiver, comme elle aimait le monde, nous courions les bals et les masques, en sorte que cette vie oisive ne cessait jamais.” *Ibid.*

no relief or variety while it lasts, cannot in the nature of things last long. In the second place,—and this is a consequence shared in a qualified degree by all great cities where the rich and idle congregate,—the number of these idle men who have to kill time in seeking pleasure goes far to explain the laxity of morals and frailty of reputations believed to prevail among the *femmes du monde* in France. It is a social country; people live much in public, and much in company. A far larger portion of the time both of men and women is passed in making and receiving visits than with us. The number of people available for this occupation is unusually great. So many men have nothing to do but to pay court to women, and no scruples to prevent them from paying it in any mode and under any circumstances, that, in certain classes of society, women may be said to pass a considerable portion of their lives in a state of siege; they are perpetually surrounded by courtiers and “pretenders;” and as, alas! they are nearly as unoccupied as their adulators, and often quite as *ennuyées*, what wonder that so many fall under the combined influence of temptation, tedium, and bad example!

Again: nothing makes a stronger or more painful impression on the reader than the unfeeling brutality with which the lovers in these tales habitually treat their mistresses, even when these mistresses are ladies of high position, superior education, and unblemished reputation. If any one is disposed to think lightly and leniently of those habits of license and intrigue which seem so general in France, and which are far from unknown here, he will do well to ponder this peculiar phase of character, as depicted in the literature in question by those who know it well and share it so thoroughly that they have almost ceased to excuse it or to be conscious of it. In the novels of George Sand, of Dumas, *fils*, of Ernest Feydeau, and of Alfred de Musset, the heroines are ladies endowed with every amiable and attractive quality, except that rigid principle which is scarcely to be looked for in such society; fascinating, affectionate, full of heart and soul; capable not only of earnest and disinterested but of devoted and self-sacrificing attachment, and lavishing all the priceless treasures of a rich and noble nature on their unworthy suitors; risking if not actually losing for them peace, fame, a calm conscience, and a happy home; giving themselves up with a completeness and confidence of surrender which would be lovely and almost sublime, if only the cause were lawful and the object worthy; trusting, soothing, aiding, enduring, worshipping, with a truth and fervour in which woman so rarely fails, and which man so rarely merits. But the men of the story—the objects and inheritors of all this



affection—are represented—almost invariably, and as if it were the rule of life from which truth and notoriety permit the artist no departure—as becoming at once, not indeed insensible to, but utterly ungrateful for the wealth of love lavished upon them; repaying devotion with insult, and abandonment with *exigence*; answering every fresh proof of fidelity and self-surrender with groundless jealousies and mean suspicions; meeting every concession with some new outrage or some new demand; treating the most faithful, tender, and noble-minded mistresses, the moment they have them in their power, as no *gentleman* could treat even the poorest *fille perdue* who still retained a woman's decency and a woman's form;—in a word, displaying in every word and action a heartless egotism, a harsh and cruel tyranny, and a total want of respect and consideration for the most natural as for the most sacred feelings, which would seem incredible on any less authority than their own. For it is remarkable that the novels which most detail all these cruel and selfish inflictions—which specify the worst brutalities inflicted by these lovers upon fond and tender women—are all *in the autobiographical form*;—it is the barbarian who describes his own barbarities—the executioner who records all the slow elaborate tortures he has practised on his victim,—sometimes, indeed, with a sort of conventional self-condemnation, though scarcely ever with self-loathing or self-surprise—never with any indication of that burning shame which would make the record of such things impossible, even were the commission of them not so.

It will be obvious that the worst exemplifications of this hideous feature cannot stain our pages. It is not easy even to adduce any. They are so numberless and so perpetually recurring, that to quote them would be often to give the whole narration. *La Dame aux Camélias* is full of them,—consists of them,—some of a character and enormity which are scarcely conceivable,—yet all narrated by the offender himself. The same may be said of *Fanny*. The same may be said of *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*. The same may be said of *Elle et Lui*. In fact, they are all stories of a lover torturing his devoted and sensitive mistress to death by a series of ingenious insults, outrageous suspicions, cruel and exacting caprices, refined brutality, and a sort of cold superlative selfishness for which a fitting epithet really is not to be found. After describing a number of these brutalities, some of them almost incredible, the *Enfant du Siècle* sums up thus:—"Lecteur, cela dura six mois : pendant six mois entiers, Brigitte, calomniée, exposée aux insultes du monde, eut à essayer de ma part tous les dédains et toutes

les injures qu'un libertin colère et cruel peut prodiguer à la fille qu'il paye."\*

Another characteristic and, as far as we know, unique feature of these novels is the repeated pictures they present to us, not only of absolutely uncontrolled passions and emotions, and of indulging them without reticence or shame, but of the entire absence apparently of any consciousness that such abandonment of all self-restraint is in any way disgraceful and unmanly. The heroes go into the most outrageous furies; they roll on the ground in agonies of tears; they pass from the wildest excesses of love into the wildest excesses of hatred; they become speechless with rage; they gesticulate like madmen; they give vent to all the unseemly violences of the half-childish, half-savage human animal, without dignity, decency, or drapery. It is not so much that they lose all self-control, as that they give no intimation that self-control is considered needful, or the want of it shameful. Extremes to which no provocation could goad an Englishman seem to be simple every-day occurrences among these spoiled children of license and intrigue. "The first thing I did" (says one), "as soon as I was able to rise after my wound, was to run to my mistress's house. I found her alone, sitting in the corner of her room, her countenance fallen and disturbed. I loaded her with the most violent reproaches; I was drunk with despair. *I cried out till the whole house echoed with the clamour; and at the same time my tears so interrupted my words that I FELL ON THE BED to let them flow freely.*" He ends by striking his mistress on the back of the neck; and when, in spite of all this treatment, she comes to him the same evening to beg forgiveness and reconciliation, he takes a carving-knife and threatens to kill her. The same man, a year or two later, finds another lady to love him, to whom he behaves much in the same way,—“treating her” (he says) “now as an abandoned woman, and the next instant as a divinity. A quarter of an hour after insulting her, I was

\* *Funny* is from first to last the history, by himself, of a lover who maltreats and torments his mistress in every mode except actual personal violence,—by sarcasms, by insults, by suspicions, by cruel outrages upon every sentiment of duty, honour, and natural affection which she is endeavouring to retain. Yet most of the outrages are of such a character that we have searched in vain for any passage that it would be possible to extract. We can only convey the most faint and general conception of the narrative by saying, that the lover begins by being furious because his mistress stays by the bedside of her sick child, instead of visiting him as usual; that he then falls so low as to regale her ears with every false and scandalous rumour that he can collect regarding her husband, whom, though she has betrayed him, she still esteems and values; that he abuses her because she defends this husband against his calumnies; and finally that, to punish the unhappy lady for refusing to fly with him, and abandon reputation, husband, and children at once, he, out of mere horrible perversity and *spite*, plunges into every sort of low debauchery; and returns to her, day after day, soiled and reeking from the haunts of infamy in which he has been endeavouring, as it were, to revenge himself upon her! And all this he relates himself!

kneeling at her feet ; as soon as I ceased to accuse, I began to apologise ; when I could no longer rail at her, I wept over her. A monstrous delirium, a rapturous fever, seized upon me ; I nearly lost my senses in the violence of my transports ; I did not know what to say, or to do, or to imagine, to repair the evil I had wrought. I spoke of blowing out my brains if I ever ill-treated her again. *These alternations of passion often lasted whole nights.*"\* The following is the reception given to a lady who comes to visit her lover (whom she had wronged, certainly) as he recovers from a severe illness :

" Elle se pencha sur mon lit, et des deux mains souleva son voile. . . . 'Fanny !' m'écriai-je tout-à-coup, en levant les deux bras. Elle s'affaissa en sanglotant sur ma poitrine. Mais la mémoire m'était revenue avec la connaissance, et *la frappant au front de mes poings fermés*, je la détachai de moi en m'écriant comme un furieux : 'Va-t'en d'ici !' Elle crut que j'étais fou encore, et se détournait en pleurant ; mais retrouvant un reste de force dans ma colère, *je la frappais encore à l'épaule*, et m'élançant de mon lit, je m'abattais sur elle, et roulai à terre à ses pieds."†

One quotation more, and we have done. This novel ends with another scene, similar, but yet more atrocious. After heaping every sort of verbal outrage and abuse on the unhappy woman who had given herself to him, for six or seven pages of fluent insult, the narrator of his own shame proceeds :

" Elle se leva enfin désespérée, et voulut partir. Mais je la retins, la poussai au fond de la chambre, et m'adossant contre la porte, les bras croisés : 'Tu entendras tout !' m'écriai-je. Et alors *je me mis à haleter* ; et ne trouvant plus rien à lui dire, *je la menaçai des poings, en trépignant et en criant* ; et elle me regardait de côté avec un indicible terreur. Enfin les paroles, une fois de plus, jaillirent de ma bouche : 'Jamais je n'ai cru en toi. Je sentais si bien que tu me trompais, qu'à mon tour—malheureux que je suis !—j'ai voulu souiller notre amour. Apprends-le donc, si tu ne t'en es pas doutée ; moi qui t'adorais, je t'ai trompée avec les plus viles des femmes.' "

Conceive an English gentleman in such a passion with the faithless lady whom he loved that his fury cannot find utterance, setting his back against the door, panting with rage, stamping and shaking his fists at her like a dumb idiot ; and at last, when words come to his relief, using his recovered

\* *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*. These are not, as might be imagined, specimens taken from the poor productions of some hack caterer for the lowest class of readers. They are extracts from a work of unusual power, of profound melancholy, and sadly and almost soundly moral in the lesson it inculcates. It contains the truest, most painful, and most warning pictures we have ever met with of the certainty and the terrible degree in which a career of profligacy, however brief and uncongenial, poisons all legitimate enjoyment and all purer and serenest love.

† *Fanny*, par Ernest Feydeau.

speech to overwhelm her with *noirceurs* which could never enter the thoughts or pass the lips of any but the shameless and the abandoned! And conceive further, his describing all this himself, without the slightest indication of reticence or humiliation!

It might seem impossible to go beyond or below this; yet if there be a lower depth still, that depth has been reached in two of the last novels that have issued from the press, written by two of the most noted writers of the day. *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle* bear the names respectively of George Sand and Paul de Musset. They are said to be, and we believe they are, the personal scandalous adventures of the writers, with some colouring, but with little deviation from historic fact, wrought into fiction. *Elle et Lui* describes the connection of Madame Dudevant (under her *nom de plume* of George Sand) with Alfred de Musset, from the lady's point of view, and paints scenes and characters as she would wish them to be believed by the world. Even on her own showing, the story is shocking and revolting enough; but she paints herself as the loving, clinging, much-enduring, if yielding and guilty, woman; and her lover as cruel, exacting, capricious, and incurably licentious. This lover, so delineated,—whom every one recognised as Alfred de Musset, a poet and novelist of great merit—is dead; and Paul de Musset, not choosing that such a false picture of his brother should go forth uncontradicted, and having materials and documents at his command, thought fit to give, also in the form of fiction, Alfred's version of the *liaison*. Here, as might be expected, the colours are reversed: the gentleman is described as all that is amiable, attractive, faithful, and devoted; while the lady acts throughout as a thoroughly heartless and abandoned creature, though full of fascination, and not incapable for a time of experiencing an absorbing passion. Which of the parties speaks the truth and which lies, or in what proportion the indisputable falsehood is to be divided between them, it is needless to inquire. But assuredly nothing can be more disgraceful than the things revealed—except the revelation of them.

From the popularity, the general agreement, the consentaneous tone, both as to character and plot, of the works we have been considering, as well as from the absence of all exposing and protesting criticism, and from much corroborative information that has reached us, we are driven irresistibly to the following painful conclusions. That illicit *liaisons*, especially with married women, are, in the upper and the idler classes of France, the rule rather than the exception, and that the excep-

tions are rare and remarkable :—among the *bourgeoisie*, we believe, the case is different,—they are too busy for a life of dissipation and intrigue. That, in the vast majority of instances, these *liaisons* have their origin—not, as among the Italians, in genuine and absorbing passion, nor, as among the Germans, in blended sentimentality and sense, but—in vanity, want of occupation, and love of excitement on the part of the men, and in love of admiration, and (what is worse) mere love of luxury, on the part of the women,—whose suitors furnish those means of extravagance which their husbands refuse ;—and that this distinction is to be traced to the peculiar character and temperament of the nation. That into these *liaisons* the men appear habitually to import a coarseness and a cruelty, as well as an unchivalric and ungenerous roughness, indicating, not so much that they do not appreciate the sacrifice which the woman makes in giving herself to them, as that they do not believe it is any sacrifice at all. In fine, so little respect does there seem to be left for the feelings of women, so little belief in their virtue, so little trust in their sincerity or disinterestedness,—so completely have calculation, luxury, mutual contempt, and mutual mistrust, poisoned the tenderest relation of life and its purest passion—that the fitting epithet to apply to this phase of French society is not so much “immorality,” as hideous and cancerous corruption.

We are little disposed to indulge in trite moralities, or rigid censoriousness, or stern condemnations in which is no tenderness for frailty and no mercy for repentance. But surely those who incline to think lightly of sacred ties and leniently of voluptuous indulgence and unlicensed attachments, may find a warning in these pictures of a social life where this lenience and levity are universal. They may see there how surely and how rapidly want of feeling follows want of principle ; how disbelief in virtue grows out of experience in frailty ; how scanty is the joy to be derived from the emotions of love when those emotions are reduced to their mere beggarly material elements, divorced from the redeeming spirit, and stripped of the concealing and mysterious drapery of fancy and of grace ; and at what a fearful cost to heart and soul these feverish and wandering gratifications are purchased—how poor the article and how terrible the price,—a disenchanting world, a paralysed and threadbare soul, a past with no sweet and gentle memories, a future with no yearnings and no hopes.

It cannot be denied that the prevalence and wide circulation of such a popular literature as that of which we have endeavoured to portray the more characteristic features, is a fact

both fearful and momentous, whether we regard it as an indication or as an influence—as a faithful reflection of the moral condition of the people among whom it flourishes, or as the most powerful determining cause of that condition. The more inherent and universally diffused excellencies and defects of national character may, we believe, be discerned more truly in the favourite dramas and novels than in any other productions of the national mind. They show the sort of recreation which is instinctively resorted to when the tension of pursuit and effort is relaxed—the natural tendency of the unbent bow. They also show the food which is habitually presented to the people by those who are familiar with their appetites and tastes, in their most impressible and passively recipient moods. And what justifies us in drawing the most condemnatory and melancholy conclusions from the multiplication and success of the works we have been considering is, that they are *characteristic, and not exceptional*. They are not the repast provided by an inferior class of writers for the interest and amusement of an inferior class of readers. They form the light reading, the *belles-lettres* of the vast majority—of the generality, in fact—of educated men and women. They indicate the order of thoughts and fancies to which these habitually and by preference turn, the plots which interest them most, the characters which seem to them most piquant or most familiar, the reflections which stir their feelings the most deeply, the principles or sentiments by which their actions are most usually guided, the virtues they most admire, the vices they most tolerate;—they reflect, in a word, the daily life and features of themselves, and of the circles in which they live and move.

These productions, too, for the most part, are written with great power and beauty, often with as much elevation of sentiment as is compatible with the absence of all strict principle and all definite morality. There is plenty of religion, and much even that is simple, touching, and true; but it is religion as affection and emotion—never as guide, governance, or creed. There is some reverence and much gratitude towards God; but little idea of obedience, sacrifice, or devotion. There is adulation and expectation, rather than worship or service. Then, again, there is vast sympathy with the suffering and the poor,—deep and genuine, if often irrational and extravagant; but it commonly degenerates into senseless animosity towards the rich, lawless hatred of settled institutions, and frantic rebellion against the righteous chain of cause and effect which governs social well-being. There are delineations of rapturous, irapproachable, almost angelic, love; but some unhallowed memory,



or some disordered association, almost always steps in to stain the idol and to desecrate the shrine. There are eloquence, pathos, and fancy in rich profusion; characters of high endowment and noble aspiration; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection; pictures of saintly purity, heroic daring, and martyr-like devotion;—but something theatrical, morbid, and meretricious mingles with and mars the whole. There is every flower of Paradise,

“But the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

The grandest gifts placed at the service of the lowest passions;—the holiest sentiments and the fondest moments painted in the richest colours of the fancy, only to be withered by cynical doubt or soiled by cynical indecency;—the most secret and sacred recesses of the soul explored and mastered, not for reverential contemplation of their beauties and their mysteries, but in order to expose them, with a hideous grin—naked, sensitive, and shrinking—to the desecrating sneers of a misbelieving and mocking world:—such is the work which genius must stoop to do, when faith in what is good, reverence for what is pure, and relish for what is natural, have died out from a nation's heart!

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#### ART. VIII.—BARON RICASOLI AND HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

*Atti e Documenti editi e inediti del Governo della Toscana dal 27 Aprile in poi.* Firenze, 1860. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

*I Contemporanei Italiani. Bettino Ricasoli.* Per F. Dall' Ongaro. Torino, 1860. Pp. 74.

THE remarkable collection of state-papers recently published by order of the Tuscan government, and comprising not only the various laws, decrees, and proclamations which appeared successively in the columns of the official gazette, and on the walls of the cities of Tuscany, but also a large number of the before unpublished and more private papers of the administration, extends to the last day of the year 1859. Rarely have the governing powers of any country been so much in a hurry to lay before the world an account of their stewardship. Similar matters are ordinarily permitted to pass into the domain of the

historian only when the actors in them and their immediate descendants have long since gone beyond the reach of praise or blame,—when there is no longer any danger of “wounding personal susceptibilities.” And truly it has rarely, if ever, happened that any discoverer of diplomatic secrets has revealed them to the world without revealing what is eminently calculated to wound the susceptibilities of all connected with them. But the Tuscan government,—or governments rather, for the administration of the province has already passed through several phases,—seem to be less susceptible. Here is the complete account of their doings printed at the press of the official gazette, while the matters referred to are yet absolutely passing; and that too at a time of historical crisis, when prejudices and passions are inflamed, and the line of policy which appears wise, honourable, and upright to one portion of the nation, is certain of being deemed the exact reverse of this by another. No future historian of the passages in the national life of Italy now being enacted before our eyes need fatigue himself by peering into yellow and musty archives in search of the true facts of the story he has to tell. He will discover in them nothing more than the publication now prepared by the actors of it for his use can tell him. The materials of history are here at least unadulterated and ungarbled.

The period of eight months and three days comprised in the three volumes of which we have been speaking falls naturally into five divisions, following the successive modifications in the form of the Tuscan government necessitated by the abrupt and unanticipated conclusion of the previous *régime*. To one looking back over that far bygone time, sixteen months ago, it seems now a marvel almost unaccountable that these phases of government should have been able to succeed each other in due and orderly process of development, each from its predecessor, under the circumstances of the case. No man in the country, including the late Grand-Duke himself, could, at noon of the 27th of April 1859, have calculated with any certainty on his abandoning it at six p.m. that same evening. No sort of provision or preparation had been made for such a cataclysm of the whole governmental machine. James II. left at least a parliament behind him. Tuscany, when abandoned by the Duke, was reduced to a state of social dissolution. But the old civilisation came in aid to the cradle of the new. Florence, if nothing else, was still a municipality. The members of the municipality betook themselves to the old “Palazzo Municipale” as naturally as if it had been the fourteenth instead of the eighteenth century; and “at half-past seven p.m.”—just

an hour and a half after the Duke had left the city,—signed the appointment of a provisional government.

This was the first phase. And its duration was as short as the most sincere desire on the part of those on whom power was thus conferred, to return to a more normal state of things, could make it. On the 28th of April, the day after the sudden revolution, the triumvirate, in whose hands the powers of government had been placed, addressed a communication to Count Cavour, begging him to request the King of Sardinia to assume the dictatorship of Tuscany *during the war of Italian independence*. No arrangement, or even proposition, is put forward respecting the ultimate destiny of the country. "Tuscany would wish," they write, "to preserve meanwhile, even during this transitory period, its autonomy, and an administration independent of that of Sardinia. And the definitive settlement of the country will be arranged when the war is ended, and when the general constitution of Italy shall be determined on." On the 30th of April Count Cavour, in a despatch communicated to the provisional government by Signor Boncompagni, who had been the Sardinian minister at the court of the Grand-Duke, on the 4th of May, replies, that for reasons of state, which will be readily comprehended, the King cannot accept the dictatorship proposed to him; but that his Majesty is willing to undertake the supreme command of the Tuscan forces for the assistance and forwarding of the great object they all had in view, and to assume a *protectorate* of Tuscany, delegating the necessary powers to his ambassador Boncompagni, with the title of Commissary-Extraordinary for the War of Independence. On the 11th of May the triumvirate, who had held the provisional government, formally resigned their powers into the hands of the king's commissary, in the Palazzo Vecchio; and thus commenced the second phase of the revolutionary period.

The third was marked by the cessation of the protectorate assumed by Victor Emanuel, and of the powers intrusted to the Commissary-Extraordinary; and by the transmission of all the powers of government to a council composed of the existing Tuscan ministers. This change took place at that moment of bitter disappointment, and of all but despair, which followed the peace of Villafranca. "Grave considerations of political expediency," the Tuscans were told, prevented the sovereign of their choice from consenting to their desire that he should continue his connection with them, slight and abnormal as the conditions of that connection had been. A royal letter of the 21st of July had enjoined the Commissary-Extraordinary to hand over the government of Tuscany "to one

or more persons who possessed the confidence of the country, in order that on the cessation of the protectorate of his Majesty's government the fortunes of the country may be intrusted to its natural defenders." And on the 1st of August the change took place. And the men who had been placed at the helm by the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens were left alone on the stormy ocean of European politics, to steer their frail little bark amid the intricacies of that difficult navigation, sustaining their own and their country's spirit and constancy as best they might during that period of depression, doubt, and misgiving. This was the third phase. Many, but not all, of the difficulties thrown in the way of this government, which they were bound to conquer, and did successfully conquer, in carrying out the fixed desire of the country to become a portion of a powerful Italian kingdom, are well known to Europe. A perusal of the documents contained in the second volume of this dry, but not very uninteresting, collection will show that the men who were then guiding the course of Tuscany gave proofs of firmness, patience, moderation, and wisdom, which would have done honour to the practised statesmen of any cabinet in Europe. And constancy, perseverance, and courage had their reward as usual. On the 29th of September the ministers were enabled to proclaim, amid the enthusiastic applause of the nation, that the wishes of Tuscany had been listened to by his majesty the King of Sardinia, who accepted their election of him for their sovereign; and that they would henceforth carry on the government in the name of Victor Emanuel, king *elect*. And this was the commencement of the fourth phase in the revolutionary progress.

Yet one other step remained to be taken for the entire realisation of the desire which Tuscany had so unanimously formed, as soon as she found herself left, by the departure of the Grand-Duke, free arbitress of her own destinies. No national wish was ever more clearly or unanimously expressed than that of Tuscany to become a portion of an Italian kingdom, under the constitutional sceptre of the House of Savoy. Europe has, in a very marked manner, accorded its admiration to that long-despised and down-trodden people for the calm moderation and orderly bearing with which it passed through a crisis that few, if any, of its peoples would have traversed with equal propriety, dignity, and tranquillity. But a full measure of just appreciation has not yet been awarded to the genuine patriotism which inspired the determination on which the Tuscans, especially the Florentines, acted. Those who are not intimately acquainted with the feelings of all classes of the people,—with the social and economical interests involved, or

supposed to be involved, in the question, and with the traditional pride felt by every Florentine in all the memorials of the glorious history of their palmy days,—cannot be aware how much of real self-denial went to the determination to sacrifice all these things to the creation of a strong, united, and independent Italy. True patriotism, unself-seeking, unegotistical, is a rare flower. It is, however, often to be found, we may hope, in individuals, and sometimes in bodies of men moved by a generous and contagious impulse. But we are unable to call to mind an instance in which a whole people has, with all but absolute unanimity, voluntarily given up what was dear to themselves, and what they supposed to be profitable to themselves, for a similar motive.

The wish and determination of Tuscany had been declared clearly enough. The desire of the Sardinian monarch and government to meet the wishes of Tuscany could not be doubted. And yet, as is too well known to need pointing out at length, there were grave and embarrassing difficulties in the way of accomplishing their mutual desire. Cautiously, firmly, and patiently, both parties had felt their way onwards towards the accomplishment of it. And now one more step, as has been said, remained to be taken for the entire realisation of it; and on the 7th of November this last step was made good. The ministry were then enabled to call together the Chamber of Tuscan Representatives, and propose to them the nomination of a Regent to assume the government in the direct name of Victor Emanuel as King. Upon that occasion the Dictator-President of the Council of Ministers, in the course of a most able and eloquent statement of the condition of the country, and the reasons for taking the step then to be proposed to them, told the assembly that "Tuscany might well maintain herself in her present condition for whatever length of time it might be necessary for her to do so; for being secured from violence from without, and internally tranquil and one-minded, she had nothing to distress her or make her anxious to change her lot. The difficulties attendant on a prolonged state of expectancy," continued the President, "are therefore not derived from ourselves. But Europe will not willingly see this our precarious condition prolonged indefinitely—a condition from which unthought of dangers to the public peace might arise. As we have already relieved Europe from all fear of anarchical tentatives among us, and have reassured it as to the good use we are capable of making of our recovered liberties, we ought now to reassure it also on this point, that it is our wish to retain that monarchic constitution under which the greater part of the civilised nations live at the present day, and give guarantees

that our principles of national constitution are not susceptible of being changed or transformed into a threat against European order. We will proceed consistently and resolutely on our course, with the dignity of an orderly and free people, persevering in the intentions with which it has been inspired by the right of providing for its own tranquillity and prosperity, and at the same time without deviating in aught from the programme we have laid down for ourselves."

The proposition to name as Regent the Prince Eugene of Savoy Carignan was carried by the Assembly, voting by ballot, with one dissentient voice. The government was thenceforward carried on in the name of the King; and the last phase of the extraordinary series of changes chronicled in the work before us was accomplished.

It would be neither an uninteresting nor an unprofitable task to go through these volumes, as the future historian of Italy during her days of regeneration will hereafter do, and draw from them the story of the constancy, firmness, prudence, and honesty which led the nation to and through these various changes. But it is our present intention to restrict our observation to one figure among the personages of this drama; and we shall, in great measure, avail ourselves for this purpose of the interesting and ably-written little book of Signor Dall' Ongaro, the title of which we have added to that of the larger work, of which we have been speaking, at the head of this Article. It is, indeed, the principal figure on the canvas that we wish to present to the English reader somewhat more fully and fairly than has yet been done; and his story will therefore necessarily be, in a great measure, that of Tuscany during the months of which we have been speaking.

We all know the trite truth about great occasions calling forth great men. And it is probable that, if greatness had not been thrust upon him by the requirements of the times and the need of his country, the general world of Europe would have known nothing more of the present Baron Bettino Ricasoli than it does of any of the long line of noble ancestors who have borne the name through many a dim and long-past century. Not that Ricasoli would, under any circumstances or in any age, have been a useless member of society, one of the mere *fruges consumere nati*. His native energy, and instinctive tendency towards *bettering* whatever came in his way, would have rendered this impossible. Such men are never thrown away, though circumstances of time and place may decide whether a nation or a parish shall be the better for them. The truest benefactor of mankind, it has been said, is he who makes two blades of wheat grow where one only grew before. And the present governor



of Tuscany would have been a large benefactor to mankind in this sort, if the ripeness of time had not called him to be the regenerator of his country, and the chief and most efficient founder of its new destinies. In other times than these he would have led the life for which, we believe, he now often sighs at his much-loved Brolio, among the pleasant Chianti hills, using the abundant means placed at his disposal by his extensive territorial possessions in improving all around him, ruling his peasantry (some of whom, it is said, have been, from father to son, on the Ricasoli farms for more than five hundred years) with a somewhat high-handed but uniformly beneficent rule, and showing them how to adapt the time-honoured precepts of the old Tuscan agriculture, once celebrated throughout Europe, to the counsels of modern agricultural science. The celebrated Ricasoli wines—that “*Vin robusto, che si vanta, D’esser nato al Chianti*,” which Redi sings of, and which, he tells us, “*Maestoso, imperioso, mi passeggiu dentro il core*”—would have occupied the care which is now busy with the founding of a nation.

A recent Italian historian,\* speaking of the rise of the reforming party in Italy in the first quarter of this century, writes that, in Tuscany, “This party, which the obstructives deemed a sect of conspirators, while, in fact, its members were simply reformers, was composed of men the most eminent for acquirements, and for all civil and social virtues. They were also—a circumstance rarely seen elsewhere—men possessed of the largest fortunes, and heirs of the most noble names in the country. It may be that such was the case, because the Tuscan aristocracy, neither feudal in its origin nor created by a court, but of essentially civil derivation, learned from its family traditions the love of country and of liberty, and not a stupid pride or base servility. Thus it was that liberalism made its way surely in the very reception-rooms of the sovereign, and the vaulted saloons of the Palazzo Pitti itself echoed murmurings of the necessity of reform.” Of the knot of men thus characterised, the present Governor of Tuscany may be considered as the pupil and the youngest member. But his early youth was not conversant only with these fathers of Tuscan aristocratic liberalism. He mixed intimately in his very early years with that circle of illustrious exiles who gathered around Tito Manzi, on his return from representing Tuscany at the court of Murat. Manzi was one of the earliest and most fervent supporters of the idea of Italian unity and independence; and at his return from Naples was the centre of a society whose leading ornaments were Colletta, Poerio, Pepe, Giordani, Nico-

\* Gualterio,—*Gli ultimi Rivolgenti Italiani*, vol. ii. p. 23, edit. Firenze, 1852.

lini, Salvagnoli, &c. "To be admitted to such a society," writes Signor Dall' Ongaro, "and fail to open his mind to all generous aspirations, was not in the nature of the man. But pride and practical good sense saved him from juvenile escapades and indiscretions. He knew how to bide his time, and seize the moment of opportunity when ripe. From haughtiness of disposition, and from being imbued with traditional Ghibelline ideas, he distrusted every movement initiated by the people. No reform appeared possible to him, or acceptable, if it did not come from above."

Signor Dall' Ongaro, the writer of the above passage, who is better known in England as an elegant and pleasing poet, and as the translator of Milman's *Fazio*, than as a politician, has nevertheless, like every other Italian of any worth in these days, very decided political sympathies and opinions. He is, and boasts himself to be, a consistent republican of many years' standing. And though, like all the better minds of his party, he has deemed it best for the interest of his country's deliverance to give up so much of the political programme which he would prefer as to enable him to acquiesce in the leadership of the Piedmontese monarchy, yet his fundamental principles and modes of thought remain unchanged. It is needless to say that the Governor of Tuscany regards the present and future prospects of his country from a very different stand-point, and has reached his present opinions by a very different road. Under these circumstances, Signor Dall' Ongaro's appreciation of Ricasoli, in the little work we have referred to, is eminently honourable both to the writer and the statesman. It is more than this. It is a most valuable indication that party divisions are no longer what they used to be, at least in this part of Italy. It is an excellent symptom of a healthy state of public feeling, and a very cheering augury of what may be expected from its future action, when men of contrary parties, principles, and aspirations can yet see and declare the good and the noble in their opponents. Signor Dall' Ongaro's little book, we repeat, is honourable both to himself and to the subject of it. Nevertheless, as may be readily imagined, the old and consistent republican must needs have certain sympathies and antipathies calculated to beget unsympathising judgments of certain phases of the aristocratical reformer's character and conduct. And the lines we have cited above seem to us to offer an example of this. When the nature of the revolution, which has placed Ricasoli where he is, and the conduct of the Piedmontese Government, of which he now forms a part, with regard to it, are borne in mind, can it be fairly said that no reform appeared to him possible or acceptable if it emanated from the people?

The first public act which placed Ricasoli in a prominent position before the eyes of Italy was the presentation of a very remarkable memorial to the Grand-Ducal Government in 1847. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the political situation of the peninsula, and of the state of the public mind there at that time. It was abundantly clear from the time when Pius IX., in the character, not then yet discovered to be an impossible and contradictory one, of a reforming Pope, made his first timid and inconsistent attempts at liberalism, that it would very speedily become impossible for any one of the governments of the peninsula to maintain its then condition and position. It was also but too clear to those who had any real and intimate knowledge of the Grand-Duke and his surroundings, that any reform in a liberal sense which he might be induced to take would be forced upon him by unwelcome and dreaded necessity. Under such circumstances, the true and best friends of the Ducal Government saw that the only wise course for the Grand-Duke to pursue was to lead instead of waiting to be driven. And the memorial, composed, we believe, by the advocate Salvagnoli, the late minister of ecclesiastical affairs under the new régime, and presented by Ricasoli, gives a masterly *résumé* of the evils which most pressingly required amendment, and an indication of the needful remedies. The ills of which the state was sick are divided methodically into three classes: those which hinder improvement in the public morality, those which prevent a better system of government, and those which arise from a defective code of law. The demoralisation of the people is pronounced to be very great, and to be mainly owing to the faults and condition of the clergy. "The clergy," says this courageous document, "are, for the most part, neither men of instruction nor of pure morality, and they are too numerous. They have neither studies nor occupations of any utility. The friars neither instruct themselves nor others. Taken from the lowest class of society, and consisting of the idlest and most worthless individuals of that class, they do not take with them into the cloister dispositions calculated to render them good for any thing themselves, or in any respect useful to others. In the cities they are less noxious, because their conduct passes unobserved. In the country they are exceedingly pernicious by the bad example of that which they do, as well as by that of what they leave undone. The secular clergy has been suffered to increase beyond the necessities of the ministry, and beyond the number of benefices. A few only of the priests are instructed, and that but little, in the seminaries. The greater number, still worse educated, educated any where and solely with a view to passing their examination, take orders only as a means of getting

bread, thus debasing the sacred ministry. Thus the pure sentiment of religion is lost among the people. Festivals and ceremonies are multiplied for the sake of making them a source of profit. And reverence for religion, and the practice of Christian virtues, neglected by the priesthood, is yet more neglected by the laity. . . . Thus either hypocrisy or indifference is substituted for religious sincerity. Religion, not guarded in the churches, is driven forth from the dwellings, and outraged in public. It is reduced to a routine of superstitions or habitual practices, and effects nothing towards establishing the law of duty in the mind or that of charity in the heart.”\*

Every one who has had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the social condition of central Italy, as it has developed itself during the last quarter of a century, will be ready to bear witness to the exactitude of the foregoing statement. The other heads of the accusation brought against the existing order of things in the memorial are stated and developed with no less precision and fearless truth. We have preferred to draw special attention to the above, because the evil which it stigmatises lies at the root of all others, and is far less readily remedied. Forms of government may be changed, and the abuses arising from them may be corrected by an expeditive and summary process. But the deep-seated consequences resulting to the social condition of a people from long-continued use of a dead and decayed religion, instead of a living and operative one, are not so easily nor so quickly to be remedied. Better educated priests would have had but small effect towards this end, although uneducated priests were one symptom of the malady. A phase of general and profound scepticism is the inevitable and retributive result which the rulers and teachers of nations incur by teaching them a creed incredible to them, as soon as a somewhat advanced stage of intelligence shall have been reached. The old religion is absolutely inoperative to any good purpose in Tuscany. It is rejected by the better minds and hearts among the people, and is efficient only in impeding the amelioration of the baser and lower natures. But the separation of mixed truth and falsehood is the work in every case of a philosophic mind. Nations are not composed of philosophic minds. With the generality the detected falsehoods will suffice to cause a rejection of the whole system with which they were compounded. And it may be predicted, with little fear of error, that Italy generally, and more especially the central

\* This memorial may be found printed at length among the documents appended by Signor Zobi to the fifth volume of his *Storia Civile della Toscana, dal 1737 al 1848*; Firenze, 1852.

part of it, which, from natural disposition, as well as some other causes, has been for centuries the least religious part of the Peninsula, will have to pass through a phase of irreligion and scepticism. Had the time arrived when so large and radical a truth as this could have been put forth with advantage, we have little doubt that the author and presenter of the memorial of which we have been speaking would have stated it in its entirety.

This noteworthy document, however, runs to far too great a length—some eight or ten of these pages—for us to attempt to give our readers a complete analysis of it. But we cannot refrain from quoting the concluding paragraph, which, while it vouches for the fixed monarchical principles of the present Governor of Tuscany, and the loyalty to his sovereign, which led him to urge on the government the only line of conduct that could ultimately secure the stability of the Grand-Ducal dynasty, at the same time hints in a manner strikingly prophetic at the results that were likely to follow from a neglect of the warning tendered. The remarkable accuracy with which the probable issue of the ferment then general in men's minds from one end of Italy to the other, if it were balked of due satisfaction by the local rulers, was predicted, is a very notable proof of the large and sagacious knowledge of the public mind, its tendencies, and the course events were like to shape for themselves, that the friends who put forth this paper had already attained to. It was in 1847, it must be remembered, that the Grand-Duke and his then ministers were thus warned. "The fulness of time for this work," concludes the memorialist, after having shown the nature of the reforms needed, "is now come. For the torrent of internal causes and external events *might draw away elsewhere all the Tuscan elements*, if they do not become strongly bound together and compacted in a new form;—a monarchic form certainly, but one adjusted to the wisdom of our former days, adapted to the progress of the present age, and of that about to follow it, calculated to foster the civilisation and instruction of the people, and worthy of the prudence and virtue of the minister and the sovereign."\* Such was Ricasoli's political programme in 1847. The march of events has justified his foresight without changing his views. All the Tuscan elements *have* been drawn elsewhere. But that monarchic form of state adapted to the wants of a progressive civilisation is still the object of his efforts, though pursued under new circumstances, and with views embracing a larger horizon;—circumstances which, since the inexorable and due sequence of cause and effect has brought them about, it may well be be-

\* Zobi, loc. cit. p. 12.

lieved the Italian, though Tuscan, patriot-statesman would be sorry to see reversed.

While hopes in reformed and reforming popes and princes were yet high,—hopes *now* easily perceived by all of us to have been delusive and impossible, but which *then* imposed upon the wisest,—Ricasoli continued to serve the sovereign and the country in several ways. He was charged with a difficult negotiation at the court of Turin respecting the annexation to Tuscany of certain districts on the Northern frontier of the duchy, the people of which were bent on becoming the subjects of the then reforming and popular Grand-Duke. His mission to Charles Albert was perfectly successful. But the more interesting part of the record of this journey is that which shows us his views of Italian hopes and fortunes at that epoch. He appears to have considered Charles Albert at that time not sufficiently resolute to uphold strongly the cause of Italian regeneration, and of the independence of the Italian sovereigns.\* “To lead him to this decision,” he writes to Count Serristori, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs at Florence, “should be the object of the reforming princes who reign at Rome and at Florence. . . . The King of Piedmont must be committed to Italian policy.” It is rather curious to trace the steady and unchanged pursuit of Italian regeneration, independence, and improvement, working to the object which is its pole-star under circumstances and by roads so strangely different from those which the providential government of the world, directing the strange vicissitudes of Italian politics during the subsequent years, has actually shaped out for it.

This solicitude for the independence of the Italian *princes*—(a solicitude surely legitimate enough; for was not their dependence on Austria at the root of the evil?)—this solicitude of the Tuscan patrician reformer draws an anecdote from his democratic republican biographer, Dall’ Ongaro, which is worth quoting. While enthusiasm was running high for these reforming sovereigns, and a crowd was one day shouting hurrahs for the *princes, reformers of their people*, “I heard,” says Dall’ Ongaro, “an honest wood-carver of Siena cry, in a voice which rose above all the rest, ‘Hurrah for the *people, the reformers of princes!*’”

It was while hope in the honesty and good intentions of the Grand-Duke was still unshaken that Ricasoli, shortly after his return from Turin, accepted the office of Gonfaloniere of Florence. At no time in our own history have our territorial aristocracy been sufficiently identified with the citizen element of the population either to seek for or to obtain municipal dig-

\* Dall’ Ongaro, p. 23.



nities. The reverse has always been the case in Tuscany. It would be very strange to our habits and notions that one of our leading nobles and statesmen should be made Lord Mayor. It is quite in accordance with immemorial Florentine habits, that the most illustrious names in the country should deem the holding of the Gonfaloniership an added lustre to the family honours. And this difference in social customs and arrangements is one of those which curiously mark the different origin of the patrician order in the two countries, and the different modes of thought and habit arising thence.

Ricasoli was able to retain the office of Gonfaloniere but a short time. The fatal rock upon which all the high hopes of Italy were wrecked in 1848-9 began to loom large and menacing to all who had intelligence to comprehend the signs of the times. The Grand-Duke, vacillating, cowardly, and insincere, found, or fancied, himself constrained to intrust himself and the fortunes of Tuscany to the guidance of men with whom Ricasoli could not consistently act. The political views and hopes of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and their friends, were wholly different from his. The best and most candid of men are apt to become bitter when engaged in the strife of party-politics. But the critic has none of the excuses for sharing their prejudices which may be held to palliate prejudice in them. And it must be admitted that there are no fair grounds for disbelieving in the honesty and patriotism of those men in whose hands the first Tuscan revolution was so lamentably wrecked. But it may be asserted with probability that the best heads in Europe at the time would have deemed the chances of conducting the movement to a favourable issue by the road which Ricasoli and his friends would have followed, infinitely greater than any that were offered by the programme of their opponents. Time and the hour have brought about solutions, and opened prospects infinitely superior to any thing that was then hoped by either party, and to any thing that the policy then pursued by either could have led to. But the monarchical reforming party, of which Ricasoli was even then, by virtue of his capabilities, if not yet by clear avowal, the leader, are entitled to remind the historian of that period that their scheme of action and policy was never tried; while that of the democratic leaders was tried, and grievously failed. Of Ricasoli also, if not of all who professed the same opinions in 1848, it is fair to observe, that he at least has been sufficiently clear in intellect, and single-hearted in Italian patriotism, to have perceived that the future now opened to Italy is a brighter and a grander one than any which his highest hopes and largest plans had contemplated in 1848-9. If any alloy of egotism or self-seeking

could have availed to blind him to this, such motives would have appealed to him with a much greater force of temptation than they could have brought to bear on most of the men who are still opposed to Italian unity. A Ricasoli had very much more to lose by the abandonment of Tuscan autonomy than the most noisy of the federalists and Tuscan autonomists.

It is needless to speak of the miserable failure and wreck of 1849. Ricasoli was among those who hoped to the last that *all* was not lost, and sought to bring back the Grand-Duke to his capital on the footing of a constitutional sovereign. This too sanguine expectation, this loyal long-suffering, will be judged differently by different men, according to their own temperaments and opinions. None will doubt the consistency of his patriotism. It soon became evident that Leopold II. intended to seek the security of his regained throne, not in constitutional government and the contentment of his subjects, but in the aid of Austrian bayonets. Many of those who, with Ricasoli, had sought to bring about the Duke's return were sufficiently loyalists *quand même* to assent to this humiliating fall to a worse condition than their former one. But not so Ricasoli. A court supported and overrun by Austrian soldiery was no place for him. He returned to his rural pursuits, expending that energy and desire of improvement which could not remain inactive in a sphere in which good was still to be done. The ten years of mute discouragement passed dully and undemonstratively; but not uselessly nor fruitlessly. What years ever do so? And when the new dawn appeared, we find Ricasoli one of the first and ablest to do the work that was to be done in it.

The thoroughly independent and high-principled line of conduct which he had adopted in 1849 had exposed him to the consequences which, when party feeling runs high, independence of thought and of action is always liable to. The more violent of the Liberal party mistrusted him who had contributed to bring back the Grand-Duke; while the Legitimists could not forgive the man who had separated himself from them and from the court, as soon as ever the terms upon which the Duke chose to return became known. But the accusations urged against him from these opposite quarters were mutually destructive. And the course pursued by him, as soon as ever it became evident that the time had at length come when action in the cause of Italian liberation might be useful, soon showed that his political views were, as they ever had been, consistently in favour of Italian independence. But the national independence sought did not necessarily involve the deposition of the Lorenese dynasty, nor the cessation of Tuscan autonomy.

A Grand-Duke of Tuscany who should have been Italian and not Austrian in sympathies, policy, and alliances, would have been at that time—the early spring of 1859—more acceptable than any other mode of attaining the freedom of Italy from foreign influence, which was what the Italians were bent on achieving. In 1849, Ricasoli had considered that this was the best mode of attaining the end then as ever in view. And in the early months of 1859 he held the same opinion. The grander and better horizon which has since been opened out to the views of Italian patriots was then not thought of. The unteachable folly, incapability, and perverseness of the Italian princes have been the chief means by which the larger scheme of, not independence only, but unity, which alone can now satisfy the nation, has become possible. In March 1859, the best men in Tuscany, and Ricasoli foremost among them, directed their efforts to the Italianising, and not destroying, the Grand-Duke and his government.

But the course of action adopted *this time* took the more peremptory form of an address, not to the Duke, but to the nation. It was proposed in a meeting held by some of the leading men of liberal sentiments in the duchy to address an urgent remonstrance to the sovereign. But Ricasoli had tried that ten years ago. He declared that he for one would not undertake the presentation of any such address. The notion accordingly was abandoned; and instead of it, the meeting determined to publish that manifesto which, under the title of "*Toscana e Austria*," did so much towards rousing the national spirit in Tuscany, and attracted so large a share of attention throughout Europe. It is dated the 15th of March 1859. It was written by Celestino Bianchi, the present able and valuable Secretary-General for Tuscany. But it was signed not only by him but by Ricasoli, Ridolfi, and others of the most prominent men of the Liberal party. It is a most masterly statement of the wrongs inflicted on Tuscany, and the mischiefs resulting to her from the overriding influence of Austria over her sovereign and government. It proved to demonstration, corroborating every assertion by a copious appendix of documents, that the administration of Tuscany had been for generations carried on wholly with a view to the interests and behests of the court of Vienna by sovereigns Austrian by race and by sympathy, and by statesmen of whom the best were ready to bow to the necessity of subordinating their measures for the good of their country to the paramount condition of their acceptability at Vienna. It showed that this condition had ever been, and must ever be, fatal to good government in Tuscany; that the interests of Austria, or what her perversely antiquated government sup-

posed to be such, were and must continue to be antagonistic to, and incompatible with, all good government or prosperity of any portion of Italy; and insisted that the time was come when, aided by the then conjuncture of affairs in Europe, the nation was firmly determined to be governed on Italian principles, and with a view to Italian nationality and progress. This celebrated pamphlet was the battle-cry that aroused Tuscany to insist on taking its share in the coming struggle between Italy and Austria. But in being one of the first to raise it the Baron Ricasoli acted in perfect consistency with the line of conduct he had adopted ten years previously. On the former occasion he had striven to persuade the Grand-Ducal government to enter on the only line of policy which could eventually save the dynasty. Now he no longer addressed his remonstrances to a prince who had been guilty of bad faith, and who had preferred to rest his throne on Austrian bayonets. But the pamphlet of 1859, no more than the memorial of 1847, proposes aught inconsistent with the continuance of the Lorenese rule in Tuscany. Lord Normanby spoke of this work in the House of Lords as treasonable. It is impossible to suppose that his lordship could have been guilty of the dishonesty of so characterising what he had never read. We are compelled therefore to accept the only alternative of supposing—not a very improbable supposition, after all—that Lord Normanby conceives treasonable words to be any which may be distasteful to the prince to whom they are addressed. It may be that this is usually the worst signification of the term. But in Westminster Hall the manifesto of Ricasoli and his friends would assuredly not be pronounced to be treasonable. It recommended a policy which not only the Grand-Duke might have adopted, but which it was, up to within four or five hours of his abandonment of the country, very doubtful whether he would adopt or not. There can be no question, that had he done so, or had he abdicated and left his son free to have done so, either the father or the son would now have been on the throne of Tuscany, and the prospect of a united Italian kingdom would never have risen on the horizon.

The story of the rose-water Florentine revolution,—how the Duke decided on remaining Austrian while his people were determined to be Italian;—how he would fain have bombarded his capital into submission; but finding himself helpless in consequence of the refusal of his troops to fire on their countrymen, forthwith determined on running away, in the expectation of being a second time replaced by Austrian soldiers, who would have had not the slightest objection to firing on the Florentines;—how his subjects bowed him out, and proceeded in the quietest manner possible to arrange their own affairs as soon as

he was gone,—all this is matter of history, which has been too recently and frequently told for it to be necessary to do more than allude to the facts here. It is sufficient to note that, from the moment of the flight of the Grand-Duke and his family, Ricasoli was, throughout the months of doubt and suspense that followed, consistently and energetically the advocate of fusion with Piedmont. The triumvirate, consisting of the Cavaliere Ubaldino Peruzzi, the Advocate Vincenzo Malenchini, and Major Alessandro Danzini, in whose hands the municipality of Florence, the sole legitimate authority remaining undestroyed by the sudden flight of the sovereign, had provisionally placed the reins of government, gave them up to the Piedmontese Commissioner Boncampagni on the 11th of May 1859. On the same day a ministry was named, in which Ricasoli accepted the portfolio of home affairs. The other ministers were thoroughly good men. The Cavaliere Vincenzo Salvagnoli especially, who shortly after the original formation of the ministry assumed the charge of ecclesiastical affairs, was admirably well adapted for the management of that thorny and delicate branch of the duties of a liberal government by his large and truly philosophic views of the importance of freedom of conscience, and of the true relationship in which Church and State ought to stand to each other. But the strong man of the ministry, he whose energetic will and decision, unshakable firmness, and capacity for active mental labour, rendered him in reality the ruler of the country and the shaper of its destinies, was Ricasoli. And on the 1st of August 1859, when circumstances from without led to the withdrawal of the King's Commissioner, and the supreme power was transferred to the Council of Tuscan ministers, Ricasoli became in name, what he had previously been in fact, the President of the Council,—and in fact the Dictator of the country.

The difficulties which beset the path of the Tuscan government during the few following months will be in the recollection of all our readers. The powerful ruler who had lent Italy the helping hand, which had enabled her to start on the path of independence, wished now to arrest her progress on that path, by insisting on the return of the Austrianising princes, whom the success of his arms had driven out. But plain men, who complained that a large portion of the gratitude due from Italy to France would be cancelled by such conduct, were assured that emperors could not be expected to say what they really meant; that our great friend was still our friend; and that when he insisted on Tuscany receiving back her Duke, he meant to encourage her in refusing to do so. All this is very possible. The Italians are very far from desirous of find-

ing or making out that their debt of gratitude to the Emperor is less than in the first heat of their enthusiasm they had thought and so loudly proclaimed it to be. And it cannot but be admitted that mankind's experience of the ordinary value of a royal plighted word gives ample corroboration to the arguments of those defenders of the Emperor in Italy who insist, in reply to his detractors on this score, that no sort of credit should be attached to any word he said upon the subject. There were others, again, who refused to believe that the Emperor's cousin and the fifth corps of the Imperial army came to Tuscany solely on motives of strategy. There were many who feared, and some few—a very few—who hoped, that schemes for setting up a throne of Etruria, with a French prince for its occupant, were afloat. But the cousin of the Emperor, if any such dreams had visited him, must have abundantly convinced himself within a short time after his arrival in the country that they *were* dreams and nothing more. Others, again, were anxious that the autonomy of Tuscany should in some way, which they were at a loss very clearly to define, be preserved. But amid all these doubts and difficulties the President of the Council held on his way, unswerving and immovable. The vision of a united Italy strong enough to take its place among the foremost nations of the world, and enter vigorously on a national career, which should wipe out from the memory of Europe the recollection of three centuries of degradation and contempt, had presented itself to his mind; and thenceforward it was that glorious vision, and no other, which he was patiently but unalterably bent on accomplishing. It is true that a Tuscan, and one who held such a position in the country as the Baron Ricasoli especially, had to give up much in adopting the fusionist policy, and consenting to sacrifice the separate political existence of his native duchy to the great Italian idea. In many respects Tuscany had all to lose and nothing to gain by entering into partnership with Piedmont, Lombardy, and the other states, which were to form the new kingdom of Upper Italy. In joining Piedmont, she was in the position of a rich man casting in his lot with a poor one. She possessed in many respects a better legislation, especially in matters commercial and economical; and in all respects a more advanced, less ignorant, and more civilised population. Then, again, it was not without a pang that Florentines could consent to draw a line across the page of such a history as theirs, place an irrevocable "*finis*" at the foot of the record, and bring to a close a national existence which each citizen looked back on with feelings very similar to the sentiment of family pride in the most generous form in which it can be felt



by the scion of some truly noble race. Englishmen, who are proud of and satisfied with their country as it exists, must be able to sympathise with a very different state of things from their own before they can understand the strength and universality of the sentiment with which Florentines regard the past history of their country. And it was very bitter to many a Florentine in every class to think that this fondly-cherished nationality was to cease ;—that the resurrection from its three hundred years of lethargy, long looked for and firmly believed in, should come, not in the form of a restoration to individual life, consciousness, and glory, but in a sort of metempsychosis, which would be no individual resurrection at all. It would be a mistake to imagine that all this was not acutely felt by many who nevertheless were among the firmest supporters of the fusionist policy. Florentines, moreover, are not generally thought to be blind to the main chance, or dull in perception of aught that is likely to affect it. And both the owners of property and the exercisers of arts and handicrafts could not fail to see that they were threatened with very material loss by a change which should depose their city from the rank of a capital to that of a provincial town. But faithful and enthusiastic loyalty to the one master idea, which was and is stirring Italy from end to end, and from the apex to the base of the social pyramid, triumphed over all these feelings and considerations. And Ricasoli, in unswervingly upholding the fusionist policy, was acting no less as an honest representative than as a patriotic Italian, and a wide and far-sighted statesman. It would be difficult to find in history a parallel case in which a large and mixed community has shown itself capable of so great an amount of individual self-abnegation for the accomplishment of a patriotic idea as Tuscany, and especially Florence, has manifested in its self-immolation on the altar of Italian greatness. Now there is every probability that this unselfishness may be rewarded with a measure of "poetical" justice, more commonly found, indeed, in the poet's fiction than in the historian's reality. Of an entire Italy, welded into one kingdom, Florence may perhaps become the capital. This is not the occasion for developing the reasons for making it such. But it may be mentioned that they have been felt to be so paramount by many of the men to whose hands the forming of the new kingdom will be intrusted, that Florence is not unlikely to reap this reward for its unselfish patriotism. But no such prospect or probability was in view when the question to be decided by Tuscany was independent existence or annexation to a kingdom of *Upper Italy*.

It was decided by Europe that the Italians should be the

arbiters of their own destinies; and Tuscany was to exercise a last act of autonomy in declaring her own individual will as to her future. Europe consented, not fully aware, probably, that it may prove to be nearly the last occasion on which she will be called on to issue her fiat as to Italy's fortunes. Upper Italy, after all, would be but a second-rate power, quite incapable of acting, or even existing, in defiance of the wishes of the great members of the European family. And as for a kingdom of Italy, there was, then, little danger of that. Was there not Naples with its Bourbon, and his large and well-disciplined army—to say nothing of the eternal city and its eternal pontiff, resting on the “rock of ages” and Austrian recruits? Upper Italy was permitted, then, to constitute itself as it pleased. But the most anxious guarantees were required to prove that, after all, Tuscany did wish to sacrifice her own individuality to this Italian kingdom. It was feared that the poor simple Tuscans were being over-persuaded by the sharp-witted eloquence of the Piedmontese beguilers. So the Piedmontese commission and every Sardinian officer, diplomatist, soldier, agent, clerk, were to go back to Piedmont; and the Tuscans, who were thought so weak to resist Sardinian beguilements, were to say what they really wished for themselves. Now nobody in Tuscany had any doubt about the all but unanimous wish of the people of all classes, save perhaps the clergy. And this exception is qualified by a “perhaps,” because it is certain that a large number of the parish-priests were in favour of the revolution. The higher clergy and the monastic orders were opposed to it. But notwithstanding this all but unanimity, the period in question was a trying and a difficult one for the President of the Council.

“Ricasoli,” says Signor Dall’ Ongaro, “remained alone with his colleagues in the government,—alone in the presence of the diplomacy of Europe, which pressed him—in presence of the clergy, who were hatching conspiracies—in presence of the people, who did not love him—in the presence of the republicans, who were bestirring themselves. The Swiss troops had retaken Perugia; the blood-stained ghost of Anviti hovered over Parma; the Holy Father was threatening Romagna and Tuscany with the thunders of the Church; the army, although compromised on the 27th of April, nevertheless harboured some discontented spirits, who from time to time gave ear to the emissaries of the prince who awaited his recall. But all this not only did not daunt Ricasoli, but seemed to give him new strength and new firmness.”

The representation here given of the position of Ricasoli, during that period of painful and dangerous suspense, is accurate enough as regards the antagonism of the forces opposed to

him. But the phrase which classes among the difficulties he had to contend with the dislike of the Florentines requires a word of remark. There are people's men in governments whose assiduities rarely fail to obtain their reward in "vivas" and "hurrahs." But the confidence and trustful regard of a nation must be sought by, and will be accorded to, other qualities than those which are best adapted to gain the holiday cheers of a mob. Ricasoli is certainly not in the latter sense a people's man. In his manners, tastes, habits, associations, he is essentially patrician,—possibly more so than may be pleasing to many of those with whom he is brought in contact among a people still, as four or five hundred years ago, the most thoroughly democratic in sentiment and social habits of any in Europe. Strangers who have received a travelling "milord's" allowance of profound reverences and broadcast "eccellenzas" may think that this description of the Tuscans is a mistake. But those who have had the means of becoming sufficiently acquainted with the people to have studied their social theories and practice, and comprehend the significance and working of them, will know that it is accurately true. Ricasoli possibly may not have cared to make himself the favourite of the *piazza*, and the hero of the carnival in Florence; but he has won the confidence and the esteem of the nation. It is impossible to know Florence and mistake this fact. He has won them in a higher degree, no doubt, than he possessed them when he started on his difficult career. And it is creditable both to the leader and the led that such should be the case. But at no period could it be said that the Tuscan people were otherwise than desirous of intrusting the national guidance to his hands. It is just to Signor Dall' Ongaro, who is himself scrupulously anxious to speak fairly of one whose political opinions and connections are very different from his own, to cite from a subsequent page of his biography his virtual concession that the Tuscan statesman obtained by intrinsic worth the favour of those whom he had not sought to captivate by conciliating manners. "The people," he says, "did not manifest any great affection for him; they did not cheer him as he passed; they did not cry *vivas* under his windows. But when they saw him labouring in the cause from six in the morning till midnight, and that for no possible interested motive, but manifestly to the injury of his own interests, and influenced by no ambition save that of conducting the great enterprise to a happy ending, they accustomed themselves gradually to that haughty manner of his, and to that short and decisive mode of speech, which was in fact an indication of resolution and energy." In truth, this passage may contain the explanation of the entire accusation against Ricasoli's bear-

ing. Those who have talked much on business with Tuscans, who do that and every thing else as if they really were secure, as the song has it, "that their lives would endure, as of old, for a thousand long years," will comprehend that a man labouring some eighteen hours a day may have been driven to have recourse occasionally to that "short and decisive mode of speech" which was probably the head and front of his offending.

The steady and courageous firmness with which Tuscany adhered to her declared wish and purpose through all the intrigues, persuasions, and threats of those months,—a firmness which obtained the surprised respect and admiration of Europe,—was in truth the firmness of Ricasoli, well supported undoubtedly by the patriotism, unanimity, and good sense of the nation, but still preëminently his own. The short and decisive speech had to be resorted to in communications with others than his own Tuscans. Tempter after tempter came to his cell in the Palazzo Vecchio, striving to cajole or frighten him into abandoning his high aim. Indeed the story of those days in Tuscany, and of the long and triumphant resistance of her champion, discomfiting snare after snare, and emissary after emissary, almost presents the inflexible baron to our imagination under the semblance of a St. Anthony exposed to all the various temptations of Satan.

But the pilot, who so manfully breasted and finally succeeded in weathering the Tuscan storm, had another class of difficulties to encounter, arising from quite other sources, which had to be met by quite other qualities and means, and the meeting which has called down on him bitter reproaches from a widely different class of assailants. We quote again from Signor Dall' Ongaro, observing, in justice to Ricasoli, that it must be borne in mind that his biographer belongs by conviction and sympathies to the party from whom the reproaches alluded to have come; and observing also, in justice to Signor Dall' Ongaro, that none of the bitter hostility with which these accusations have been urged by others of the same party is to be found in his temperate statement of them; and that the evident and frankly-avowed admiration with which he regards the noble qualities of one to whom he is in a great degree opposed is equally honourable both to the statesman and his critic.

"I will not pass over in silence" (writes the biographer, p. 58) "the blame which has been cast on Ricasoli for the never-ceasing diffidence he has shown of every manifestation that had any tint of democratic colouring in it. He constantly opposed the liberty of the press, and maintained the heavy caution-money which the old government exacted [from the publishers of newspapers]. He opposed the establish-

ment of the national guard ; and when he at length recognised the necessity of it, he restricted it within the narrowest limits he could, reserving to the government the nomination of the officers, and to himself the supreme command. He opposed the popular element in the cities, maintaining in the elections of deputies to the Tuscan parliament the narrow electoral law of 1848. These measures may have been good and necessary ; but the necessity of them was not evident to all."

Had the necessity of them been "evident to all," they would have ceased to be necessary. No restriction of human liberty can ever be necessary except precisely because some men are incapable of perceiving that such curtailment of their freedom of action is needful to the well-being of themselves and society. "The result," Signor Dall' Ongaro candidly and fairly admits in the following page,—“the result absolves Ricasoli. I neither accuse nor absolve him. I limit myself to narrating and describing.” Indeed, history will be inclined to pronounce in this matter something more than an absolution. History will not have forgotten the miscarriages of 1848-49, nor the causes of them. We can undertake to assure the English public that the statesman who will have to take a large and prominent part in organising and starting on its path of civilisation and progress the young nation, which will be, at least for the present, the only one among the great Powers of Europe to whom England can look for sympathy in her ideas and principles of social life and civil government,—we can venture to assert, we say, that the opinions of Ricasoli are not opposed to the most complete freedom of the press, nor to the principle of intrusting the protection of the nation to its own hands, nor to a very liberal basis for the electoral suffrage. But, as usual in all such differences of opinion, it was, and is, only the old question of going too fast or too slow. We are strongly persuaded that very few Englishmen will be of opinion that social and material power has been too grudgingly, or too cautiously, intrusted to the young and inexperienced hands which had and have to exercise it. If the retrospect of 1848-49 be insufficient to convince any who may feel doubts on this point, the events of the last few months, and those which are even now passing, will show the most uncompromising advocates of self-government that a more rapid pouring of the new wine into the old bottles would risk all that has hitherto been gained.

There is another point respecting which the policy of Ricasoli, during the period of his dictatorship, has been blamed. And we refer to it not so much for the sake of examining the comparatively insignificant question, whether the line of conduct alluded to were, at that time, the most judicious that could

have been adopted, as for the infinitely more important purpose of laying before the English public what we have good reasons for knowing to be the Tuscan statesman's views and principles upon the subject in question. We allude to that most important of all questions, the position to be taken up by the civil government towards the Church. During that anxious period of Ricasoli's supreme power, the clergy—the dignified clergy especially—were undeniably conspiring against the new government. Their unconcealed disaffection and ill-concealed intrigues were more or less producing an ill effect on the minds of a portion of the people. Our knowledge of the Tuscan people would lead us to believe that the priestly influence for mischief in this direct manner was very small indeed. More inconvenience, perhaps, was to be apprehended from their exasperating the popular mind to a dangerous degree against themselves. Under these circumstances, Ricasoli, and the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Salvagnoli, his most worthy second in this matter, not only consistently refused to avail themselves of any of the opportunities which these prelates and canons were ostentatiously offering to gratify them with a martyrdom, which, if accorded them in the mildest possible form, they would have well known how to turn to large account; but they went a step further in the same direction, and strove to induce these recalcitrant ecclesiastics to lend the new order of things their countenance by taking part in the various services and solemn functions which, according to the fashion of the country, were needed to celebrate and solemnise the acts and occurrences of the transition of the nation to its new régime. Thinking men, who are very apt to omit from their thoughts a sufficient measure of allowance for the unthinking majority, were displeased at this. They would have had the Government set out at once on the path which it unquestionably will have to follow in this matter. They would have gladly seized the opportunity of making that complete breach between Church and State which all Italian thinkers agree will have to be made. We do not care to examine whether the goodness of the opportunity which offered itself for doing this might or might not have outweighed the objection to such a line of conduct arising from the inopportune-ness of presenting further startling novelties to the public mind, at a moment when it might well be supposed to be reeling a little with the mass of new ideas it was called upon to assimilate. We will only remark that the decision of such a point must depend on a delicate feeling of the public pulse, and an appreciation of its indications so exact and so extensive, that it is not easy for any one not possessing for the attain-



ment of this the means which a government has at its disposal for such a purpose, to criticise the decision of a government on such a point. But what we are anxious to express is our conviction, we may say our knowledge, of the great Tuscan statesman's views and opinions on this all-important question itself. If lay tyranny has held the bodies of the people in its grip, sacerdotal tyranny has so debased their souls as to render such holding possible. It has been the atheist conspiracy of priest and king, the godless compact by which each tyrant agreed to help the other, that has alone rendered possible such degradation as the people of Italy have for so many centuries been condemned to. Ricasoli knows this to be the truth. No real uprising of the nation can be hoped unless this corrupting connection be wholly severed. The first condition of the possibility of the spiritual regeneration of the people is the perfect freedom of conscience and the utter severance of their religion, be it what it may, from all connection with the duties of a subject to his civil ruler. The only security for the honesty, truthfulness, and impartiality of the government lies in its utterly eschewing any special attachment for any special form of creed. And this also Ricasoli believes and professes. It is a matter of almost incalculable importance to all Christendom that one who must have so large a part in shaping the social forms of the great nation now rising out of chaos should have attained convictions which, if duly carried to their practical results, will go further than any other possible national characteristic or policy to place Italy once again in the position of the leader of European civilisation.

At length, despite all difficulties, the task which Ricasoli had set himself was accomplished. Tuscany was part of the kingdom of Upper Italy. The country had persistently and unanimously asserted its choice of sovereign, and the sovereign of its choice had at length accepted the fealty offered him. And this, together with the similar occurrences in the smaller Duchies and Romagna, was, as Signor Dall' Ongaro well observes, by far the most important fact which had been accomplished in Italy. One Emperor had given Lombardy to another, who had made a present of it to his friend. But this furnishes a precedent of little value for the future conduct of the world's affairs. "But the fusion of Central Italy" (we quote Signor Dall' Ongaro, p. 62), "despite the open protests of its former sovereigns, and the ill-concealed difficulties thrown in the way by European potentates, is an historical fact of the highest importance; and those who accomplished it, and sealed it in the name of the people, have for that act alone secured for their names the grateful memory of posterity." It is not diffi-

cult to believe, therefore, that Ricasoli was anxious then to have rested from labour which few men could have endured, to have harvested a glory which few could hope to compete with, and to have left the remainder of the work to fresh labourers. But where were any such to be found competent to take up the task? It was no longer, it is true, an equally arduous one. The dictator would have to subside into a minister. Where he used to command, it would be his province to obey. It was a hard trial of patriotism to be asked, after having commanded the ship during the storm, to take the still laborious post of first lieutenant during the comparatively calm voyage. It was hard, and Ricasoli would fain have escaped the uninviting duty. But Count Cavour, the King, and the Prince de Carignan, alike pleaded that there was none to do all that remained to be done for the amalgamation of Tuscany with the monarchy—none who had the requisite knowledge of the country, and the needful prestige and influence, if Ricasoli should desert them. And Ricasoli was not the man to resist these appeals. He felt that in truth his country needed him, and he consented to take again the labouring oar, though it was no longer the post of honour.

It is by no means improbable that the former Dictator may be called upon to take that post once again, though not, as before, to assume the supreme command of the vessel. There is, on the other hand, we fear, little hope to be held out to him that Italy can, for some time to come, permit him to enjoy the repose which it must be admitted he has so well earned. The celebrated Ricasoli vineyards must produce their famous wines for sundry vintages yet unsuperintended by the presence of their proprietor. Italy cannot afford to cut blocks with razors, or use statesmen for the improvement of her rural economy. Nay, the time may very soon come when, not only for Tuscany, but for the united kingdom of Italy itself, this statesman's services may be indispensable. Those who know the exigencies of Italy best at the present moment,—who know the critical position of affairs between Garibaldi and Cavour,—and the need of a statesman with all Cavour's firmness and experience who may be better able to act with Garibaldi, believe that the only man for the situation is Ricasoli. Never was there a grander field opened to the genius and ambition of a statesman than that offered by the birth-time of the new nation of Italy. Never was there more urgent need of an organising and ordering mind of first class power, of unshakable firmness, of unimpeachable loyalty and sincerity, and of largest philosophic grasp of intellect. Such a man, for the infinite good fortune of Italy and of mankind, we believe that the country possesses in Baron Ricasoli.

## ART. IX.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*Mosses from an Old Manse.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam, 1846.

*The Snow-Image, and other Tales.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Bohn, 1851.

*Twice-told Tales.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. A new edition. Routledge, 1852.

*A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Bohn, 1852.

*The Scarlet Letter.* A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Routledge, 1851.

*The House of the Seven Gables.* A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New edition. Routledge, 1860.

*The Blithedale Romance.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1852.

*Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte Beni.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., 1860.

*Life of Franklin Pierce.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1852.

MR. HAWTHORNE speaks more than once in his various thoughtful and artistic tales of the "moonlight of romance," and the phrase has a special applicability to the fictions which it is his delight to weave. It is one of his favourite theories that there must be a vague, remote, and shadowy element in the subject-matter of any narrative with which his own imagination can successfully deal. Sometimes he apologises for this idealistic limitation to his artistic aims. "It was a folly," he says in his preface to the *Scarlet Letter*, "with the materiality of this daily life pressing so intrusively upon me, to attempt to fling myself back into another age, or to insist on creating the semblance of a world out of airy matter, when, at every moment, the impalpable beauty of my soap-bubble was broken by the rude contact of some actual circumstance. The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day, and thus to make it a bright transparency; to spiritualise the burden that began to weigh so heavily; to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant. The fault was mine. The page of life that was spread out before me was so dull and commonplace

only because I had not fathomed its deeper import. A better book than I shall ever write was there; leaf after leaf presenting itself to me, just as it was written out by the reality of the flitting hour, and vanishing as fast as written, only because my brain wanted the insight and my hand the cunning to transcribe it. At some future day, it may be, I shall remember a few scattered fragments and broken paragraphs and write them down, and find the letters turn to gold upon the page." But the dissatisfaction with his own idealism which he here expresses has at least not sufficed to divert his efforts into the channel indicated. In the *Blithedale Romance* he tells us that he chose the external scenery of the Socialist community at Brook Farm "merely to establish a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives. In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant, a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature; and he is allowed a license with regard to every-day probability, in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby. Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no such Faëry Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which, the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer wants. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals,—a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible." And once more, in the preface to his latest work, *Transformation*, he reiterates as his excuse for laying the scene in Italy, that "no author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor any thing but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable event of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow." These passages throw much light on the secret affinities of Mr Hawthorne's genius. But it would be a mistake to conclude from them, as he himself would apparently have us, that he is a mere romantic idealist, in the sense in which these words are commonly used,—that he is one

all whose dramatic conceptions are but the unreal kaleidoscopic combinations of fancies in his own brain.

We may perhaps accept Mr. Hawthorne's own phrase,—“the moonlight of romance,”—and compel it to help us to a distinction which will explain something of the secret of his characteristic genius. There are writers—chiefly poets, but also occasionally writers of fanciful romances like Mr. Longfellow's *Hyperion*—whose productions are purely ideal, not only seen by the light of their own imagination but constituted out of it,—made of moonshine,—and rendered vivid and beautiful, if they are vivid and beautiful, merely with the vividness and beauty of the poet's own mind. In these cases there is no distinction at all between the delineating power and the delineated object; the dream is indistinguishable from the mind of the dreamer, and varies wholly with its laws. Again, at the opposite extreme there is a kind of creative imagination which has its origin in a deep sympathy with, and knowledge of, the real world. That which it deals with is actual life as it has existed, or still exists, in forms so innumerable that it is scarcely possible to assert that its range is more limited than life itself. Of course the only adequate example of such an imagination is Shakespeare's; and this kind of imaginative power resembles sunlight, not only in its brilliancy, but especially in this, that it casts a light so full and equable over the universe it reveals, that we never think of its source at all. We forget altogether, as we do by common daylight, that the light by which we see is not part and parcel of the world which it presents to us. The sunlight is so efficient that we forget the sun. We find so rich and various a world before us, dressed in its own proper colours, that no one is reminded that the medium by which those proper colours are seen is uniform and from a single source. We merge the delineative magic by which the scene is illuminated in the details of the scene itself. Between these two kinds of creative imagination there is another, which also shows a real world, but shows it so dimly in comparison with the last as to keep constantly before our minds the unique character of the light by which we see. The ideal light itself becomes a more prominent element in the picture than even the objects on which it shines; and yet is made so, chiefly by the very fact of shining on those objects which we are accustomed to think of as they are seen in their own familiar details in full daylight. If the objects illuminated were not real and familiar, the light would not seem so mysterious; it is the pale uniform tint, the loss of colour and detail, and yet the vivid familiar outline and the strong shadow, which produces what Mr. Hawthorne calls the “moonlight of romance.” “Moonlight in a familiar room,” he says in his preface to the

*Scarlet Letter*, "falling so white upon the carpet, and showing all its figures so distinctly, making every object so minutely visible, yet so unlike a morning or noontide visibility,—is a medium the most suitable for a romance-writer to get acquainted with his illusive guests. There is the little domestic scenery of the well-known apartment; the chairs, with each its separate individuality; the centre table, sustaining a work-basket, a volume or two, and an extinguished lamp; the sofa, the bookcase, the picture on the wall;—all these details, so completely seen, are so spiritualised by the unusual light, that they seem to lose their actual substance, and become things of intellect. Nothing is too small or too trifling to undergo this change, and acquire dignity thereby. A child's shoe, the doll seated in her little wicker carriage, the hobby-horse,—whatever, in a word, has been used or played with during the day, is now invested with a quality of strangeness and remoteness, though still almost as vividly present as by daylight. Thus, therefore, the floor of our familiar room has become a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairy-land, where the Actual and the Imaginary may meet, and each imbue itself with the nature of the other." Sir Walter Scott's delineative power partakes of both this moonlight imagination and the other more powerful and brilliant and realistic kind. Often it is a wide genial sunshine, of which we quite forget the source in the vividness of the common life which it irradiates. At other times, again, when he is in his Black Douglas mood, as we may call it, it has all the uniformity of tint and the exciting pallor, of what Mr. Hawthorne terms the moonlight of romance.

At all events, there is no writer to whose creations the phrase applies more closely than to Mr. Hawthorne's own. His characters are by no means such unreal webs of moonshine as the idealists proper constitute into the figures of their romance. They are real and powerfully conceived, but they are all seen in a single light,—the contemplative light of the particular idea which has floated before him in each of his stories,—and they are seen, not fully and in their integrity, as things are seen by daylight, but like things touched by moonlight, *only so far* as they are lighted up by the idea of the story. The thread of unity which connects his tales is always some pervading thought of his own; they are not written mainly to display character, still less for the mere narrative interest, but for the illustration they cast on some idea or conviction of their author's. Amongst English writers of fiction, we have many besides Shakespeare whose stories are merely appropriate instruments for the portraiture of character, and who therefore never conceive themselves bound to confine themselves scrupulously to the one



aspect most naturally developed by the tale. Once introduced, their characters are given in full,—both that side of them which is, so to say, turned *towards* the story, and others which are not. Other writers, again, make the characters quite subsidiary to the epical interest of the plot, using them only to heighten the colouring of the action it describes. Mr. Hawthorne's tales belong to neither of these classes. Their unity is ideal. His characters are often real and vivid, but they are illuminated only from one centre of thought. So strictly is this true of them, that he has barely *room* for a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. If he were to take his characters through as many phases of life as are ordinarily comprised in a novel, he could not keep the ideal unity of his tales unbroken; he would be obliged to delineate them from many different points of view. Accordingly his novels are not novels in the ordinary sense; they are ideal situations expanded by minute study and trains of closely-related thought into the dimensions of novels. A very small group of figures is presented to the reader in some marked ideal relation; or if it be in consequence of some critical event, then it must be some event which has struck the author as rich in ideal or moral suggestion. But it is not usually in his way—though his latest novel gives us one remarkable exception to this observation—to seize any glowing crisis of action when the passion is lit or the blow is struck that gives a new mould to life, for his delineation; he prefers to assume the crisis past, and to delineate as fully as he can the ideal situation to which it has given rise, when it is beginning to assume more of a chronic character.

But, however this may be, almost all his tales embody single ideal situations, scarcely ever for a moment varied in their course in any essential respect. For instance, to take his shorter tales, the mockery of the attempt to renew in wasted age the blasted hopes of youth is crystallised into a *tableau vivant* in the *Wedding-Knell*. The absolute spiritual isolation of every man's deepest life, and the awe which any visible assertion of that isolation inspires, even when made by the mildest of our guilty race, is translated into an ideal picture in the *Minister's Black Veil*. So in the *Great Stone Face* we have an embodiment of the conviction that *he* is best fitted to fulfil any great human hope or trust whose heart is constantly fed upon the yearning to find the perfect fulfilment of it in another. So in *Roger Malvin's Burial* we are shown how an innocent man, who is too cowardly to face the mere appearance of guilt, may thereby incur a remorse and guilt as deep as that from the faintest suspicion of which he shrank. And so we may run through almost all the *tales* properly so called. We do not mean that in any of

them the author thinks the thought first in its abstract form, and then condenses it into a story. We should suppose, on the contrary, that the artistic form is the one in which the idea of the tale first flashes on him, and that the work of elaboration only gives more substance and greater variety of colour to the parts. But not the less is the essence originally ideal, since every touch and line in his imagined picture is calculated to impress some leading thought on the reader.

But it is only when we look at his longer tales, whose dimensions would lead us to expect more variety of aspect in the characters, more circumstance, and less sameness of leading thought, that this characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's tales becomes striking. The stories of the *Scarlet Letter*, of the *House of the Seven Gables*, and of *Transformation*, might all have been included, in their full ideal integrity, and with all the incident they contain, in the *Twice-told Tales* without adding more than a few pages to the book. We do not mean that thus compressed they would produce the same, or any thing like the same, imaginative impression, but only that, as far as either the aspect of his characters or the circumstantial interest of the stories is concerned, there need be no compression in thus shortening them. The omissions would be most important, indeed, to the effect, but they would be the omission of minute contemplative touches, imaginative self-repetitions, and so forth, which seldom indeed give us a single glimpse of any other than the one side of his characters, or add a second thread to the one interest of the tale.

In the *Scarlet Letter*, for instance, there is but one conception, which is developed in three—perhaps we should say four—scenes of great power, and that is the analysis of the deranging effect of the sin of adultery on the intrinsically fine characters of those principally affected by it, with a special view to its different influence on the woman, who is openly branded with the shame, and on the man, whose guilt is not published and who has a double remorse to suffer, for the sin, and for the growing burden of insincerity. The effect of the sin on the child who is the offspring of it is made a special study, as are the false relations it introduces between the mother and child. Throughout the tale every one of the group of characters studied is seen in the lurid light of this sin and in no other. The only failure is in the case of the injured and vindictive husband, whose character is subordinated entirely to the artistic development of the other three.

In the same way the predominant idea of the *Blithedale Romance* is to delineate the deranging effect of an absorbing philanthropic idea on a powerful mind,—the unscrupulous sacrifices

of personal claims which it induces, and the misery in which it ends. There is scarcely one *incident* in the tale properly so called except the catastrophe, and what there is is so anxiously shrouded in mystery as to have really all the enigmatic character of a *tableau vivant* of clear general meaning but doubtful interpretation as to details. The author seems to say to the reader, 'Here is a group of characters in relations tending to illustrate how much more sacred are personal affections than any abstract *cause* however noble; what these relations exactly are, except as they illustrate my idea, I will not say, as that is quite non-essential; you may imagine them what you please,—I tell you only enough to impress you with my predominant conviction.'

Again, in the *House of the Seven Gables* we have a picture studied to impress on us that both personal character, and the malign influences of evil action, are transmitted, sometimes with accumulating force, even through centuries, blighting every generation through which they pass. This subject would apparently involve a series of sketches; but only two are introduced from the past, and the family characteristics are so anxiously preserved as to make even these seem like slight modifications of some of the living group. But Mr. Hawthorne with rare art pictures the shadow of the past as constantly hanging, like a baneful cloud, over the heads of his figures; and every detail, even the minutest, is made to point backwards to the weary past from which it has derived its constitutional peculiarities. Even the little shop which "old maid Pyncheon" reopens in the dark old house is not new. A miserly ancestor of the family had opened it a century before, who is supposed to haunt it, and the scales are rusty with the rust of generations. The half-effaced picture of the ancestral Pyncheon which hangs on the walls, the garden-mould black with the vegetable decay of centuries, the exhausted breed of aristocratic fowls which inhabit the garden,—every touch is studied to condense the dark past into a cloud hanging over the living present, and make the reader feel its malign influence. The only incident in the tale is the light thrown upon a crime,—which had been committed thirty years before the story opens,—by the sudden death of the principal representative of the family, from the same specific disease, in the same chair, and under the same circumstances, as that of the old ancestor and founder of the family whose picture hangs above the chair.

The same criticism may be made on Mr. Hawthorne's latest work. The sole idea of *Transformation* is to illustrate the intellectually and morally awakening power of a sudden impulsive sin, committed by a simple, joyous, instinctive, "natural" man. The whole group of characters is imagined solely with a view to the development of this idea. Mr. Hawthorne even hints, though rather

hesitatingly, that without sin the higher humanity of man could not be taken up at all; that sin may be essential to the first conscious awakening of moral freedom and the possibility of progress. The act of sin itself is the only distinct incident of the tale; all the rest is either extraneous dissertation on Art, or the elaboration and study of the group of characters requisite to embody this leading idea. A tale containing the whole ideal essence of the book, and in this instance, though only in this instance, almost equally powerful, might have been told in a few pages.

And yet we are very far indeed from meaning to say that the microscopic diffuseness with which Mr. Hawthorne enlarges these ideal studies into the length of an ordinary novel is wasted. For the secret of his power lies in the great art with which he reduplicates and reflects and re-reflects the main idea of the tale from the countless faces of his imagination, until the reader's mind is absolutely saturated and haunted by it. There are many among his shorter tales, which now occupy perhaps only five or ten pages, which would have gained infinitely in power by similar treatment, without the addition of a single fresh incident or scene. As they read now they have almost a feeble effect; they give the writer's idea and no more; they do not fill the reader with it; and Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar genius lies in the power he possesses to be haunted, and in his turn to haunt the reader, with his conceptions, far more than in their intrinsic force. Look at the central notion of his various minor tales, and you will be perhaps struck with a certain ideal simplicity, and a strange dash of lurid colour in them that will impress you as promising, but no more. But let him summon this idea before you in the innumerable Protean shapes of his own imagination, with alterations of form just striking enough to make it seem at once the same and something fresh; and before he has done with you you are pursued, you are possessed, you are beset with his notion: it is in your very blood; it stares at you with ghastly force from every word of his narrative; it is in the earth and in the air; and every mouth that opens among his characters, however little they may be involved in the mystery of the tale, only sends it thrilling with greater force through your heart. What a story, for instance, might he not have made out of the very eerie tales called *Roger Malvin's Burial*, or *Rappacini's Daughter*, if he had elaborated them with any thing like the art shown in the *House of the Seven Gables*!

Mr. Hawthorne was quite aware of the slight ideal structure of his earlier and shorter tales. He has himself criticised them with rare candour and subtlety, though not with a fair appreciation of the promise of deeper power which they contained, in his preface to one of the editions of the *Twice-told Tales*.

"At all events, there can be no harm in the Author's remarking that he rather wonders how the *Twice-told Tales* should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual. They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the Author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see any thing in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages. With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement (which happened to be the Author's category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which mark the written communications of a solitary mind within itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by any body who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood. This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world."

This passage contains some of the truest and finest touches in the way of literary self-criticism with which we are acquainted; but it does not, as we said, do justice to the undeveloped germs of power in many of the pieces comprised in this and Mr. Hawthorne's other collections of shorter tales. It is true, indeed, that, throughout almost all he has yet written, sentiment takes the place of passion, and it is not seldom true, though it by no means holds of the majority of his finished studies of character, that, in the place of "pictures of actual life, we have allegory not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver." But there is enough even in the early tales of which Mr. Hawthorne here speaks to prove that the allegorical turn which his tales are apt to take was not with him, as it often is, a sign of meagre or shallow imaginative endowments,—a proof that

fancy predominates in him rather than genuine imagination. When a man sits down professing to paint human life and character, and in place thereof succeeds only in representing abstract virtues, vices, passions, and the like, under human names, we may fairly say that with him the allegorical vein proves the general poverty of his spiritual blood. He has peeled off the outer surface where he professed to model the substance. But when, on the other hand, the same truth, which by an ordinary intellect would be expressed in a purely abstract form, naturally takes shape in a man's mind under an imaginative clothing which savours of allegory, no inference of the kind is legitimate. In the one case the allegory is a degenerate romance, in the other it is a thought expressing itself in the language of the imagination. The weakness in the former case is measured by the inability of the imagination to see the broad chasm between the reality and the allegorical shadow. In the latter case there is no such inability, but the thought which would have entered an ordinary mind in a purely abstract form presents itself to this in the form of a vivid shadow-picture.

And it is a sign that Mr. Hawthorne's genius has not the weakness usually belonging to allegorists, that the longer a subject rests in his mind, the more certainly do the allegorical shadows of its first outline gather solidity of form and variety of colour, and gradually substantiate themselves into real living men. In the ideal situation or conception, as it first presents itself to the author's mind, the places of the human actors are perhaps occupied by appropriate symbols of some predominant sentiment or characteristic which each of the group subsequently embodies. If written down in that faint early form, the tale seems allegorical. But if allowed to lie by in the imagination, it deepens into a real dramatic situation; a body of real human life and character gathers round, and clothes, each of the ideal skeletons in the original plan, turning the faint allegory into a chapter of vivid human experience. So clearly did Mr. Edgar Poe perceive this vein of genuine imaginative power in Mr. Hawthorne's writings, even at a time when he had published only his shorter tales, that he boldly asserted,—in this, as we think, overleaping the truth,—that the conspicuously ideal scaffoldings of Mr. Hawthorne's stories were but the monstrous fruits of the bad transcendental atmosphere which he had breathed so long,—the sign of the Emersonian school of thought in which he had studied. "He is infinitely too fond of allegory," said Edgar Poe, "and can never hope for popularity so long as he persists in it. This he will *not* do, for allegory is at war with the whole tone of his nature, which disports itself never so well as when escaping from the mysticism of his Goodman Browns



and White Old Maids into the hearty, genial, but still Indian-summer sunshine of his Wakefields and Little Annie's Rambles. Indeed, *his* spirit of metaphor run mad is clearly imbibed from the phalanx and phalanstery atmosphere in which he has been so long struggling for truth. He has not half the material for the exclusiveness of authorship that he possesses for its universality. He has the purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humour, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity, and with these varied good qualities he has done *well* as a mystic. But is there any one of these qualities which should prevent his doing doubly well in a career of honest, upright, sensible, prehensible, and comprehensible things? Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the editor of the *Dial*, and throw out of the window to the pigs all his odd numbers of the *North-American Review*."

The caustic American critic was, we think, confusing two things in this brief summary of Mr. Hawthorne's qualifications and deficiencies. He saw that Mr. Hawthorne could produce the most skilful studies from real life, as, for instance—to take one amongst many—in his sketch of the old Apple Dealer; he saw also that almost all his tales proper embodied an idea or a truth, and he thought the former the natural bent of Mr. Hawthorne's mind, the latter the imported mannerism of a clique. But the truth is, that both are equally natural to him, the ideal framework being quite as essential to him in putting together a tale as an unlimited store of unforeseen coincidences and exciting emergencies is to Fennimore Cooper or G. P. R. James, or a picturesque episode in history to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hawthorne could never weave his studies of human nature into a continuous narrative, based on mere circumstantial incident and striking adventure. The constructive talent, probably the special tastes and interests, requisite for that kind of framework of a tale are not a part of his genius. He must have an ideal centre and an ideal bond for his characters, or they would fall asunder into loose unconnected atoms. He has either no power or else no desire to construct what is ordinarily meant by a plot; that is, a chain of circumstantial coincidences in which the interest depends on the unusual and unforeseen character of the contingent events. The purely ideal clue of his stories supersedes entirely the function of the ordinary circumstantial thread.

But notwithstanding the simplicity and ideality which invariably mark the outline of Mr. Hawthorne's stories, the most notable characteristic of his genius distinguishes him widely from the school of allegorists. His imagination only departs

from that basis of New England simplicity which is the foundation and staple of its creations, to represent in his figures and excite in the reader those fearfully blended and yet mutually repellent emotions which thrill us with a sense of something at once real and preternatural,—true to a life and a moral state which has in it a dash of sin and of ghastly contradictions, and yet exciting those fitful pulses, those flushings and shiverings of the spirit, which testify to an uncanny or unholy origin. If we want to find Mr. Hawthorne's power at the very highest, we must look to this instinctive knowledge of what we may call the laws, not exactly of *discordant* emotions, but of emotions which *ought* to be mutually exclusive, and which combine with the thrill and the shudder of disease. This is almost the antithesis of Allegory. And he makes his delineation of such "unblest unions" the more striking, because it stands out from a background of healthy life, of genial scenes and simple beauties, which renders the contrast the more thrilling. We have often heard the term "cobweby" applied to his romances; and their most marking passages certainly give the same sense of unwelcome shrinking to the spirit which a line of unexpected cobweb suddenly drawn across the face causes physically when one enters a deserted but familiar room. Edgar Poe, indeed, is much fuller of uncanny terrors; but then there is nothing in his writings of the healthy, simple, and natural background which gives sin and disease all its horror. It is the pure and severe New England simplicity which Mr. Hawthorne paints so delicately that brings out in full relief the adulterous mixture of emotions on which he spends his main strength. We might almost say that he has carried into human affairs the old Calvinistic type of imagination. The same strange combination of clear simplicity, high faith, and reverential reality, with one reluctant, but for that very reason intense and devouring, conviction of the large comprehensiveness of the Divine Damnation which that grim creed taught its most honest believers to consider as the true trust in God's providence, Mr. Hawthorne copies into his pictures of human life. He presents us with a scene of clear severe beauty, full of truthful goodness, and then he uncovers in some one point of it a plague-spot that, half-concealed as he keeps it, yet runs away with the imagination till one is scarcely conscious of anything else. Just as Calvinism, with all its noble features, can never keep its eyes off that one fact, as it thinks it, of God's calm foreknowledge of a wide-spread damnation; and this gradually encroaches on the attention till the mind is utterly absorbed in the fascinating terror of the problem how to combine the clashing emotions of love and horror which its image of Him inspires;—so Mr. Hawthorne's finest tales, with all the fair simplicity of

their general outline, never detain you long from some uneasy mixture of emotions which only deep disease can combine on one object, until at last you ask for nothing but the disentangling of the infected web.

There are many illustrations of this peculiarity of Mr. Hawthorne's genius in his earlier and shorter tales. In one of them he exclaims, and it is the key to his genius, "Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blazes of the infernal regions." The tale in which Mr. Hawthorne makes this remark, *Rappacini's Daughter*, itself exemplifies in a somewhat fanciful but striking form this constant bent of his imagination. Dr. Rappacini is a professor of medical science in the University of Padua. He has devoted himself to the study of deadly poisons, and learnt how to infuse them so subtly into both animal and vegetable natures as to render that which would be fatal in the ordinary way, essential to life and health, and even productive of unusual lustre and bloom. Mr. Hawthorne has evidently based his tale on the physiological fact—which, at least in the case of arsenic, is well attested—that a malignant poison, if gradually administered, may at length become a condition of life and conducive to beauty. Dr. Rappacini has filled his garden with flowers so poisonous that he himself dare not touch them, and can scarcely venture to breathe the air around them. But the life of his daughter Beatrice has been imbued and fed with the same poisons which give so rich a bloom and so sweet but deadly a perfume to these rare plants; and to her they are health and added loveliness. Her breath is instantly fatal to the insect or the butterfly that drinks it in, and even her touch is deadly. But her heart is stainless and noble, and she shudders herself at the malign influences which she involuntarily puts forth as insects fall dead around her. Her great beauty fascinates one of the students, whose lodging looks out above this strange garden; and by Rappacini's skill, exercised without the young man's knowledge, he is gradually imbued with the same poisons which enter so deeply into the life and constitution of Beatrice. The point and art of this eerie tale lie in the conflict of emotions which Beatrice's true spiritual beauty and malignant physical influences raise in the mind of her lover, filling him with a passion blended equally of love and horror; and in the description of the despair with which he discovers that the same malignant influences are already part of himself.

The same tendency of imagination, in perhaps quite as characteristic, but in a far more unpleasant form, is shown in the tale called the *Birth-Mark*, which turns on the morbid horror inspired by a slight birth-mark on the cheek of a beautiful

woman in the mind of her husband, who is at the same time passionately attached to her and bent on eradicating it. This tale has no imaginative beauty, and is only remarkable for the diseased mixture of emotions which it depicts. Again, in the tale concerning "The Man with the Snake in his Bosom" and "Young Goodman Brown," with all the most remarkable of Mr. Hawthorne's shorter tales, the same prominent feature, in some form or other, may be discerned.

But it is in the more elaborate tales that Mr. Hawthorne has most scope, at once for the relieving elements which these morbid interests, if they are to be artistically treated at all, especially require, and for the fuller development and *justification*, so to say, of emotions so subtle and unhealthy. In the *Scarlet Letter* he has a subject naturally so painful as exactly to suit his genius. He treats it with perfect delicacy, for his attention is turned to the morbid anatomy of the relations which have originated in the sin of adultery, rather than to the sin itself. There are two points on which Mr. Hawthorne concentrates his power in this remarkable book. The first is the false position of the minister, who gains fresh reverence and popularity as the very fruit of the passionate anguish with which his heart is consumed. Frantic with the stings of unacknowledged guilt, he is yet taught by those very stings to understand the hearts and stir the consciences of others. His character is a pre-Raphaelite picture of the tainted motives which fill a weak but fine and sensitive nature when placed in such a position; of self-hatred quite too passionate to conquer self-love; of a quailing conscience smothered into insane cravings for blasphemy; of the exquisite pain of gratified ambition conscious of its shameful falsehood. The second point on which Mr. Hawthorne concentrates his power is the delineation of anomalous characteristics in the child who is the offspring of this sinful passion. He gives her an inheritance of a lawless, mischievous, and elvish nature, not devoid of strong affections, but delighting to probe the very sorest points of her mother's heart, induced in part by some mysterious fascination to the subject, in part by wanton mischief. The scarlet A, which is the brand of her mother's shame, is the child's delight. She will not approach her mother unless it be on her bosom; and the unnatural complication of emotions thus excited in Hester Prynne's heart present one of the most characteristic features of the book, and are painfully engraved on the reader's mind. The scene of most marvellous power which the book contains contrives to draw to a focus all the many clashing affections portrayed. Mr. Dimmesdale, the unhappy minister, eager to invent vain penances in expiation of the guilt which he dares not avow, creeps out at midnight in his canonical robe to stand for an hour

on the scaffold on which Hester and her child had been pilloried years before. It is the night when many are watching by the dying-bed of the governor of Massachusetts, and one of the minister's reverend colleagues, who has been praying with the governor, passes under the scaffold, lantern in hand. In his nervous and excited mood, Dimmesdale almost addresses him aloud, and then, paralysed by dread and his limbs stiffened by cold, it occurs to him that he will never be able to descend the steps of the scaffold, and that morning will break to show him there to all his revering flock:—

“Morning would break, and find him there. The neighbourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely-defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then—the morning light still waxing stronger—old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages, who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth, with his King James' ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins, with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night-ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a deathbed, and liking ill to be disturbed thus early out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither likewise would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolised their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by the by, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantily have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom, but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half-frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

‘Pearl! Little Pearl!’ cried he, after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice, ‘Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?’ ‘Yes; it is Hester Prynne!’ she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side-walk, along

which she had been passing. 'It is I, and my little Pearl.' 'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister. 'What sent you hither?' 'I have been watching at a death-bed,' answered Hester Prynne; 'at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.' 'Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. 'Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together.'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

'Minister!' whispered little Pearl. 'What wouldst thou say, child?' asked Mr. Dimmesdale. 'Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide?' inquired Pearl. 'Nay; not so, my little Pearl,' answered the minister; for, with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure, that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him; and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which, with a strange joy nevertheless, he now found himself,—'not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow.'

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast. 'A moment longer, my child!' said he. 'But wilt thou promise,' asked Pearl, 'to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?'

At this moment a sudden meteoric light flashes across the sky, and lights up the scaffold; after describing it, the tale proceeds:—

"There was a singular circumstance that characterised Mr. Dimmesdale's psychological state at this moment. All the time that he gazed upward to the zenith, he was nevertheless perfectly aware that little Pearl was pointing her finger towards old Roger Chillingworth, who stood at no great distance from the scaffold. The minister appeared to see him, with the same glance that discerned the miraculous letter. To his features, as to all other objects, the meteoric light imparted a new expression; or it might well be that the physician was not careful then, as at all other times, to hide the malevolence with which he looked upon his victim. Certainly, if the meteor kindled up the sky, and disclosed the earth, with an awfulness that admonished Hester Prynne and the clergyman of the day of judgment, then might Roger Chillingworth have passed with them for the arch-fiend, standing there with a smile and scowl to claim his own. So vivid was the expression, or so intense the minister's perception of it, that it seemed still to remain painted on the darkness, after the meteor had vanished, with an effect as if the street and all things else were at once annihilated.



‘Who is that man, Hester?’ gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, overcome with terror. ‘I shiver at him! Dost thou know the man? I hate him, Hester!’

She remembered her oath, and was silent.

‘I tell thee, my soul shivers at him!’ muttered the minister again. ‘Who is he? Who is he? Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man!’

‘Minister,’ said little Pearl, ‘I can tell thee who he is.’

‘Quickly, then, child!’ said the minister, bending his ear close to her lips. ‘Quickly! and as low as thou canst whisper.’

Pearl mumbled something into his ear that sounded, indeed, like human language, but was only such gibberish as children may be heard amusing themselves with by the hour together. At all events, if it involved any secret information in regard to old Roger Chillingworth, it was in a tongue unknown to the erudite clergyman, and did but increase the bewilderment of his mind. The elvish child then laughed aloud.

This strange vigil, the grim hysteric humour of the minister, the proud and silent fortitude of Hester, the mocking laughter of the child as she detects her unknown father’s cowardice, together make as weird-like a tangle of human elements as ever bubbled together in a witches’ caldron. Yet this scene, though probably the most powerful which Mr. Hawthorne has ever painted, scarcely exemplifies his uncanny fashion of awakening the most mutually-repellent feelings at the same moment towards the same person so characteristically as many of his other tales.

In the most striking chapter in the *House of the Seven Gables*, he makes Judge Pyncheon, who has died in his chair from some sudden effusion of blood, holding his still ticking watch in his hand, a subject at once for awe and scorn. He recalls all the judge’s engagements for the day,—the bank-meeting at which he was to take the chair,—the business appointment he was to keep,—the private purchases he was to make,—the little act of charity which he had thought of, time and purse permitting,—the half-formal call on his physician concerning some trifling symptoms of indisposition,—the political dinner to discuss the election of the next State Governor; and then he taunts the judge with his forgetfulness. He had resolved to spend only half-an-hour in this house. “Half-an-hour! Why, judge, it is already two hours by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer. Glance your eye down on it and see. Ah! he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful time-keeper within his range of vision. Time all at once appears to have become a matter of no moment with the judge!” And so Mr. Hawthorne goes on through the list of his engagements, reminding him separately of each as the time comes for it, recalling to the dead man the im-

portance he had attached to them when he made his plans in the morning. The private dinner would, in all probability, determine the next election,—and Judge Pyncheon was a candidate, and with rare chances of success. “Make haste, then; do your part! . . . Drink a glass or two of that noble wine!—make your pledges in as low a whisper as you will—and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old state—Governor Pyncheon of Massachusetts! And is there no potent and exhilarating cordial in a certainty like this? It has been the grand purpose of half your lifetime to obtain it. Now, when there needs little more than to signify your acceptance, why do you sit so lumpishly in your great-grandfather’s old chair, as if preferring it to the gubernatorial one?” Thus Mr. Hawthorne goes on throughout the twenty-four hours during which the judge’s body remains undiscovered,—mingling with the most powerful picture of the supernatural side of death, which he never ceases to keep vividly before us, the feelings that cluster round petty business, the sarcasms that might sting the sensitive, the urgency that might hasten the dilatory, the incentives that would spur the ambitious, flinging them all in cold irony at the corpse with an eerie effect that only Mr. Hawthorne could produce.

But the most characteristic instance of Mr. Hawthorne’s power in studying combinations of emotions that are as it were at once abhorrent to nature and true to life, is in *Transformation*. The one powerful scene in that distended work is the scene of crime. The young Tuscan Count Donatello,—the “natural man” of the book, who is rumoured to be a descendant of an ancient Faun, and described in the opening of the tale as possessed only of the happy spontaneous life of the natural creatures, but who is afterwards awakened to the higher responsibilities and life of man by his remorse for an impulsive crime,—has fallen in love with Miriam, a lady artist of warm and passionate nature, high powers, and mysterious origin. This young lady is pursued by some half-madman, half-demon, who from some (unexplained) connection with her previous life has power to torment her by his threats to the very verge of unsettling her reason. Walking with Donatello, one moonlight night, at a little distance from their party, on the verge of the Tarpeian rock, this tormenting being is discovered, dogging her footsteps as usual, under the shadow of an archway. Donatello seizes him, holds him over the precipice, catches Miriam’s eye, reads in it eager and fierce assent to the act he is meditating, and drops him down; there is a dead thump on the stones below and all is over. Up to this instant Miriam had felt nothing but pity for her young lover. Now for the first time, in this hideous moment, horror and love are born together in her breast, and

the monstrous birth, the delirium of love born in blood, is thus powerfully described;—except, by the way, that Miriam certainly never addressed Donatello at such a moment as “Oh, friend!” either “with heavy richness of meaning” or otherwise: this is clearly a sentimental blot on Mr. Hawthorne’s picture.

“Did you not mean that he should die?” sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. ‘There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two, while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance, when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will—say that he died without your whole consent—and, in another breath, you shall see me lying beside him.’ ‘Oh, never!’ cried Miriam. ‘My one own friend! Never, never, never!’ She turned to him—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman—she turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture. ‘Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!’ said she; ‘my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!’ They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there; so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the courtyard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instinctively, they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself, as she said, like a serpent, in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage-bond. So intimate, in those first moments, was the union that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity; a new sphere, a special law, had been created for them alone. The world could not come near them; they were safe! . . . ‘Oh, friend,’ cried Miriam, so putting her soul into that word that it took a heavy richness of meaning, and seemed never to have been spoken before,—‘oh, friend, are you conscious, as I am, of this companionship that knits our heart-strings together?’ ‘I feel it, Miriam,’ said Donatello. ‘We draw one breath; we live one life!’ ‘Only yesterday,’ continued Miriam; ‘nay, only a short half-hour ago, I shivered in an icy solitude. No friendship, no sisterhood, could come near enough to keep the warmth within my heart. In an instant, all is changed! There can be no more loneliness!’ ‘None, Miriam!’ said Donatello. ‘None, my beautiful one!’ responded Miriam, gazing in his face, which had taken a higher, almost an heroic aspect from the strength of passion. ‘None, my innocent one! Surely, it is no crime that we have committed. One wretched and worthless life has been sacrificed, to cement

two other lives for evermore.' 'For evermore, Miriam!' said Donatello; 'cemented with his blood!' The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home, to the simplicity of his imagination, what he had not before dreamed of—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that! 'Forget it! Cast it all behind you!' said Miriam, detecting, by her sympathy, the pang that was in his heart. 'The deed has done its office, and has no existence any more.' They flung the past behind them, as she counselled, or else distilled from it a fiery intoxication, which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through those first moments of their doom. For guilt has its moment of rapture too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom. And thus there exhaled upward (out of their dark sympathy, at the base of which lay a human corpse) a bliss, or an insanity, which the unhappy pair imagined to be well worth the sleepy innocence that was for ever lost to them. As their spirits rose to the solemn madness of the occasion, they went onward—not stealthily, not fearfully—but with a stately gait and aspect. Passion lent them (as it does to meaner shapes) its brief nobility of carriage. They trode through the streets of Rome as if they too were among the majestic and guilty shadows that, from ages long gone by, have haunted the blood-stained city."

This is very finely conceived and yet revolting. Have we not reason for saying, that Mr. Hawthorne's chief power lies in the delineation of unnatural alliances of feeling, which are yet painfully real,—of curdling emotions that may mix for a moment, but shrink apart again quickly, as running water from clotted blood?

But it would be very unjust to Mr. Hawthorne to represent him as in any degree addicted, like Edgar Poe, to the invention of monstrosities and horrors. We only mean that his genius naturally leads him to the analysis and representation of certain outlying moral anomalies, which are not the anomalies of ordinary evil and sin, but have a certain chilling unnaturalness of their own. But under Mr. Hawthorne's treatment these anomalies are only the subtle flaws or passionate taints of natures full of fine elements; they are never superlatives of iniquity and abomination, like Edgar Poe's. They are the dark spots in a fine picture, never the very substance of the whole. There is, for instance, every palliation which a charitable imagination can invent for Hester's sin and Dimmesdale's cowardice in the *Scarlet Letter*; and even the child's elfish wantonness, though in some degree preternatural, is not demoniacal, but the mere lawless taint in an otherwise warm and open heart. So too in *Transformation* there is every excuse that circumstances can give to the crime which Donatello commits and Miriam sanctions;—after the first

moment of mad excitement is over, it fills them with unspeakable anguish; it rouses all the tender devotion of the woman in Miriam for the man who had thus stained his conscience under the impulse of love to her; it awakens the sleeping soul of Donatello;—and the book is meant to record their uninterrupted upward progress from that moment. Moreover, in the two other characters we find a peaceful contrast to the turbid hearts of the sinful lovers. Neither in this nor in any other tale does Mr. Hawthorne cast any slur on human nature. He loves to picture it in its highest and tenderest aspects. And when he delineates what is revolting, one of the main elements that makes it so revolting is the Manichean incarceration of some noble and half-angelic affection in a malignant body of evil, from which it vainly seeks to be divorced.

This bent of Mr. Hawthorne's genius is no doubt in great degree determined by the speculative character of his mind. Even his *imagination* is inquisitive and—shall we call it what he calls it himself in the *Blithedale Romance*?—rather *prying* than ardent. It is fertile, but in a cold and restless way. It is used more to help him to explore mysteries than from the glowing creative impulse that cannot choose but paint. He states to himself a problem, and sets his imagination to work to solve it. How was it the woman felt who wore publicly the symbol of her own sin and shame fancifully embroidered on her bosom? What would be the state of mind of one who had unhappily killed another, and could never clearly determine in his own conscience whether his *will* had consented to the deed or not? What would be the result of a wrongful life-imprisonment on a soft æsthetic nature made for the enjoyment of the beautiful? How would a sin of passion work on a healthy, innocent, natural man of unawakened spirit? These are the kind of hypotheses on which Mr. Hawthorne's imagination works; and from the nature of the case, images summoned up in obedience to such questionings cannot always be of a very wholesome kind. The problems that Mr. Hawthorne starts are usually connected with the deepest mysteries of the human mind and conscience; and the imagination which attempts to keep pace with the inquisitive intellect cannot but paint strange and thrilling anomalies in reply to its queries. "That cold tendency," says Mr. Coverdale, the hero of the *Blithedale Romance*, who has many points of intellectual affinity with its author,—“that cold tendency between instinct and intellect, which made me pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses, appeared to have gone far towards unhumanising my heart.” We do not mean to say that it has gone far, or any way at all, towards unhumanising Mr. Hawthorne's heart, which is evidently tender. But no

doubt, he is led by the speculative bias of his mind to steep his imagination in *arcana* on which it is scarcely good to gaze at all.

It is remarkable, and perhaps a symptom of the same imaginative constitution, that while Mr. Hawthorne has the most eager desire to penetrate the secret attitudes of minds painfully or anomalously situated, he has little or no interest in picturing the exact combination of circumstances which brought them into these attitudes. His imagination is the very converse of De Foe's. De Foe seizes the outer fact with the most vivid force; indirectly only, by the very force and minuteness of his conception of the visible circumstances, actions, and gestures he narrates, do you get at the inward mind of his characters. Mr. Hawthorne, on the contrary, is often positively anxious to suppress all distinct account of the actual facts which have given rise to his ideal situations. He wishes to save the mental impression from being swallowed up, so to say, in the interest of the outward facts and events. He sees that people of a matter-of-fact turn of mind attach more value to knowing the exciting causes than to knowing the state of mind which results. If they hear what seems to them an insufficient cause for a heroine's misery, they set her down as feeble-minded, and give up their interest in her fate. If they hear a *too* sufficient cause, they say she deserved all she suffered, and for that reason discard her from their sympathies. Mr. Hawthorne sees the difficulty of inventing facts that will exactly hit the shade of feeling that he desires to excite in his readers' minds, and so he often refuses to detail the facts distinctly at all. He often gives us our choice of several sets of facts which might be adequate to the results, declines to say which he himself prefers, and insists only on the attitude of mind produced. Thus, in the *Blithedale Romance*, he precludes a far from explanatory or lucid conversation with this mystifying sentence, "I hardly could make out an intelligible sentence on either side. What I seem to remember I yet suspect may have been patched together by my fancy in brooding over the matter afterwards." Again, in another part of the same book, "The details of the interview that followed being unknown to me, while notwithstanding it would be a pity quite to lose the picturesqueness of the situation, I shall attempt to sketch it mainly from fancy, although with some general grounds of surmise in regard to the old man's feelings." But he has carried this preference for delineating states of mind, and obscurely suggesting the class of facts which may have given rise to them, to the furthest point in his new work *Transformation*. "Owing, it may be," he tells us, in a chapter justly headed "Fragmentary Sentences," at a critical conjunction in the tale, "to



this moral estrangement,—this chill remoteness of their position,—there have come to us but a few vague whisperings of what passed in Miriam's interview that afternoon with the sinister personage who had dogged her footsteps ever since her visit to the catacomb. In weaving these mystic utterances into a continuous scene, we undertake a task resembling in its perplexity that of gathering up and piecing together the fragments of a letter which has been torn and scattered to the winds. Many words of deep significance,—many entire sentences, and these probably the most important ones,—have flown too far on the winged breeze to be recovered. If we insert our own conjectural amendments, we may perhaps give a purport utterly at variance with the true one." And then Mr. Hawthorne continues, "Of so much we are sure, that there seemed to be a sadly mysterious fascination in the influence of this ill-omened person over Miriam; it was such as beasts and reptiles of subtle and evil natures sometimes exercise over their victims. . . Yet let us trust there may have been no crime in Miriam, but only one of those fatalities which are among the insoluble riddles propounded to mortal comprehension—the fatal doom by which every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons, as well as of the single guilty one." In other words, Mr. Hawthorne wishes us to picture a mind perturbed, flushed, on the verge of despair, but does not wish us to know how far the exciting causes had involved her in real guilt, or merely in misery. It is not essential, he thinks, to the purpose of the book, which is rather to trace the effects of the subsequent guilt on the relation between Miriam and Donatello than to develop fully the previous character of the woman who draws the poor young Count into crime. As far as regards Miriam, the problem set himself by the author in this book is only to delineate the influence exerted over her heart by Donatello's plunge into guilt on her behalf. He thinks it enough to indicate that she who led Donatello into guilt was either herself guilty, or at least intimately imbued with all the infectious fever of a guilty atmosphere. More is not essential to the author's purpose, and more he will not tell us. He seems to hint, perhaps truly, that the chasm between guilt and wretchedness in a woman's mind is not always so clear as in a man's; and that, at all events, there is as much power in any deeply roused affection to extricate her from the one as from the other. For like reasons, we suppose, the end of the tale is as shadowy as the beginning. The *transformation* is accomplished; the Faun is no longer a Faun; and all the author contemplated is therefore attained. The wreath of mist which hangs over Miriam's past is allowed also to settle over her own and Donatello's future. The prob-

lem has been solved in the dissolving colours of two richly-painted minds. And their earthly destiny is nothing to the reader; to know it might even divert his attention from the artist's true purpose, to concentrate it on the *dénouement* of a commonplace story.

This predominance of moral colouring over the definite forms of actual fact in Mr. Hawthorne's novels is to us, we confess, unsatisfactory. And the degree to which it is absent or prevails in his several works, seems to us a fair measure of their relative artistic worth. The *Scarlet Letter*, in which there is by far the most solid basis of fact, is, we think, also considerably the finest and most powerful of his efforts. The *House of the Seven Gables*, in itself nearly a perfect work of art, is yet composed of altogether thinner materials. Yet the details are worked up with so much care and finish,—the whole external scenery of this, as well as of the *Scarlet Letter*, is so sharply defined, so full of the clear air of New-England life,—that we can bear better the subtle moral colouring and anatomy with which they both abound. In the *Blithedale Romance* we observe the first tendency to shroud certain portions of the narrative in an intentional veil, and to attempt to paint a distinct moral *expression* without giving a distinct outline of fact. The effect is powerful, but vague and not satisfying. The figures wander vagrant-like through the imagination of the reader. They seem to have no distinct place of their own assigned to them. You know what sort of characters you have beheld, but not when and under what circumstances you have beheld them. In *Transformation* these defects are at their maximum; and the evil is exaggerated by the mass of general padding—artistic criticisms, often powerful, and always subtle, upon Italian art;—puffs, not in very good taste, of the works of American sculptors;—silly attacks upon nude figures, and the like,—which distend, alloy, and ungracefully speckle the ideal tenor of the tale.

But we must draw to a conclusion. The most distinguishing deficiency in Mr. Hawthorne's mind, which is also in close connection with its highest power, is his complete want of sympathy not only with the world of voluntary action, but with the next thing to action, namely, the world of impulsive passion. With exceedingly rare exceptions,—the scene of crime and passion which we have quoted from *Transformation* is the only exception we can recall,—the highest power of Mr. Hawthorne is all spent on the delineation of *chronic* suffering or sentiment, in which all desire to act on others is in a measure paralysed. He likes to get past the rapids any way he can;—as we have seen, he not seldom introduces you to his tale with only the distant rush of them still audible behind you, his delight being to

trace the more lasting perturbations which they effect for winding miles below. But what he does paint for you, he likes to study thoroughly; he loves to get beneath the surface, to sound the deeper and mysterious pools, measure the power of the fretted waters, and map carefully out the sandy shallows. The result is necessarily a considerable limitation in the field of his genius. The excitement which other writers find in delineating the swaying fortunes of an active career, he is—we will not say *obliged* to find, for of course the positive capacity of his genius, not its incapacity for other fields, leads him in this direction—but he is obliged to find *only* in rare and often painful pictures of unhealthy sentiment. This is what circles so closely the range of his characters. They are necessarily very limited both in number and in moral attitude. We have but two studies, in his tales, of characters with any active bent—Hollingsworth in the *Blithedale Romance*, and Phœbe in the *House of the Seven Gables*. Both are carefully drawn, but both are far slier sketches, and more evidently taken from observation only, than his other characters. His nearest approach to the delineation of impulsive passion is seen in the sketch of Zenobia in the *Blithedale Romance*, and of Miriam in *Transformation*. But in neither case is it real impulse to act on others which he draws well; it is rather the turbid tossing of a rich mind ill at ease with itself, and casting about for sympathy and help. The characters which he draws most completely,—though they are not always the pleasantest,—are those which, like Mr. Coverdale in the *Blithedale Romance*, and Holgrave in the *House of the Seven Gables*, have “no impulse to help or to hinder,” caring only “to look on, to analyse, to explain matters to themselves.” Clifford too, in the latter tale,—who evidently represents the sensitive and æsthetic side of the author’s own mind, “that squeamish love of the beautiful” (to use his own expressive phrase) which is in him, when stripped of that cold centre of contemplative individuality, which seems to us to be at the centre of Mr. Hawthorne’s literary genius and personality,—is a fine study.

But one criticism more. The moral ideal which Mr. Hawthorne keeps before himself and his readers throughout his works is on the whole not only pure but noble. It is defective, however, as we might expect, on the same side on which his genius seems to fail. He is, in political and social conviction, a democratic quietist; one might almost say a fatalist. Is it not a part of this fatalistic disposition, we may ask in passing, to encourage the cultivated and thinking portion of society to resign to the masses the duty of forming the political judgment of his nation, and to permit himself to be quietly sucked in by that fatally

fascinating and overmastering tide called the Will of the democracy? However this may be, in political and social life, he is one who deprecates all spasmodic reforms, and attaches little value to reformatory efforts at all, except as the indispensable conditions of generous hopes and youthful aspirations. Speaking of such an experiment of social reform, he says, "After all, let us acknowledge it wise, if not more sagacious, to follow out one's day-dream to its natural consummation, although, if the vision have been worth the having, it is certain never to be consummated otherwise than by a failure." Again he says, in another tale, and with much of true moral insight, though it be the one-sided moral insight of the quietist recluse, "the haughty faith with which he [the enthusiastic practical reformer] began life would be well bartered for a far humbler one at its close, in discerning that man's best-directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities." Nor should we find fault with him for his very deeply-rooted conviction that, so far as any real and deep reform is accomplished, it may in a certain sense be said to *accomplish itself*, instead of being forced on society by the enthusiastic patronage of crusading philanthropists, could he but confine this theory within modest limits,—did he not press it into the service of what seems to us the grossest political immorality. We can sympathise with him when he so finely moralises at the end of the *Blithedale Romance* on the dangers of philanthropy:

"Admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulses to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out and distilled into alcoholic liquor by an unnatural process; but should render life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end."

Yet more; we can even go with him, quite as far as he wishes his readers to go, when he ironically prescribes a universal slumber as the only cure for the world's overstretched nerves:

"The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and while preternaturally wide awake is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions and avoiding new ones,—of regenerating our race so that it might in due time awake as an infant out of dewy slumber,—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right and the single-hearted desire to achieve it, both of which have long been lost in consequence of this

weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe."

For none of these thoughts and sayings, however depreciative of effort, or destructive of the sanguine hopes with which effort spurs itself on, do we reproach Mr. Hawthorne. It is fitting that, after the preacher of one-sided action and overstrained vigilance has spoken, this too restless age should also hear the invitation to distrust its own "earnestness," and renew its highly-strung energies by rest. Nay, we are quite willing to admit that the function of the contemplative man, who keeps clear of the many streams of human energy, and passes his solitary criticisms upon their tendency from some nook of seemingly selfish retirement, is justified in the scheme of Providence by the very existence of the philanthropic class of one-sided workers. But it is when Mr. Hawthorne comes to apply his quietistic creed to the actual political world in which he lives, that we find his moral shortcomings painfully evident, and see that he has permitted a mere theory to confuse "that simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it," of which he speaks so well, as grievously as ever did the one dominant idea of a professional philanthropist.

Little as Mr. Hawthorne is disposed to mix in the strife of the political arena, once at least he was not willing to let that *vox populi* in which he places so much confidence speak without a suggestion from himself. In the little electioneering volume on the life of Franklin Pierce, who was then (in 1852) a candidate, and as it proved a successful candidate, for the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Hawthorne offered his suggestion in the form of an application of his theory on the subject of spasmodic philanthropy to the question of slavery. The contest, at the time of General Pierce's election, turned, as all the recent contests have done, chiefly on this question. General Pierce represented the party of conciliation to the South,—the party of union at almost any sacrifice of Northern principles. The fugitive-slave law had just been passed, and the higher-minded politicians of the Northern States were eager to get a reversal of that disgraceful Act. General Pierce had pledged himself to sustain that Act and the whole system of which it was a part, and it became Mr. Hawthorne's duty to justify the policy of his friend.

After condemning the Northern men, who think that the world stands still except so far as the anti-slavery cause goes forward, for their narrowness, he proceeds thus:

"There is still another view, and probably as wise a one. It looks upon slavery as one of those evils which Divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but of the

simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, it shall vanish like a dream. There is no instance in all history of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end; but the progress of the world at every step leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never have found the way to rectify.”\*

Accordingly Mr. Hawthorne's recommendation to the people of the Northern States is to acquiesce in the Southern encroachments, and trust to Providence for the removal of this foul blot on American institutions. He eulogises General Pierce as “the man who dared to love that great and grand reality—his whole united native country—*better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory.*”† And he warns the anti-slavery party, in General Pierce's name, that the evil of disunion would be certain, while the good was at “best a contingency, and (to the clear practical foresight with which he looked into the future) scarcely so much as that, attended as the movement was, and must be during its progress, with the aggravated injury of those whose condition it aimed to ameliorate, and terminating in its possible triumph,—if such possibility there were,—with the ruin of two races which now dwelt together in greater peace and affection, it is not too much to say, than had ever elsewhere existed between the taskmaster and the serf.”‡

This is the most immoral kind of political fatalism. It is true enough, and is often forgotten by philanthropists, that men can do little enough for each other's highest good by any voluntary effort. Most men who undertake such causes fall a victim not perhaps to the “mistiness” so much as to the narrow definiteness “of philanthropic theory.” They forget that philanthropic tastes can only be safely humoured by those who keep constantly before their inmost hearts the exhortation, “Physician, heal thyself.” But there is a wide distinction between a philanthropic cause and a concession of the barest justice to the oppressed. Measured by Mr. Hawthorne's standard, there is no criminal national custom, however oppressive, with which it would be our duty to proclaim open war. He might denounce the political advocates of any such war as sacrificing the national peace to the “mistiness of philanthropic theory.” Is there, then, no distinction in moral sacredness between the claims of schemes for doing good to others,—little good of the deeper kind as we can do for any but ourselves,—and the duty of removing obstructions which entirely blot out the proper voluntary existence of other men? Is the duty of restoring moral freedom to a whole race to be classed as one of the doubtful visionary phi-

\* Life of Franklin Pierce, pp. 113, 14. † Ibid. p. 31. ‡ Ibid. pp. 111, 12.



lanthropies of modern times? Is it not obvious that, little as we may be able to organise mutual spiritual help of the higher kind, we are most fearfully competent to organise mutual moral injury of the lowest kind, and that slavery is one of the grandest of diabolic devices for that end? We do not say that Mr. Hawthorne is bound to be an anti-slavery agitator. We do say that he prostitutes the noblest speculative faculties when he attempts to perpetuate a fearful national crime, on the dishonest plea that those who strive to resist its extension and to limit its duration are endangering the Union for the sake of a "misty philanthropic theory." The fatalism which Mr. Hawthorne rather suggests than advocates in *Transformation*, when he presents sin as the necessary condition of moral growth, receives a terrible elucidation when he calmly deprecates all impatient criticism of the providential "uses" of slavery as if they were the affair of Providence alone. When men cease to cling to the abuses of slavery, and are indifferent to the gratification which it affords to many of man's worst passions, we may look to see the *Providential* uses of slavery pretty easily disposed of.

We need scarcely apologise for treating Mr. Hawthorne as something more than a mere writer of fiction. His writings have a very wide and justly-deserved influence in America; for as a literary artist, if not in mere rough genius, he may safely be considered almost the first, and quite the highest, fruit of American culture. He has himself recognised the close connection between the political and literary condition of nations in his plea that America is too happy, too prosperous, too free "from any picturesque and gloomy wrong," to be made the scene of a romance. Let us sum up our criticism on his literary deficiencies in a single sentence by expressing our conviction, that if he conceded less to his "squeamish love of the beautiful," if he could cultivate a deeper sympathy with action and its responsibilities, he would not only begin to take some interest in the removal of wrongs that are gloomy enough without being picturesque, but might widen greatly the range of his artistic power, and deepen indefinitely the spell of the fascination which he wields over his countrymen.

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## ART. X.—NATURE AND GOD.

*The present Relations of Science to Religion: a Sermon preached on Act Sunday, July 1, 1860, before the University of Oxford, during the Meeting of the British Association.* By Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., Head-Master of Rugby School. Oxford and London, 1860.

*The Correlation of Physical Forces.* By W. R. Grove, M.A., F.R.S. Second Edition. London, 1850.

*The Mutual Relations of the Vital and Physical Forces.* By Dr. Carpenter (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1850).

*Principles of Human Physiology.* By Dr. Carpenter. Fifth Edition, 1855.

*The Order of Nature, considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation.* By Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London, 1859.

*The Intellectual Development of Europe, considered with reference to the Views of Mr. Darwin and others, that the Progression of Organisms is determined by Law.* By Prof. Draper, M.D., of New York. Communicated to the Zoological Section of the British Association (*Athenæum*, July 14, 1860).

*Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us.* By T. E. Poynting. London, 1860.

THE two brothers Humboldt, it is well known, applying each a fine genius to different pursuits, diverged in their convictions with regard to the supreme objects of thought and faith. William, in sympathy with the life of humanity, studious of its expression in language, in literature, in law, and in all the vicissitudes of civilisation, never lost the traces of a Divine Government over the world, and even in the superstitions of mankind saw only a barbarous jargon attempting an eternal truth. Alexander, at home in the great Kosmos, familiar with the ways of Nature from her rude Titanic workshops to her finest harmonies of life, significantly declared himself to be of "the religion of all men of science." That his implication of "all men of science" in his own negative doctrine is far too sweeping,—not less so, indeed, than the Bishop of Oxford's counterpart assertion that "no men great in science favour Mr. Darwin's hypothesis,"—is evident not only from the older examples of Newton, Boyle, Cuvier, and Davy, but from many of the newest representative names, Oersted, Herschel, Owen, Faraday. Still, there is ample evidence of a certain general tendency in Natural Science to foster habits of thought embarrassing to religious conviction. On a first view it certainly

appears strange that the men most conversant with the Order of the visible universe should soonest suspect it empty of directing Mind; that they should lose their first faith on the very field where natural theology gleans its choicest instances of design: and on the other hand, that humanistic, moral, and historical studies,—which first open the terrible problems of suffering and guilt and contain all the reputed provocatives of denial and despair,—should confirm and enlarge, rather than disturb, the prepossessions of natural piety. The result, however, ceases to be paradoxical, on closer inspection of the relation between physical and moral knowledge.

The jealousy between natural science and religion is of very long standing. From the time of Anaxagoras onward, every attempt to explain by secondary causes phenomena previously unexplained has been regarded as an audacious wresting of some province from the gods. And, on the other hand, as early at least as Epicurus, the investigators of nature began to tolerate the reference to Divine agency merely as a provisional necessity, to be superseded in each field as it was explored, and serving only as a decent disguise for our residuary ignorance. The dialogue of the *De Naturâ Deorum* exhibits, in the persons of Balbus and Velleius, the same rivalry between Theology and Physics which often animates the Section-rooms of the British Association. The antiquity of the controversy attests its deep-seated origin, in causes beyond the range of the Biblical records and the peculiarities of the Christian doctrine. The Scriptures, in the presence of the Baconian logic, have merely encountered the inevitable fate of any inflexible *litera scripta* existing side by side with ever-widening inductions. A consecrated theory of the phenomenal universe, embodying the perishable imaginations of one age or people, necessarily blends with every religion, however charged with essential and inspired truth; and, as necessarily, comes to be discredited as discovery extends, till it has to be discharged from its spiritual receptacle. The series of questions on which the conflict has been renewed in modern times between the closed "Word" and the opening Works of God is as long as the chain of inductive sciences themselves; and the result has been invariable,—the patience of nature overcoming the authoritative plea of miracle. Copernicus, in spite of the hierarchy, has cried with more effect than Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still!" Ships are daily chartered to those Antipodes which Lactantius declared to be impossible, and Augustine unscriptural, and Boniface of Metz, beyond the latitude of salvation. Witchcraft, so long preserved by the Mosaic Law among our list of crimes, has disappeared from every European code; and demoniacal possession in mania

and epilepsy, though in the Gospels giving form to the miracles and evidence to the Messiahship of Christ, has been unable to hold its ground against the exorcism of the College of Physicians. The common parentage of the human race, already rendered distasteful by Prichard's suggested probability of a black Adam and Eve, has become an open question with the advance of ethnology, notwithstanding the absolute dependence upon it of the whole scheme of ecclesiastic theology. The tower of Babel faded into a myth, as the affinity of languages was better understood. Egypt, so long measured by the patriarchal chronology, and cowed by the song of Moses and Miriam, has at last taken a strange revenge upon her fugitives, by discrediting their traditions, and exposing the proofs of her dynasties and arts beyond the verge of their Flood, nay, prior to their Eden. The terrestrial cosmogony of Genesis, in spite of all the clamps and holdfasts of a perverted exegesis, has long been knocked to pieces by the geologic hammer. And now it would seem doubtful whether, even with regard to the specific types of organised beings, the idea of sudden creation may not have to be altogether relinquished in favour of a principle of gradual modification.

One by one, these questions may be determined and pass away. And if this were all, a mere glance at the past results, without appealing to the supreme security of truth, ought to tranquillise all religious alarms: for who that has in him any intelligent image of our modern Kosmos would think it "for the glory of God" to have back again the little three-storied, or seven-storied structure, in which the Hebrew and early Christian imagination found room and time for every thing, earthly, devilish, and Divine? Every thing has turned out grander in the reality than in the preconception: the heavens that open to the eye of a Herschel, the geologic time whose measures direct the calculations of a Lyell, the chain of living existence whose links are in the mind of a Hooker, Agassiz, or Darwin, infinitely transcend the universe of Psalmist's song and Apocalyptic vision. However obstinate the battle may seem to be on each of these particular points, as it arises, the combatants again and again fight out a peace at last:—why, indeed, should the theologian object to find the scene of Divine Agency larger, older, more teeming with life, than he had thought? But all these collisions have a significance far deeper than the special topic of each occasion. They are signs of a more fundamental conflict, whose essence remains when they are set at rest;—of a real, ultimate, irreducible *difference*, easily mistaken for *contradiction*, between the whole scientific and the whole religious mode of approaching and viewing the external world.

Christianity, engaged in establishing immediate relations between Man and God, takes little notice of Nature; which might in fact be absent altogether without material injury to a scheme pervadingly *supernatural*; and which was actually to vanish in order to the final realisation of the Divine purpose for Humanity. The defining lines of the religion run, so to speak, overhead of Nature, and pass direct from spirit to Spirit: Given, the human consciousness of sinful need and the sigh for holy life; given also, the Divine response of forgiveness, rescue, and communion; and the essential idea is constituted. The circle of thought and feeling which it collects around it has only a negative relation to the outward Kosmos, and finds Nature rather in its way. Still, when compelled to look the visible world in the face and recognise it as the depository of some permanent meaning, Christianity, like all pure and spiritual Theism, can only regard the universe as the manifestation and abode of a Free Mind, like our own; embodying His personal thought in its adjustments, realising His own ideal in its phenomena, just as we express our inner faculty and character through the natural language of an external life. In this view, we interpret Nature by Humanity; we find the key to her aspects in such purposes and affections as our own consciousness enables us to conceive; we look every where for physical signals of an ever-living Will; and decipher the universe as the autobiography of an Infinite Spirit, repeating itself in miniature within our Finite Spirit. The grandest natural agencies are thus but servitors of a grander than themselves: "the winds are His messengers; and flaming fire, His minister." Using Nature as his organ, He transcends it: the act in which he does so is the exercise of his own Free Volition, rendering determinate what was indeterminate before: it is thus the characteristic of such act to be *supernatural*: and Man, so far as he shares a like prerogative, occupies a like position; standing to that extent outside and above the realm of necessary law, and endowing with existence either side of an alternative possibility. At both ends therefore of the scheme of Kosmical order, are beings that go beyond it: all that is natural lies enclosed within the supernatural, and is the medium through which the Divine mind descends into expression and the Human ascends into interpreting recognition. The effect of this faith upon the study of objects and phenomena is obvious enough. They will be interesting, not on their own account, but as signs of the Thought which issues them: in quest of this, conjecture will turn inwards; and, taking counsel from the higher moral consciousness, will come back to them and see meanings and motives they do not contain. The

observer will be in danger of converting the universe into the mere reflection of his own conscience and emotions; of overlooking its calm neutralities; of reading some special smile in its sunshine and judgment in its storms; or, when experience and culture have rendered these simple interpretations no longer possible, of following some more elaborate, but still premature, clue of design, and losing himself in a labyrinth of misconstrued relations. The disposition of the human soul to seek for its own prototype and start at its own shadow in the outward universe, is a solemn and significant fact. But it can no more do the work of natural knowledge, than the inspection of a foreign people's expressive looks and gestures can supersede the patient study of their language,—a language formed by the working of the same feelings and ideas, yet not intelligible through mere sympathy with these. At a moment when our thirteen inches of summer rain are episcopally explained, in diocese after diocese, as a punishment of some unspecified sin, and are about to be stopped by deprecation, we can scarcely wonder at the well-known contempt with which both Bacon and Spinoza have visited the applied doctrine of Final causes.

Science, on the other hand, brings to the scrutiny of Nature quite a different order of faculty and feeling. It lays aside, as intrusive, the inner moral consciousness with its postulates and beliefs; and enters the field under pure guidance of the Perceptive and Comparing powers. It might accomplish the whole of its avowed aim, with less embarrassed speed, if the mind could actually be reduced to an unmoral, impersonal mechanism of intellectual elaboration; transfusing nothing of itself into the universe, but logically working up, in crystalline arrangements of resemblance, coexistence and succession, the phenomena given from without. This *a priori* limitation of its instruments involves a corresponding limitation of its field; precluding it from the whole area of free causality, and enclosing it within the range of phenomena now determinate. For the same reason, the order of its advance through this field must be ever one and the same,—from sensible particulars to related groups, from minor to major laws, from classifications with a single base to others that take account of many. Beginning with the rudest raw materials of observation,—the *πρότερον πρὸς ἡμᾶς*,—it carries up the rules they yield into the next rank of things, taking on some refined addition to make the expression adequate to the case; and so on, till the formula which shaped itself at the bottom of nature finds its way upward to the top, and humanity itself, as a scientific object, seems to come out as a mere culminating development of the earliest and lowest term. The hierarchy of laws which



Science constructs accomplishes the grand end, of enabling her to predict the course of nature. In part, they are direct rules of empirical and concrete succession, simply describing the order of bodies and their appearances, as in Plane Astronomy. In part, as in Physical Astronomy, they are rules combined out of the decomposed conditions of analysed phenomena. In either case, the power of prediction is attained; and equally so, whether the rules present the *ipsissima vestigia* of nature, as we believe to be the case with Kepler's laws, or whether, by some device of reduction and substitution, they furnish mere equivalent elements, tantamount, in all their combinations, to the natural facts. The Ptolemaic foreknowledge of eclipses was manifestly due to artifices of this latter kind: and we incline, with Adam Smith, to refer even the Celestial Dynamics of Newton to the same head. Be this as it may, the mere ability to reason out future individual phenomena by strict deduction from some equation of abstract conditions impresses us with a sense of Fate: the logical cogency of the inferential steps is mistaken for a material nexus among the objective facts: and, when taken in conjunction with the uniformity revealed by inductive observation, fixes upon the scientific fancy that nightmare of Universal Necessity, beneath which every higher faith either is suppressed or cries out in agony. In a universe thus regarded there is no room for any thing but determinate phenomena: and the semblance of somewhat else in man is readily explained away, by simply throwing him in among natural objects, studying him exclusively from the outside, and disparaging the possibility or the validity of self-knowledge. Had he ever so free a causal power, *its* phenomena also, once summoned to exist, must be determinate, must vary with the scope and weight of his limiting conditions, must be no less open than any other facts to the statist's method of averages: so that you have only to shut the door on the inner consciousness, and restrict us to the gate where the facts come out, in order to lose witness of the supernatural in man, and draw him also within the meshes of inevitable Law.

The radical antithesis, then, between Religion and Science consists in this:—that the former, proceeding on the data of our Voluntary and Moral faculties, carries a supernatural interpretation through the universe, and sees in nature the expression of affections and will like our own; while the latter, proceeding on the data of our Perceptive and Generalising faculties, discovers uniformities of phenomena, and accepts the conception of necessary law not only as the key to Nature, but as exhaustive and ultimate. Let the maxims which are self-

evident to either of these sets of faculties be applied to the sphere of the other, and the effect can only be to discredit and dissipate the objects in that sphere. If every phenomenon is the momentary expression of free volition,—if the supernatural reigns every where and alone, then is nature an illusion, and the demarcation is erased between Primary causality and Secondary law. If, on the other hand, “we know nothing but phenomena,”—if our cognitive endowments are exhausted upon “resemblances, coexistences, and successions,”—then is the Order of nature our only reality,—its Causality, our dream; and of God,—who is not “a phenomenon,”—we cannot rationally speak.

The most obvious way of escape from this dilemma is, to restrain the pretensions of each class of faculties within its own province, and protest against its ambition of universal empire. Let the moral and spiritual intimations, it is said, have their own authority and sustain their own beliefs; they need not be meddled with, so long as they stop at home and do not overrun the Kosmos with their theology. Let the observing and inductive tendency push on,—the mensurative and deductive calculus work out its results;—they can but give us new truth, so long as they deal only with finite things, and do not trespass upon the sphere of Personality and Infinitude. This is the tone prevailingly assumed both by liberal divines and by reverential or cautious men of science; and it suffices to establish an armistice between them which is at least an agreeable change upon open war. To this compromise Bacon habitually resorted: and quite in the sense of his philosophy it is found pervading the writings of the late lamented Baden Powell. To us, we confess, it is profoundly unsatisfactory: especially when the two separated provinces are treated, not as two independent and incommensurate kinds of knowledge or kinds of faith, but the one as knowledge, and the other as faith. Mr. Baden Powell intended, we are sure, to be not less loyal to his Christian Theism than he was to his Inductive philosophy. When, however, after volumes of proof that the universe discloses nothing but immutable law and material development, so orderly indeed as to bespeak Thought, but so inexorable as to be silent of Character, after treating the supernatural as intrinsically incognisable, and the moral and spiritual as entirely out of relation to the rational faculty, he briefly relegates us to “faith” for our grounds of religious conviction, we certainly feel that the door is rather rudely slammed in the face of our inquiry, and that we are turned out of the select society of the philosophers who know, to take our place with the plebs who believe. It is utterly destructive of the equipoise of authority between

the two spheres, to characterise the one as "knowledge," which involves objective certainty, the other as "faith," which goes no further than subjective assurance. This it was which exposed Bacon to the false, but not unnatural, suspicion of Atheism: and the painful negative impression of unsolved problems, so generally left on Mr. Baden Powell's readers, is mainly due to the same crudeness of distinction. The truth is, he had effectually thought out the one side of the question which was congenial with his intellectual habits and pursuits, without gaining any corresponding command of the other: and his imagination, left alone with the astounding revelations of modern science, was not simply possessed but overpowered by the conception of all-comprehending and necessary laws. A more balanced reflection would at once have shown the futility of the distinction he wished to establish. If by "*faith*" he meant reliance on a principle as self-evident, *i. e.* recommended only by its psychological necessity;—if by "*knowledge*," distinguished from faith, he meant an acquired apprehension of truth on evidence other than its own; \*—then there is just as much "*faith*" concerned in Science as in Religion; and just as much "*knowledge*" in Religion as in Science. Not a step could Geometry, Arithmetic, Physics, advance without assumptions respecting Space, Time, external Substance, which are no less pure and absolute gifts of our psychological constitution than the moral assurance of our responsibility. And in Ethics, the propositions—that it is wrong to punish an unconscious act, that extreme temptation mitigates guilt;—in Religion, that the hypocrite's prayer is unavailing, that to the pure in heart God is best revealed,—are *known* not less certainly than in Science the place of the North from the pointing of the needle, or the recent birth of an animal from the mother's milk.

Even apart from the inexact and unequal balance maintained by Mr. Baden Powell between the rival claims, a mere compromise founded on a division of territory is intrinsically impracticable. The *savant* cannot help advancing his lines of thought into human and moral relations and esteeming them amenable to him. The theologian cannot help applying his faith to the universe, for the supernatural is conceivable only in relation to the natural, and the transcendency of God involves the subordination of the world. And if a man be at once *savant* and theologian, how is he to manage the partition of his creed? One side of him denying all knowledge but of necessity and nature, the other believing only freedom and

\* We do not propose these as satisfactory definitions of "*faith*" and "*knowledge*:" but the terms, if treated as mutually-exclusive opposites, appear to admit of no others. And this is the case with which we have to deal.

God, is he to take turn and turn about with the "Yes" and "No," and care nothing about their discord or their harmony? Whether as a logical invention or as a work of art, we cannot admire this composite figure, half *philosophe*, half saint; on the left of the mid-line, a Diderot, on the right, a Fenelon. No earnest mind can endure a life of double consciousness, or excuse it on the pedantic plea of different faculties. Many or few, their testimony must all converge on the unity of truth, and is falsely construed till it does so. If the report of "the moral and spiritual powers" be trustworthy,—if there lives an Eternal Will immanent in the universe and communing with ourselves, it is impossible to avoid the inquiry, in what relation this Primary and Voluntary Cause subsists to those Secondary Laws of phenomena which it is the business of Science to define. How are the seemingly contrary beliefs forced on us by our outward and by our inward apprehension to adjust themselves in reconciled coexistence?

Is there any middle term which can aid the mutual understanding between the Religious and the Scientific view of nature?—any fundamental thought common to both, or passing as an essential from the one to the other? We think there is, viz. the idea of *Force*. That this really is an intermediate conception, more than physical, less than theological, will probably be conceded on both sides. It is less than theological: for, in league with the epithet "material," it can quit the Theist, and take service with the Atheist. It is more than physical: for the term certainly goes beyond the meaning of the word "Law;" it expresses neither any observable phenomenon, nor any mere order of coexistence or succession among phenomena. To our objective Perception and Comparison nothing is given but movements or changes; to our Inductive Generalisation, nothing but the sifting and grouping of these in space and time. Such mental aggregates or series of phenomena complete what we mean by a Law; but are only suggestive *signs* of a Force in itself imperceptible. As defined by Mr. Grove, the word denotes "that active principle inseparable from matter which induces its various changes" (p. 14). So well aware, indeed, are the more rigorous Inductive logicians (as Comte and Mill) of the hyperphysical character of this notion, that they would expel it as a trespasser on the Baconian domain; or, if it stays, strip it of its native significance, in order to reduce it to their service. Let any one, however, only imagine the sort of jargon into which, agreeably to this advice, our language of Dynamics would have to be translated; let him try to express the several intensities in terms of Time-succession, and he will need no other proof of the utter helplessness of physics with-

out this hyperphysical idea. Mr. Grove most justly remarks : "The word 'Force,' and the idea it aims at expressing, might indeed be objected to by the purely physical philosopher as representing a subtle mental conception, and not a sensuous perception or phenomenon. To avoid its use, however, if open to no other objection, would be so far a departure from recognised views as to render language scarcely intelligible" (p. 12).

It is admitted, then, that we have here a physical postulate indispensable to the interpretation of nature, yet not physically known. Its objective reality is guaranteed, the suspicion of its being a "mental figment" is excluded, by the same security on which we hold the infinitude of Space and the impossible coexistence of different Times, viz. its subjective necessity as a condition for conceiving objects and phenomena at all :—a necessity, we must add, evident in the habitual language, not only of those who consciously acknowledge it, but equally of those who, like the Positivists, affect to believe in a *γένεσις* of things without a *δύναμις*. Being thus, at the same time, real in its existence, and ideal in its cognition, Force admits of being investigated both physically and metaphysically : and take it up in which aspect you will, the results are remarkable and concurrent.

The tendency of natural science in its earlier stages is to establish a plurality of "Forces." Each separate family of phenomena throws back its distinctive characteristics on the dynamic source to which they are referred : and Nature is conceived to have on stock as many powers as she has kinds of product to display. Thus it is that we fill out our list of mechanical, chemical, vital, mental forces. The only differences actually observed lie among the phenomena : but these are taken as exponents of corresponding differences in the causes behind. The very distinction and organisation of the Sciences themselves proceed upon this principle : each science taking up from among the properties of matter some one type, and chasing it, as it were, through the universe, and writing out the history of its achievements. Latterly, however, especially since the application of a more refined research to the so-called "imponderable agents," the old lines of classification have been losing their mechanical straightness and sharpness, and the colouring of the several provinces has faded into softer contrast, tending to something more than harmony. The first effect of the prism, in the hands of Newton, was to destroy the simplicity of light, and to disengage it in idea from heat : the last effect, in the hands of Bunsen, has been, in the very act of giving extension and precision to the analysis, to twine together, in a web of wonderful relations, the luminiferous, the calorific,

and the chemical rays. By the undulatory theory, the same calculus embraces the measurement of sound and of light. Galvanism, manipulated by Davy, became the most powerful of chemical agencies. And, by both direct and converse proofs, Oersted and Faraday have compelled electricity and magnetism to exchange effects. The several modifications of motion produced by all these agents carry in them mechanical momentum, and avail to overcome cohesion and gravitation. By combining such facts as these, Mr. Grove has shown, in his ingenious and striking Essay cited at the head of this Article, that all the forces comprised under the term "Physical" are so "correlated" as to be no sooner expended in one form than they reappear in another,—in fact, to be convertible *inter se*; and therefore to be not many, but one,—a dynamic self-identity masked by transmigration. Not content with a dead pause at Mr. Grove's resting-place, Dr. Carpenter, in his communication to the Royal Society, has carried the argument to a higher point, and shown that the law extends to the Vital forces: and, in his *Human Physiology*, he conducts it to its climax in the Mental forces. The energy of volition communicates itself to the motory nerves; these again hand over the stimulus to the muscular fibre; by whose contraction, finally, some mechanical movement is produced: each step of the process being marked by a waste or consumption of the transmitting medium, but an undiminished propagation of the transmitted force. It is not within the scope of our present design critically to estimate this subtle speculation; but simply to record it as the last result of dynamic generalisation. The conclusion is, that the plurality of forces is an illusion; that in reality, and behind the variegated veil of heterogeneous phenomena, there is but one force, the solitary fountain of the whole infinitude of change.

This position, however, immediately opens a further question. If we are to reduce our numerical variety of forces to one, *which* member of the series is to remain with us as the type of all? Where is the initial point of these migrations? How are we to know the *propria persona* of the power from its disguises? Shall we more rightly presume that the lowest term,—the mechanical,—passes upwards and reappears in the form of mind?—or that the highest rather descends, divesting itself of prerogative qualities at each step, and appearing at last with quantitative identity alone? For answer to these questions we must turn from the physical to the metaphysical scrutiny of the main conception. We have seen that it is a hyper-physical idea, a postulate of Reason, applied to nature: and to find its essence and true type, we must disengage ourselves



from its applications and detect its pure form in our intellectual constitution. Cast your eye, then, along the series enumerated by Grove and Carpenter, and ask yourself in which of these forms the dynamic idea originally necessitates itself. Is it that you have to supply it on seeing an external body change its place? or, on witnessing some chemical phenomenon, as an acid stain of red on a blue cloth? or, on noticing the needle quiver to the North? It will be admitted that, if we ourselves were purely passive, all these changes might cross our visual field with only the effect of a time-succession,—first, one movement or condition, then another: while, conversely, if, without any of these phenomena exhibiting themselves before us, we ourselves were in the active exercise of Volition more or less difficult, the idea of Force would be provided for. It follows that *Will* is the true type of the conception, identical with it as a primitive intuition; and that its lower forms are but an attenuated transcript of this, stripped, by artificial abstraction, of all that is superfluous for the exigencies of scientific classification. The habitual resort of philosophers to this, when they want an illustration of the dynamic idea, might convince them that it is *more than* an illustration,—that it is the sole and exhaustive case, of which the rest are but mutilated conceptual repetitions, and without which there would be no others. Dr. Carpenter, with his usual clearness in penetrating to the essential point, seizes at once on the “sense of effort” as the ground of all our causal thought,—as the “form of Force *which may be taken as the type of all the rest*,” declares that “our consciousness of force is really as direct as is that of our own mental states;” and admits that, “in this particular case, Force must be regarded as the direct expression or manifestation of that Mental state which we call Will.” But he stops short, as it seems to us, of the true breadth and simplicity of his reduction, when he adds,—“In the phenomenon of voluntary movement, we can scarcely avoid seeing that Mind is *one* of the dynamical agencies which is capable of acting-on Matter; and that, like other such agencies, the mode of its manifestation is affected by the nature of the material *substratum* through which its influence is exerted.”\* If Force is known to us from within, if it is the name we give to self-conscious exercise of power, then that is just the whole of it known to us at all;—not “*one* particular case,” leaving “other such agencies” to be learned in some different way; but the absolute dynamical conception itself, coextensive with every actual and possible instance. Take away the “consciousness of force” in ourselves, and with the keenest vision we should

\* Human Physiology, § 585.

see it nowhere in nature. Endow us with it; and we have still no more ability than before to *perceive* it as an object in the external world, observation giving us access only to phenomena as distributed in space and time. Nor, from knowing it within, do we acquire any logical right to *infer* it without, except in virtue of an axiom of Reason inseparably present in it,—that “all phenomena are the expression of Power,”—the counterpart of that power which issues our own. This it is which constrains us to think causation behind nature, and under causation to think of Volition. “Other force” we have no sort of ground for believing,—or, except by artifices of abstraction, even power of conceiving. The dynamic idea is either this, or nothing: and the logical alternative assuredly is, that Nature is either a mere Time-march of phenomena, or an expression of Mind.

The physical and the metaphysical scrutiny of this indispensable scientific conception converge, then, upon one conclusion;—that all Force is of one type; and that type is Mind.

This resolution of all external causation into Divine Will at once deprives the several theories of kosmical creation or development of all religious significance. Not one of them has any resources to work-with that are other than Divine: you may try what you can do with this kind of force or with that: but you cannot escape beyond the closed cycle where each is convertible with Volition. To you it may not appear under its full aspect: for “Force” is precisely Will from which *we omit* all reference to the living thought: but its objective character is unaffected by this subjective default. We lament to see the question between a sudden and a gradual genesis of organic types discussed on both sides,—not indeed by the principals in the dispute but by secondary advocates,—too much as if it were a question between God and no-God. In not a few of the progressionists the weak illusion is unmistakeable, that, with time enough, you may get every thing out of next-to-nothing. Grant us,—they seem to say,—any tiniest granule of power, so close upon zero that it is not worth begrudging; allow it some trifling tendency to infinitesimal increment; and we will show you how this little stock became the Kosmos, without ever taking a step worth thinking of, much less constituting a case for design. The argument is a mere appeal to an incompetency in the human imagination; in virtue of which magnitudes evading conception are treated as out of existence; and an aggregate of inappreciable increments is simultaneously equated,—in its cause to *nothing*, in its effect to *the whole of things*. You manifestly want the same Causality, whether concentrated on a moment, or distributed through incalculable ages: only, in drawing

upon it, a logical theft is more easily committed piecemeal than wholesale. Surely it is a mean device for a philosopher, thus to crib causation by hairs-breadths, to put it out at compound interest through all time, and then disown the debt. And it is vain after all:—for dilute the intensity, and change the form, as you will, of the Power that has issued the Universe, it remains, except to your subjective illusion, nothing less than Infinite and nothing lower than Divine. And hence it is an equal error in the Theist to implicate his faith in resistance to the doctrine of progressive development,—be it in the formation of the solar system, in the consolidation of the earth's crust, or the origination of organic species. That doctrine would be atheistic only if the first germ on the one hand, and the evolution on the other, were root and branch undivine,—some blind material force that could set itself up in rivalry to God's. Inasmuch, however, as all forces are convertible, and that, too, not by culmination into Volition but by reduction from Volition, they are but His mask and can never be His competitors: and if ever they seem less than Will, it is only by a self-abnegation which is itself one of the highest acts of Will. Why, but for the fallacious suspicion to which we refer, should you object to recognise a law of progression in nature any more than in human history? You think it Providential that *Man* should be conducted from low beginnings, through the struggles of a various experience, to a civilised existence beyond the dreams of an early world. You follow, not without a solemn piety, the steps of a Lessing or a Bunsen tracing the Education of our race. From the painful impression left upon you by the long and wide spectacle of savage life, by the meanness of a thousand superstitions, by the cruelties and flagitiousness which darken even the most brilliant and sacred eras, you fly for relief to the thought, that these are but transitory stages on the way to better things;—that they do not in themselves give the true idea of the world;—that they must be viewed in connection with the ulterior destination on which all the lines of the past converge. You even argue that, were there nothing of this movement in advance,—were every thing human stationary as Chinese society or periodic as the Stoic's universe,—all would look too much like Fate: it is not in a perpetual noon, but only in a brightening dawn, that Divine hope rises in the heart. Why, then, if it be reverential to think thus of man, should it be atheistic to think the same of nature? What is kosmical development but the counterpart of human progression? Without an ever-living movement of idea, how can we conceive of an Eternal Mind at all? And if there be a Divine plan through all, how is its law to be read off and its drift

deciphered, but, as every infinite series is found, by legibly exposing some adequate segment of its terms, and spreading its steps along the ages? We pronounce at present no opinion on the scientific question to which Mr. Darwin's book has recently imparted a fresh interest. Looking at the speculation with rather a logician's than a naturalist's eye, we confess that our prevailing impression, at a little distance from the fascinations of the author's skill, is of the extreme exility of the evidence compared with the immensity of the conclusion. Should, however, the doctrine of Natural Selection become as well-established as that of successive geologic deposition, we venture to predict that works on Natural Theology will not only survive this new shock to the idea of creative paroxysms, but will turn it to account as a fertile source of theistic evidence and illustration. It is matter for regret and surprise that Mr. Darwin himself should have set forth his hypothesis as excluding the action of a higher intelligence :

"Nothing" (he says) "at first can appear more difficult to believe than that the more complex organs and instincts should have been perfected, *not* by means superior to, though analogous with, human reason, *but* by the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor" (p. 459).

Surely the antithesis could not be more false, were we to speak of some patterned damask as made, *not* by the weaver, *but* by the loom ; or of any methodised product as arising *not* from its primary *but* from its secondary source. All the determining conditions of species,—viz. (1) the possible range of variation, (2) its hereditary preservation, (3) the extrusion of inferior rivals,—must be conceived as already contained in the constituted laws of organic life ; in and through which, just as well as by unmediated starts, "Reason superior to the human" may evolve the ultimate results. In a perfectly analogous case the products of human industry distribute themselves over the earth according to the laws of Political Economy, all springing from the spontaneous pressure of human desires : yet who would think it a just antithesis to say, that the ebb and flow of wealth and arts are due, *not* to any Providence of God, *but* to the hunger of mankind ?

At the same time, though Primary and Secondary causation do not exclude each other, we own the difficulty of clearly adjusting their relation in our thought : nor can we pretend that it is abated by resolving all power into Will. In the supernatural sphere, indeed,—the communion of Spirit with Spirit,—the Divine with the Human,—this Personal conception of power meets every exigency ; because here the relation

all depends on the free play of affection and character. But the governance of *Nature* by Personal Volition is less easy to conceive, the more we are impressed by the inflexibility, the neutrality, the universal sweep of her great laws. For mere manageable clearness, if that were all, some credit might be given to the old Deistical representation, of God as once contriving the universe, and then stocking it with properties and powers which dispensed with his further agency. Unfortunately, these properties and powers once installed in the kosmical executive, are too apt, like mayors of the palace, to set up for themselves: and the more all definite idea of a creative epoch, marked by sudden birth of the heavens and the earth, breaks up and distributes itself, the less has this theory to hold it together, and the more urgent becomes the cry for an immanent and living God. The religion of the present age, in all its newer and more vigorous manifestations, represents this cry. Reacting against the usurpations of secondary causation, wearied of its distance from the Fountain-head, it flings itself back with pathetic repentance into the arms of the Primary Infinitude, and tries to feel even the iron clasp of nature as the immediate embrace of God. It is a pure and high impulse: yet, when tranquil enough to go in search of its philosophical ground, it must become conscious of dangers and self-variance on this side too. It is impossible to resolve all natural causation into direct Will without raising questions (we say it plainly, but with reverence) of the Divine psychology. You say, He personally issues all the changes in the universe. Is there, then, a volition for each phenomenon? and if so, what constitutes a single phenomenon?—each drop of rain, for instance, or, the whole shower? or, the wider atmospheric tide which includes the other term of the broken equilibrium? or, the system of aerial currents that enwrap the earth, and of which this is as much an element as the rain-drop of the shower? or, the tissue of conditions, without which such currents would not be what they are,—including, at a stroke, the constitution of water and of air, the laws of caloric, the distribution of land and sea, the terrestrial rotation, the inclined equator, the solar light and heat? Where, in this mighty web of relations, are we to fix, and how to insulate, the *unit of volition*? Driven, by the infinite multiplicity of phenomena, to recognise in some form the occurrence of *generic* volition, you encounter the ulterior question, what, then, constitutes the *principle* of grouping for each genus, whereby what is manifold towards us is *one* from Him? Are the objects of his determining Thought concrete things and integral beings, individuals or kinds, such as Natural History deals with in its classifications? Or, are they rather those functions or proper-

ties into which we analyse bodies,—which run together to constitute an individual, and separate to traverse a host;—so that he thinks in the order of Science, with a volition for each Law,—now gravitation and all that it carries,—then, Electricity throughout its sweep? Lay out the conception which way you will, the two divisions cross each other. In the contemplative religion of many a cultivated man, they doubtless come, the one or the other, as may turn uppermost, with no sense of inconsistency. But down in subtler depths the perplexing mystery has been felt, ever since Plato's *εἶδη*, after vainly grappling with it, left it to the consciousness of the world.

Mr. Poynting, in his *Glimpses of the Heaven that lies around us*, assumes the *Scientific* order of Divine volition; supposes the Kosmos to be thought-out, Law by Law, in the track of Newton's, Dalton's, Oken's, Faraday's generalisations; and feels every shadow gone in the simple recognition of God as personally executing the whole scheme. His book is not less picturesque in exposition and ingenious in combination than it is bright and joyous in tone; and to young readers, able to adapt themselves to its somewhat fantastic form, it gives a valuable *coup-d'œil* of the newer methods of scientific thought, though perhaps with too little discrimination of positive results from speculative interpretation. For our fastidious gravity, we must confess, the visionary and supernatural dress of the first part of the work,—in which the author, escaped from the body, has the world explained to him by a celestial lecturer,—is more a burden than a help. But doubtless we are heavy of wing: and in compassion to such infirmity, the author, in a second part of the volume, reappears in the flesh, and takes his stand upon the level earth again, and gives a prose version of the "*Divina Commedia*" that precedes. From this part we gather the theory that God's supreme end is the revelation and spiritual reproduction of Himself in humanity; that history, Scripture, nature, are constituted throughout to serve as the school and discipline of our race; that the lower ranks of organised beings are sent forth as prefigurements, in advancing series, of man; that the several orders of force,—mechanical, chemical, vital, mental,—by which nature is built up, are developed modes of atomic attraction and repulsion; which again are resolvable, atoms and all, into a direct exercise of Divine power in lines converging on given points of space. An atom is a geometrical centre on which God directs force in all radii, thus constituting an attraction thither. Did the radii mutually impinge with perfect precision, they would give a statical resultant: but arriving with slight inaccuracy, they form an eddy round the centre, and so surround it with a zone of repulsion. Two atoms



unite, when, through rotation in opposite directions, their osculating surfaces are moving in the same; while under reverse conditions they retreat. An atom quivering makes its lines of gravitating force quiver too; and hence the phenomena of light and sound, and whatever else is reducible to undulation. By changes, often ingeniously rung, upon these elementary assumptions, the atoms are made to climb into their place and build the world and its organisms; and the lines to vibrate in such mode and degree as to furnish law after law in every science from physics to physiology. The hypothesis, in its resolution of matter into force, bears an essential resemblance to Boscovich's; and, as might be expected, breaks down at the same point,—the attempt to step, with only quantitative help, to the qualitative phenomena of nature. All the optical history, for instance, of a sunbeam is elaborately deduced: and the physiological changes along the visual nerve are also set forth: and both series of propagated movements are regarded as wonderful provision for enabling us to see. But when the question is asked, how it is that one vibration of atoms gives the sensation of heat, another that of light, a third that of sound, the only answer is, such is the will of God, who, "as soon as the quivering beats on eye or spirit," "raises in the mind the idea of light," or of heat, &c., as it may be. Were it not, then, for this interposed special volition, the visual idea would not arise, and trains of vibratory processes would be as inoperative on the eye as they are upon the ear. There is thus no more fitness in one of the mechanisms than in another, or in any than in none at all, to produce its appended perception: for this flows from a Divine act which might just as well interchange the antecedents or dispense with them entirely. And when we further remember that all the prior movements are also described as God's own volitional force, we seem to lose ourselves in a gratuitous circuit, in which He devises and works his own complex machinery for providing his own occasions for interposing his own volitions. We are reminded irresistibly of Malebranche: who, in the chain of material causes and effects, saw a scheme of nature offered to the apprehension of Minds; and, in the constituted faculties of minds, beheld a provision for the cognition of Nature; yet sunk an impassable chasm between them, and made intercommunication impossible, except by miracles, *mero arbitrio*, that superseded both. With Malebranche, however, the direct Divine act was limited to the intermediation between Mind and Matter, each of which could operate in its own sphere though not cross over to the other. But Mr. Poynting's spinning machinery of atoms is the immediate activity of God: the whole mental life of man, and the

ordinary exercise of his faculties, are so too; not less than the intercourse between the one and the other. When the objectivity of Nature, and the subjectivity of Man, and the whole scheme of relations uniting them, are all thrown into the Infinite together, all distinctions of being disappear, all problems vanish, and complex tissues of adaptation seem to lose all serious meaning and take the aspect of an empty play of thought, evoking conditions in order to meet them. For our own part, we confess to a very sceptical appreciation of the whole atomic doctrine, so unfortunately mixed up by Dalton with the law of definite proportions: and cannot help regarding the idea expressed by the word "atom" as a purely fictitious contrivance for escaping the contradictions of infinitude, an arbitrary stop in face of the perils of that wilderness, a logical thrust of the ostrich-head into the sand. And it may be due perhaps to this disrespectful estimate, that we find it painful to picture the Divine agency expending itself in rectilinear descents upon these centres, and in eddies round them, and quiverings from them, and a continuous evolution of nature from nothing else than such questionable rudiments. If such things really go on, we are not anxious to wrest them from the men of science and their "secondary laws," in order to claim them for the Primary.

But besides the questionable character of this atomic starting-point, and the incongruous mixture of necessary deduction and interpolated miracle, the exposition is open to the objection which attaches to every scheme of mere Divine self-evolution: it is, or in the mind of consequential thinkers it must become, Pantheistic. We use this word, not as a loose term of current reproach,—reproach often directed against precisely what is most pure and true in the religion of thoughtful men,—but rigorously, to mark the absence in a scheme of the universe of any thing or being properly objective to God: and this feature we cannot but regard as a fatal loss of philosophical equilibrium. Mr. Poynting anticipates this objection, and meets it thus:

"I have been told that some people will suspect the views of the universe here set forth of being Pantheistic. If there should be any such persons, let me beg them not to be frightened by their own spectral fancies. The views here given, instead of being Pantheistic, are the antidote for Pantheism.

Pantheism is the conception of the Universe as God. According to it, nature and human minds are all only parts of one Mysterious All, called God, but not thought of as a personal Being, as having thoughts and affections like the Christian God.

Now instead of saying that the Universe is God, I distinctly say that the Universe is only the *sign and effect* of God—his word, just as our words are signs and effects of our being. Instead of saying the

mind of man is only a part of God, I distinctly say that the very explanation of our existence is, that God desires not to multiply *Himself*, but that He craves otherness—beings not Himself; but only like Himself, sympathising with Him,—sons and heirs, not members of his own being.

The conception of God here presented is intensely unpantheistic, because it is intensely personal. God is thought of here as a being of love, goodness, thought; as, in fact, a Father. The whole doctrine of the book depends upon the soundness of our attributing to Him sympathies like those which we ourselves possess." (*Introduction*, p. xxi.)

This emphatic disclaimer is perfectly satisfactory, so far as the author's own faith, and the conscious aim of his teaching, are concerned. It is also true that, throughout his volume the Personality of God, and his Transcendence beyond Nature, are never compromised; and that the ascription to Him of emotions and conceptions akin to ours is carried even to the verge on which reverence begins to tremble. But it is not enough that you save the Divine personality, if you sacrifice the Human; without relation to which lesser, as substantive moral object, the greater, left to shed affections only on its own phenomenal effects, cannot sustain itself alive. Our author's theory appears to us to make no adequate provision for the personality of Man,—to treat him merely as the highest natural product, the last organism prefigured by the imperfect approaches of other animals, and crowning the long line of homogeneous development. Mr. Poynting, indeed, himself believes, and *intends* to work out the belief, that God "craves *otherness*, beings not Himself:" and if this intention be successfully carried out, our scruple is groundless. How far the discrimination of man from God is adequately made,—how far it establishes them in real relations of Person to Person,—may be estimated by the following statements:

"How often had a poor doubting mind confessed to me, 'You say that God is in contact with us, and gives his Holy Spirit to those who ask Him. Yet I look back through all my life, and I am not aware of any inspiration, any revelation, any suggestion, that has not come, like all my thoughts and feelings, by my ordinary faculties and instincts. It seems to me that I have been left alone with my own mind, and God has not at all interfered in its workings.' I now saw that *what we call the ordinary working of the mind itself, the law of its faculties, the movement of its impulses, was the very flowing of the Holy Spirit*" (p. 75).

The same doubt is met with the same answer in the Second Part: where it is said:

"We have watched our minds, we have prayed and striven, but we have been able to detect no trace of any stirring in our spirits beyond the natural action of our faculties and instincts.

Let us, then, consider these ordinary impulses and faculties. When we feel the impulse of Benevolence, the love of the Beautiful, the love of Knowledge, when we feel the Sentiment of Conscience approving or disapproving, when we feel the Reason leading us on from step to step of truth we know not how,—whence do these impulses and movements come? what is their fountain? Do *we* invent these movements? Do *we* originate or direct them ourselves? No, the movements seem to come in upon us like streams of life from a source outside our Will. Now what is the *source* from which these streams or movements come? Is there an inexhaustible supply of such streams, powers, impulses, shut up in secret wells within us, and is there some mechanical contrivance for unlocking these wells at our need, and letting these streams flow in upon our consciousness? I reply, we know of no such wells; we cannot, indeed, imagine them. We have never had experience of any such contrivance. On the other hand, there is a Cause, a real known cause at hand all around us—God himself, the Eternal fountain of Life and Power—quite sufficient to account for the phenomena" (p. 365).

If every feeling which streams in upon me, and every facultative activity that goes out from me, is thus foreign to me and is the Personal agency of another Mind, what remains to be my own? Where am I? My subjective experience, my objective energies, all given away, the whole essence is gone, and I have no longer any pretension to rank as a Person. The only conceivable residue of humanity left, after the Holy Spirit has thus claimed its own, is an empty capacity for the reception and transmission of alien influences and emanations. Mr. Poynting accordingly speaks of the soul as "an organ,—God's great organ,"—the music of which is from the breathing and inflowing of God's Holy Spirit (p. 310):—the very image employed, if we remember right, by Tertullian, in order to express the entire superseding of the human personality by Divine inspiration in the sacred writers. To say that we stand related to God, as the artfully-constructed instrument to the skilled hand that makes it speak, is to exclude the conditions of moral life, and make us His fabric rather than His sons. Perhaps our author would refer us to other passages, in which he seems to reserve the *Will* as man's peculium: as in this sentence:

"Every sensation, every thought, every feeling, every motion of every muscle, destroyed a fibril in the *voluntary*, or *man's part* of the frame; every motion of heart, every motion of the lungs, and each other organ connected with the preparation and circulation, destroyed a fibril in the *involuntary*, or *God's part* of the frame" (p. 158).

*Will*, however, cannot stand alone, to make a *person*, when every thing else has been alienated. It fails of the very conditions of its exercise, unless surrounded, within the same in-

dividuality, by the data, and aided by the light, of other faculties, forming with it the proper nature or constitution of the living *self*. To will, without affection to desire, and reason to compare, is impossible: the *style*, so to speak, of affection, and the style of reason, are just as personally characteristic, as the style of willing: and to banish the two former into the Divine Personality, while retaining only the third for the human, is at once to "confound the persons" and "divide the substance." In proof of the impersonal and alien nature of our Reason, Conscience, Benevolence, &c., our author appeals to their *involuntary* character, and asks whether "*we* originate and direct them." He may test the value of the argument by putting the same question respecting *God's* Reason, Benevolence, Holiness, &c. Are these products of His Will? Did He "*originate*" or "*invent*" them? And if not, are they foreign to Him? On the contrary, they are of His innermost essence; forming the spiritual background of pre-requisites to Volition; more than all else defining His real and ultimate Self, precisely because *not* effects of His Will, but beyond Him to create or to destroy. In short, if it is Will that goes to make personality, it must carry with it, not its products alone, but its indispensable conditions. And these are just the circle of impulses and faculties which our author forbids us to appropriate.

We think, then, that Mr. Poynting has not adequately guarded his doctrine on this side; and has left, in strictness, but one Person in the Universe. Let us add that, in this, he stands associated with a great and holy company, and with them yields only to the excess of a noble affection. It has ever been the tendency of intense and paramount devotion to take nothing to itself, and give every thing to God. Minds engaged in habitual contemplation of the Infinite seem to become conscious, not of littleness only, but of nothingness in the Finite: and the vain attempt to hold the two in coexistence ends in passionate casting of the Finite away. They pass by meditation into a certain speculative form of Christian self-abnegation; and feel, with Augustine, that, ethically, Humanity has no standing before God; with Malebranche, that, intellectually, it has no light but His; with Tauler, that, spiritually, its only strength is to pass, exposed and weak, into His hand; with Spinoza, that, substantively, it vanishes into a mode of His reality. Transiently, every religious man, it is probable, touches one or other of these dizzy verges of thought, where the spirit trembles between the supreme height and nothingness. And there are seasons in the history of every church and nation when, in reaction from a temper of false security and pragmatic self-assertion, it is well for the consciousness of a people

to be snatched away, and planted for a while where it may look into the solemn space and feel the awful breath. But the permanent equilibrium of human thought is not there. The sense of Duty returns; the strife of Reason starts afresh; the toil of the Will resumes its tools;—and the latent assurance of personal faculty and of real freedom to use it, feeling its natural root, grows up into the light again; and pushes its green terrestrial margin ever further upon the overpowering expanse of Divine Necessity. Augustine converts the world: but Pelagius is its counsellor day by day. And we hold it indispensable to any tenable theory of Religion, that finite natures, and especially the human personality, should be secured in their real rights, and so interpreted as to remain, in some intelligible sense, objective to God.

This condition, it is evident, no theory can fulfil which represents God as evolving the universe "*out of Himself*." He is then both its substance and its phenomena; and it is in no way differenced from Him, except by His transcending it. A blunt way of avoiding this consequence was resorted to by the more Judaically-minded Fathers of the Church in their doctrine of "*creation out of Nothing*;"—a doctrine which, holding its ground so far as material or fabricated nature is concerned, yielded, at the higher stage of human and spiritual existence, to the Alexandrine notion of the extension of the Divine Logos: and thus made way for the distinction between a mere *creature* and a *son* of God. This blank "*Nothing*,"—whatever philosophers may say against it,—was at least effectual for cutting off all obligations to antecedent material, whether within or without the Eternal substantive Being, and compelling the recognition of the world as something *other* than God. To this grand Hebrew distinction, a true instinct led the Church to cling through all the seductions of Gnosticism: and though the formula embodying it may give way, philosophical Theism cannot afford to surrender the distinction itself in any reaction towards Greek and German modes of thought. Our age professes itself weary of the old mechanical Deism, and cries out for the Immanent and Living God. It is well: but, even for Immanency itself, there must be something wherein to dwell; and for Life, something whereon to act. Mind, to think out its problems,—unless those problems are a dream,—cannot be monistic,—a mere subjective infinitude,—its tides and eddies all within. What resource, then, have we, when we seek for something objective to God? The first and simplest, in which accordingly philosophy has never failed to take refuge, is *Space*. Inconceivable by us except as coextensive and coeternal with Him yet independent of Him, it lies ready, with all its con-



tents of geometrical property, for the intuition of his Reason. And to Thought, which thus comes out of its eternity, and engages itself upon determinate relation, we cannot help ascribing the cognition of *Time*, with its attendant, *Number*. Thus, the circle of quantitative data is complete, and the ground of all mensurative and deductive intellect is there. Will this, then, suffice? Can we follow out the Kosmical problem to its end upon this track? The experiment has been too tempting for philosophers to resist; and again and again they have worked in this vein, and tried to exhibit the universe as a *deduction*, thought-out "*more geometrico*" from axioms of Eternal Reason; to dispense altogether with creative *volition*, as the source of order; and to connect even physical qualities and phenomena by a conceivable chain of logical necessity with the self-evidence at fountain-head. But though in these attempts the most has been made of quantitative methods and conceptions,—though, for instance, *Extension* has been set up as the essence of Body, in the same way as Thought is the essence of Mind,—it has proved impossible to avoid resort to other conceptions,—as Substance, Attribute, Cause. Still, with these purely metaphysical and *a-priori* ideas added to the mathematical, it was supposed possible for Reason to evolve the world by following out the steps of a demonstration. The Necessity of things was coincident with the Necessity of thought: the *nexus* of Nature's development was the nexus of logical sequence: cause and effect were identical with premiss and conclusion: creation of being was discovery of truth: and final causation was the attainment of a Q. E. D. To complete the organism of such a system has been the vain ambition of many a keen and spacious intellect: and in the Ethics of Spinoza and the Dialectic of Hegel the pretension has, in modern times, twice culminated and twice fallen. The principle of their failure is this: they did not,—for, in truth, they could not,—keep their promise of borrowing nothing from experience and observation, and working every thing from ontological self-evidence. Physical postulates lurk in their metaphysical axioms: and however ready we may be to admit the *a-priori* necessity of such ideas as "Substance" and "Cause," and so far to let them stand on the same list of primary entities with "Space,"—as Real yet not empirically Known, Ideal yet not mental fictions,—still there is this difference;—that they are intrinsically *relative* notions, each of them member of a pair, and that the other and correlative term—"Attribute" antithetive to Substance, "Effect" or "Phenomenon" to Cause—is simply physical and an indispensable condition of its companion. Under the cloak therefore of stately metaphysical axioms, as they march in

plenipotentiaary array, concealed entrance is given to material assumptions : and in the subsequent logical progress, it is just these inductive principles which cunningly slip out and lay the plank across many a chasm that were else impassable. Thus, the unsatisfactory results of these bold attempts, their inevitable slip out of their pure Monism, may well confirm our reasonable presumption, that nature cannot be treated as a geometrical or logical necessity ; that, were God alone with the inner Laws of Thought and the outer data of Quantity, no universe need ever have been ; and that to evolve the result intelligibly, we must go beyond the assumptions of the mathematics and metaphysics. In other words, there must be something else than Space objective to God.

Whether it is rationally conceivable that God should,—so to speak,—*supply Himself* with objectivity, by a “creation out of nothing,”—or whether, as Sir W. Hamilton contends, the conception is absurd and self-destructive, we need not pause to inquire. The idea is in any case discredited by modern science. It arose from an interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony : it belongs to the doctrine of the six days and the sudden “beginning” of their work ; and loses all support, even from the imagination, as soon as the creative process is deprived of starts and catastrophes, and construed into a slow perpetuity of change. An instantaneous summons of a Kosmos out of nothing seems to require as its product a world perfected at once, in simple answer to the call ; as the idea is enounced, so must it be realised ; and nothing could be more incongruous with the ecclesiastical notion of absolute origination than that, in response to the Creator’s *fiat* there should appear, for instance, a red-hot earth, requiring millions of years before its human and historic purpose could even open. The measure of its ulterior progress inevitably becomes the measure of its earlier emergence. But if we must pronounce this conception superseeded, there is only one resource left for completing the needful objectivity to God ; viz. to admit, in some form, the coeval existence of matter, as the condition and medium of the Divine agency and manifestation. We freely allow that this is an assumption, resting on quite other grounds than those which support our belief respecting Space. But it is an hypothesis which neither religion nor philosophy, beyond the pantheistic circle, has been able to avoid ; which, at one extreme, Hebraism admits in its Chaos ; and, at the other, Hellenism in the *ἄπειρον*, *ἀνάγκη*, *τὸ μὴ ὄν*, of Plato, and the *ύλη* of Aristotle. Our mental constitution itself, indeed, seems to contain a provision for the belief : just as every phenomenon, necessitating the idea of Causation, carries us to God ; so every attribute, necessitating

the idea of Substance, refers us to Matter. And all the physical indications point unambiguously the same way. Stupendous as the chronometry is which the Geologist places at our command, its utmost stretch into the Past brings us apparently no nearer to a lonely God : nature is still there, with no signs of recency, but still in the midst of changes that have an immeasurable retrospect. May we not, then, fairly say that the burden of proof remains with those who affirm the absolute origination of matter at a certain or uncertain date? Failing the proof, we are left with the Divine Cause and the material Condition of all nature in eternal copresence and relation, as Supreme subject and rudimentary object.

This position, however, needs some obvious limitations. We do not mean, of course, to claim perpetual existence in the past for the particular material objects we see around us : or, for any of the kinds of beings now extant : or, even for all the *properties* which matter now exhibits : for, prior to the appearance of organisation, for instance, the physiological qualities and actions were not assumed. Stripping off, as we retire backward, the more refined, as being the more recent, modes, and endeavouring to reach the simplest skeleton of the constitution of matter, we meet with a familiar distinction which may prevent us, in taking what logical necessity requires, from taking more than it requires. We refer to the distinction which the attacks of a purely sensational philosophy and the neglect of a purely deductive only tend to confirm between the Primary and the Secondary qualities of Body. The former are those which are inseparable from the very idea of Body, and may be evolved *a priori* from the consideration of it as Solid extension or Extended solidity. The latter are those which we could not thus evolve by reflection, but which, having no necessary implication with the definition of body, must be learned, like all contingent things, from experience. To the former class, for instance, belong Triple Dimension, Divisibility, Incompressibility ; to the latter, Gravity, Softness or Hardness, Smell, Colour, &c. As the former cannot absent themselves from Body, they have a reality coeval with it, and belong eternally to the material datum objective to God : and his mode of activity with regard to them must be similar to that which alone we can think of his directing upon the relations of Space, viz. not Volitional, to cause them, but Intellectual, to think them out. The Secondary qualities, on the other hand, having no logical tie to the Primary, but being appended to them as contingent facts, cannot be referred to any deductive thought, but remain over as products of pure Inventive Reason and Determining Will. This sphere of cognition, *a posteriori* to us,—where we

cannot move a step alone but have submissively to wait upon experience, is precisely the realm of Divine originality: and we are most sequacious where He is most free. While on this Secondary field His Mind and ours are thus contrasted, they meet in resemblance again upon the Primary: for the evolutions of deductive Reason there is but one track possible to all intelligences; no *merum arbitrium* can interchange the false and true, or make more than one geometry, one scheme of pure Physics, for all worlds: and the Omnipotent Architect Himself, in realising the Kosmical conception, in shaping the orbits out of immensity and determining seasons out of eternity, could but follow the laws of curvature, measure, and proportion. And so, in the region of the demonstrative sciences, to us the highest that mere intellect attains, where most we feel our thought triumphant and seem to look down on dominated nature, there is His Mind the least unconditioned, and there alone comes into experience of necessity.

There is, then, on the one side and the other of this boundary-line, a ground in Nature for the action of a purely Intellectual Divine power, evolving consequences by necessary laws of thought; and for the action of a purely Voluntary power, weaving in what is absolutely original, and executing the free suggestions of design. And there is a justification for both forms of religious philosophy;—that which attempts the "*a-priori* road," which detects Divine vestiges in the mysterious significance of Space and Eternity and Substance, or in the diagrams which suit alike the terrestrial and celestial mechanics,—which feels it a solemn thing that One and the same Reason pervades the universal Kosmos;—and that which, on the track of experience, recognises marvellous combinations, and delights in the surprises of beauty and design. The only fault of either method lies in its self-exaggeration and intolerance of the other. When, however, we come close to the question, in what way the Volition of God applies itself to the objective material on which it works, the difficulty still recurs: does it move in the lines of nature's general laws and forces, so that each one of these has as it were a volition of itself: or, does it alight upon the concrete and living results in individualised, especially in conscious, and supremely in moral, beings? If we take the first side of the alternative, we throw the aims of God into the order of the Inductive analysis of nature, and seem to withdraw all realised things and persons from his contemplation: we engage him in weaving worlds and creatures to which, except as compounds of a thousand lines of skill, he is indifferent. If we take the second side, we relieve indeed this moral anxiety, but, in rendering each integral being the

object of a distinct and unitary purpose, we throw out of intelligible gear the several laws which science shows to be confluent in that one nature, and seem, in claiming them also for the Will of God, to send the volitions in cross directions.

We do not deny that these conflicting modes of thought are hard to reduce into complete harmony; or into harmony at all without selecting one of them as of superior authority and entitled to exercise a regulative influence over the other. Were we never to look beyond physico-theology, we believe the controversy between the two would be perpetual; the naturalist, and every sympathising observer of individual objects and kinds, being so prevalently impressed with adaptations of organism and life as to see the final causes there; the student of the physical sciences, on the other hand, being so possessed with the conception of grand imperial laws that override all single integers of being, as to deem all concrete design subordinate or doubtful, and engage the Divine interest chiefly upon the method and tissue of the universal order. The indications of purpose which Paley finds in the fitness of the eye for its special use, Baden Powell rather sees in the symmetry and uniformity of the great optical laws, which still speak of Mind, though they sweep over tracts of time and space where vision cannot be. The scale must be turned and the verdict gained by appeal to the *Moral* sources of religion within us. Volition, in its very nature, is at the disposal of *Character*: and the character of God,—the order of affections in Him,—the ends that are highest in regard,—we learn, not from the tides, the strata, or the stars, but from the intimations of Conscience, and the distribution of authority in the hierarchy of our impulses. The perfection which is our ideal is but His real; the image of Him thrown upon the sensitive retina of the soul by his own essential light. The moment we refer to this interpreter, we know that if intellectual tastes are good, personal affections are better, and reverence for goodness the best of all: we can no longer dream that the sense of symmetry, the delight in beauty of thought or things, can have paramount disposal of the Divine Volition: we must recognise as supreme with Him the Love towards personal beings capable of sympathy with his nature, of trust in his direction and free aspiring to his likeness. If the moral order of the universe be the *τελειότατον τέλος*, the physical must stand to it in the relation of an instrument: general laws are for the sake of particular beings: and the order of nature, whatever other ends it may embrace, has primary reference to the personal agents on its scene, who, in the endowment of freedom, occupy a position above nature. Does this reduction of the scientific laws to a secondary place withdraw

them from God and convert them into his deputies? Not in the least: they are secondary, not in nearness to his Person, but in rank within his Thought: and there is in this nothing to interfere with his execution of his own design, and letting his Will be the only Force. The volitional character of the several modes of natural power does not require that they be willed upon their own account, so that they carry in their aspect the features and movements of the Divine character. As the methods of his activity they variously traverse, in their classification, the grouping of his purposes. He is immanent in Nature: but his real life is known only beyond Nature. To believe the first alone of these clauses is Pagan, to believe the second alone is evangelical; Christian philosophy must blend them both.

There is, however, a limit beyond which we find it difficult to carry out, with satisfactory clearness of conception, the doctrine of God's *immediate* agency in nature. The secondary qualities of matter, the "physical forces" of the world, may readily be regarded as mere disguises or mere signs of Himself. But *living* beings can hardly be conceived as simply the *nidus* of power not their own,—the organism theirs, the function, not. We cannot follow Descartes in treating them as mere automata. Their whole distinctive significance lies in their being separate centres of at least incipient individuality; and to represent them as only media of a Divine incarnation is offensive alike to science and to religion. Here, then, it seems impossible to dispense with the idea of *delegated* power, detached by one remove from the universal source, and lent out for a term of life to work the conditions of a distinct existence. The instincts and spontaneities of animals constitute a true Divine guidance, adjusted as they are in accurate relation to their external position, and restrained within definite limits of possibility: but this very method and preconception imply an abstinence for the time being of direct and momentary volition, and a consignment of the whole phenomena, in group or system, to a determinate "nature" or "constitution." The difference is perhaps, after all, incident only to our point of view, and would disappear could we contemplate the world "under the form of eternity." We live down from moment to moment; we deliver forth our volitions one by one in linear detail; we have experience enabling us to interpret generic acts of Will inclusive of complexity of relations and a persistence in time: and cannot present to ourselves the Divine power running into fixed types, or trace the deep-rooted unity of these seeming islands in the sea of things with the continuous continent of the Infinite Will. Be it remembered too, that there are two



kinds of union with God,—dynamic and moral ; and that moral union requires dynamic separation ; which accordingly widens as we ascend in the scale of being, till a true Self,—a free Personality,—appears, sufficiently beyond the verge of Nature to give an answering look to the very face of the Most High. At this culminating extreme we have a real trust of independence,—subjectivity perfected,—causality realised. At the other and initial extreme where the material datum lies, we have passive potentiality,—mere objectivity, causality not yet begun. Between this infranatural commencement and supernatural end, the Creative agency moves, to build and animate the mighty whole which we call Nature ; at each advance receding from the bare receptivity of matter, and approaching, through the spontaneous vital energies, the actual individuality of personal existence. In this great cycle, Matter is the negative condition of Divine power ; Force, its positive exercise ; Life, its delegation under limits of necessity ; Will, under concession of freedom. And if we may venture to speak of a yet higher stage which evades the reach of words,—that saintly posture of the soul which Scripture designates by the term Spirit, may we not say, it is the conscious return, by free identification, of every delegated power into harmony with its Source ? And so, the dynamic removal finds its end in moral unity.

But these questions deepen and widen under our hand ; and we must close them. We have endeavoured to throw a line or two across the gulf which unhappily divides the *savans* from the theologians of our day. Whether any communication will pass along them we do not presume to say. But of this we are sure ;—that the alienation they seek to remedy can be but transitory, having no foundation in the nature of things, arising only in the crossing lights and illusory darkness of human fancy. Inasmuch as Deductive Science represents the Order of God's intellect, Inductive Science the methods of his agency, Moral Science the purpose of his Will, the blending of their voices in one glorious hymn is as certain as the Oneness of his nature and the symmetry of his Universe : and it must be a very poor Science and a very poor Religion that delay by discord the approach of that great harmony.

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